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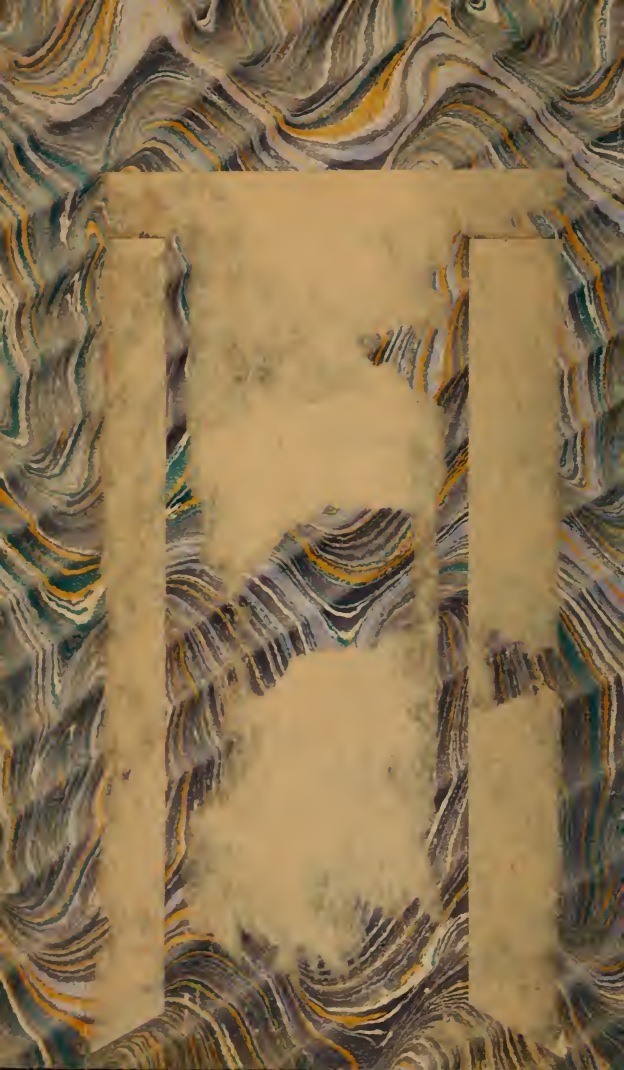

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

LONDON:

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THE

TWENTY-SEVENTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

P A R N E L L.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. THOMAS PARNELL,

LATE ARCHDEACON OF CLOGHER:

INCLUDING

THOSE PUBLISHED BY MR. POPE,

AND HIS

POEMS MORAL AND DIVINE.

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori." HOR.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD,

AND

EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
Till death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in every ſtrain;
Dear to the Muſe, to Harley dear—in vain!

For him thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend:
For Swift and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from flattery to wit.

Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays:
Who, careleſs now, of intereſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine:
A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride;
The rage of power, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Intereſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
When all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now ſhe ſhades thy evening-walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day;
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

A. POPE.

Sept. 25, 1721.

HESIOD:

OR,

THE RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT antient times (thoſe times we fancy wiſe)
Have left on long record of woman's riſe,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All theſe I ſing. In Greece they fram'd the tale
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail);
Ye modern beauties! where the Poet drew
His ſofteſt pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens beware
How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The caſe was Heſiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, ſome with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies pleaſe;
I wave the conteſt, and commence the lays.

In days of yore (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation ſwarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, ſprung of heavenly birth,
(Our Author's ſong can witneſs) liv'd on earth:
He carv'd the turf to mold a manly frame,
And ſtole from Jove his animating flame.
The ſly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the Monarch of the Stars began:

O vers'd in arts! whoſe daring thoughts aſpire,
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory paſt, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And ſuch a gift, a vengeance ſo deſign'd,
As ſuits the counſel of a God to find;
A pleaſing boſom-cheat, a ſpecious ill,
Which felt the curſe, yet covets ſtill to feel.

He ſaid, and Vulcan ſtrait the Sire commands,
To temper mortar with ætherial hands;
In ſuch a ſhape to mold a riſing fair,
As virgin goddeſſes are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-water ſhine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the Power obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The faireſt, ſofteſt, ſweeteſt frame beneath,
Now made to ſeem, now more than ſeem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the chearful Queen of Charms
Claſp'd the new-panting creature in her arms:
From that embrace a fine complexion ſpread,
Where mingled whiteneſs glow'd with ſofter red.
Then in a kiſs ſhe breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but ſtill a changing mind;
The liſp affected, and the glance deſign'd;
The ſweet confuſing bluſh, the ſecret wink,
The gentle ſwimming walk, the courteous ſink;
The ſtare for ſtrangeneſs fit, for ſcorn the frown;
For decent yielding, looks declining down;

The practis'd languiſh, where well-feign'd deſire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay ſmiles to comfort; April ſhowers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold ſcepter'd Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-creſted pride,
Strong ſovereign will, and ſome deſire to chide;
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the ſex.
Minerva, ſkilful goddeſs, train'd the maid
To twirle the ſpindle by the twiſting thread;
To fix the loom, inſtruct the reeds to part,
Croſs the long weft, and cloſe the web with art,
An uſeful gift; but what profuſe expence,
What world of faſhions, took its riſe from hence!

Young Hermes next, a cloſe contriving God,
Her brows encircled with his ſerpent rod;
Then plots and fair excuſes fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;
The price of favours; the deſigning arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilfering temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond perſuaſion tipp'd her eaſy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleaſing colours of the art of praiſe;
And wit, to ſcandal exquiſitely prone,
Which frets another's ſpleen to cure its own.

Thoſe ſacred Virgins whom the Bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and ſhed a ſweetneſs there,
To make her ſenſe with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonſenſe pleaſe by ſound.

To dreſs the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd Loves on every cover play'd;
Then ſpread thoſe implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the cloſe indented comb
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirrour, where the raviſh'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected ſhade.

Fair Flora lent her ſtores; the purpled Hours
Confin'd her treſſes with a wreath of flowers;
Within the wreath aroſe a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with ſerpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which cloſely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a ſlender waiſt)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' ſtatues have a robe to wear.

The new-ſprung creature, finiſh'd thus for harms,
Adjuſts her habit, practiſes her charms,
With bluſhes glows, or ſhines with lively ſmiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:
Then, conſcious of her worth, with eaſy pace
Glides by the glaſs, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through Time's deep cave, the Sifter Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic ſongs deceive.
Flow from the rock, my flax! and ſwiftly flow,
Purſue thy thread; the ſpindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, riſes now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
New parts diſtreſs the troubled ſcenes of life,
The fondling miſtreſs, and the ruling wife.
Men born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time to ſacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dreſs to pleaſe with heart-alluring ſhow;
The ſhow prevailing, for the ſway contend,
And make a ſervant where they meet a friend.
Thus in a thouſand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee ſupports;
From ſun to ſun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the ſilk dreſs, and murmuring eat the gain.
Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whoſe temper betters by the father's ſide;
Unlike the reſt that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or reſolute to ſhare:
Happy the man whom thus his ſtars advance!
The curſe is general, but the bleſſing chance.

Thus ſung the Siſters, while the Gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora ſhe, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end:
Then bid the winds, that fly to breathe the ſpring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
With wafting airs the winds obſequious blow,
And land the ſhining vengeance ſafe below.
A golden coffer in her hand ſhe bore,
The preſent treacherous, but the bearer more;
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold ſhould aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay deſcent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wondering he ran to catch the falling ſtar:
But ſo ſurpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd ſo quickly, and who lov'd ſo well.
O'er all his veins the wandering paſſion burns,
He calls her Nymph, and every Nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or ſwears that Venus' muſt be ſuch as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet ſtrangely fram'd to teaze,
Neglects his offers while her airs ſhe plays,
Shoots ſcornful glances from the bended frown,
In briſk diſorder trips it up and down;
Then hums a careleſs tune to lay the ſtorm,
And ſits, and bluſhes, ſmiles, and yields, in form.

"Now take what Jove deſign'd, ſhe ſoftly cry'd,
"This box thy portion, and myſelf the bride."
Fir'd with the proſpect of the double charms,
He ſnatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy man! to whom ſo bright ſhe ſhone,
The fatal gift, her tempting ſelf, unknown!
The winds were ſilent, all the waves aſleep,
And heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep:
But, whilſt he looks unmindful of a ſtorm,
And thinks the water wears a ſtable form,
What dreadful din around his ears ſhall riſe!
What frowns confuſe his picture of the ſkies!

At firſt the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himſelf, and all the world his own.
For him the Nymphs in green forſook the woods,
For him the Nymphs in blue forſook the floods;
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the ſecret cave.
No care deſtroy'd, no ſick diſorder prey'd,
No bending age his ſprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And, Poets tell us, 't was a golden age.

When woman came, thoſe ills the box confin'd
Burſt furious out, and poiſon'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progreſs grew:
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And altering nature wore a fickly face:
New terms of folly roſe, new ſtates of care;
New plagues, to ſuffer, and to pleaſe, the Fair!
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finiſh'd, with the breach of leagues;
The mean deſigns of well-diſſembled love;
The ſordid matches never join'd above;

Abroad the labour, and at home the noiſe,
(Man's double ſufferings for domeſtic joys)
The curſe of jealouſy; expence and ſtrife;
Divorce, the public brand of ſhameful life;
The rival's ſword; the qualm that takes the fair;
Diſdain for paſſion, paſſion in deſpair—
Theſe, and a thouſand yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah fear the thouſand yet unnam'd behind!

Thus on Parnaſſus tuneful Heſiod ſung,
The mountain echoed, and the valley rung,
The ſacred groves a fix'd attention ſhow,
The cryſtal Helicon forbore to flow,
The ſky grew bright, and (if his verſe be true)
The Muſes came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If Love ſwore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye Fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
Though when it happen'd no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and ſilent, with a twiſted ſhade
The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair, for amorous play
Retiring, toy'd the raviſh'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Mileſian, kind Evanthe ſhe:
But ſwelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the ſecrets of the conſcious bower;
The dire diſgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her ſteps, to make its author known.

It chanc'd one evening, 't was the lover's day,
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Heſiod, wandering, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his ſeat where love had fix'd the ſcene;
A ſtrong ſuſpicion ſtrait poſſeſs their mind
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind),
But when Evanthe near the paſſage ſtood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and ſhot the wood,
" Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward."
And, urg'd with erring rage, aſſault the Bard.
His corpſe the ſea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
('Twas all the Gods would do) the corpſe to ſhore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And ſee the dreams of ancient wiſdom riſe;
I ſee the Muſes round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with inſulting hand,
And thus inſcribes the moral on the ſand.
" Here Heſiod lies: ye future Bards, beware
" How far your moral tales incenſe the Fair.
" Unlov'd, unloving, 't was his fate to bleed;
" Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed:
" He judg'd this turn of malice juſtly due,
" And Heſiod dy'd for joys he never knew."

SONG.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the ſky;
At diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thought you impart,
When your love runs in bluſhes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a paſſion and pride
In our ſex, ſhe reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beſide,
But ſtill be a woman to you.

SONG.

THYRSIS, a young and amorous ſwain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart ſubdue:
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's eaſy ſhape and air
With ſofter magic drew.

He haunts the ſtream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And ſeems for each to die;
Till, each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's ſhape ran down,
And ſhe Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the ſhepherd find
Thoſe eyes which love could only blind;
So ſet the lover free:
No more he haunts the grove or ſtream,
Or with a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah, Cælia! ſly Sabina cry'd,
Though neither love, we 're both deny'd;
Now to ſupport the ſex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.

Poor girl, ſays Cælia, ſay no more;
For ſhould the ſwain but one adore,
That ſpite, which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

SONG.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

My days have been ſo wondrous free,
The little birds, that fly
With careleſs eaſe from tree to tree,
Were but as bleſs'd as I.

Aſk gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream?
Or aſk the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one ſigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I 'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines!
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye cloſe retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Aſſiſt the dear deſign;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make fair Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of deſpair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the paſſion in my mind
Is mix'd with ſoft diſtreſs;
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

ANACREONTIC.

WHEN ſpring came on with freſh delight,
To cheer the ſoul, and charm the ſight,
While eaſy breezes, ſofter rain,
And warmer ſuns, ſalute the plain;

'T was then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.
Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where-e'er she trod, 't was green beneath;
Where-e'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.
Rais'd on a bank where daisies grew,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Aside, a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd, wait to fly.
When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing Graces, idle joy,
Wanton smiles, and airy play
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them sing to Love,
Sitting, hopping, fluttering, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.
'T is thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the towering eagle's plume
The generous hearts accept their doom;
Shot by the peacock's painted eye,
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The ſhafts are ſpeckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts;
When from the voice the paſſions ſpring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the ſparrow ſtung,
Down fall the wanton and the young:
And fledg'd by geeſe the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove,
And ſee, ſays Love, who call'd me near,
How much I deal with Nature here;
How both ſupport a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart:
Then ceaſe for ſouls averſe to ſigh,
If Nature croſs you, ſo do I;
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And ſhakes and ſhuffles through the ſkies.
But if the mutual charms I find
By which ſhe links you mind to mind,
They wing my ſhafts, I poize the darts,
And ſtrike from both, through both your hearts.

ANACREONTIC.

GAY Bacchus, liking Eſtcourt's * wine,
A noble meal beſpoke us;
And for the gueſts that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The God near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;
For wine makes Love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feaſt.

The more to pleaſe the ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging Grace
Put on ſome cloaths to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glaſs
A lady of the ſky;
While Bacchus ſwore he 'd drink the laſs,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus toſt his brimmers o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miſs'd the toaſt.

They call'd, and drank at every touch;
He fill'd and drank again;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'T is ſaid, they did ſo then.

* A celebrated comedian and tavern-keeper.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid ſtung,
By reckoning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his ſtammering tongue,
With all his ſtaggering gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jeſt;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at beſt.

Such talk ſoon ſet them all at odds;
And had I Homer's pen,
I'd ſing ye, how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who make them ſoon agree:
Nay, had the Furies ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept ſome darts to ſtir the cup,
Where ſack and ſugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' roſy crown,
And gayly wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then Cupid ſought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline;
And Venus cloſe embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly curſing wit,
Roll'd off to ſome retreat;
Where boon companions gravely ſit
In fat unwieldy ſtate.

Bacchus and Jocus ſtill behind,
For one freſh glaſs prepare;
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive ſong;
For though ſuch friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STILE.

In Britain's iſle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Though badly ſhap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be ſaid,
To meaſure height againſt his head,
And lift itſelf above;
Yet, ſpite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dreſs'd with art,
And, if a ſhape could win a heart,
He had a ſhape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my ſong,
With ſlighted paſſion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'T was near an old enchanted court,
Where ſportive fairies made reſort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was croſs'd,
'T was late, 't was far, the path was loſt
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now ſounding tongues aſſail his ear,
Now ſounding feet approachen near,
And now the ſounds increaſe:

And from the corner where he lay
He ſees a train profuſely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (truſt me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a maſquing half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before;
The country lent the ſweet perfumes,
The ſea the pearl, the ſky the plumes,
The town its ſilken ſtore.

Now whilſt he gaz'd, a gallant dreſt
In flaunting robes above the reſt,
With awful accent cry'd;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whoſe ſighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here preſum'd to hide?

At this the ſwain, whoſe venturous ſoul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open ſight;
" Nor have I cauſe of dreed, he ſaid,
" Who view, by no preſumption led,
" Your revels of the night.

" 'T was grief, for ſcorn of faithful love,
" Which made my ſteps unweeting rove
" Amid the nightly dew."
" 'T is well, the gallant cries again,
" We fairies never injure men
" Who dare to tell us true.

" Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
" Be mine the taſk, or ere we part,
" To make thee grief reſign;
" Now take the pleaſure of thy chaunce;
" Whilſt I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
" Be little Mable thine."

He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light muſic floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The reſt their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing paſt, the board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a feaſt was made,
As heart and lip deſire,
Withouten hands the diſhes fly,
The glaſſes with a wiſh come nigh,
And with a wiſh retire.

But, now to pleaſe the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and ſing,
And antic feats deviſe;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other ſome tranſmute their ſhape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at laſt, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;

And full againſt the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To ſpraul unneath the roof.

From thence, " Reverſe my charm, he cries,
" And let it fairly now ſuffice
" The gambol has been ſhown."
But Oberon anſwers with a ſmile,
" Content thee Edwin for a while,
" The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his ſtate, and dark the place,
Was never wight in ſuch a caſe
Through all the land before.

But ſoon as Dan Apollo roſe,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the leſs;
His honeſt tongue and ſteady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want ſucceſs.

With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a dauncing as he walks,
His ſtory ſoon took wind;
And beauteous Edith ſees the youth
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The ſtory told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erſt approv'd,
To ſee the revel ſcene:
At cloſe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befell,
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the wall;
Up ſpring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And muſic fills the hall.

But certes ſorely ſunk with woe
Sir Topaz ſees the Elphin ſhow,
His ſpirits in him dye:
When Oberon crys, "A man is near,
"A mortal paſſion, cleeped fear,
"Hangs flagging in the ſky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapleſs youth!
In accents faultering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;

For als he been a miſter wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

" Ah Loſell vile, at once they roar:
" And little ſkill'd of fairie lore,
" Thy cauſe to come, we know:
" Now has thy keſtrell courage fell;
" And fairies, ſince a lye you tell,
" Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoiſe, in a ſhop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the ſtars began to wink,
They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never ſpell by fairie laid
With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin roſe the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His ſeely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin loſt afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurſe ared;
She ſoftly ſtroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus ſome are born, my ſon, ſhe cries,
"With baſe impediments to riſe,
"And ſome are born with none.

"But virtue can itſelf advance
"To what the favourite fools of chance
"By fortune ſeem deſign'd;
"Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
"And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
"Upon th' unworthy mind."

THE

VIGIL OF VENUS.

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF JULIUS CÆSAR, AND BY SOME ASCRIBED TO CATULLUS.

LET thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

The ſpring, the new, the warbling ſpring appears,
The youthful ſeaſon of reviving years;
In ſpring the loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather'd nation chuſe their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with deſcending rain,
And dreſt in differing greens adorn the plain.
She comes; to-morrow Beauty's empreſs roves
Through walks that winding run within the groves;
She twines the ſhooting myrtle into bowers,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers,
Then, rais'd ſublimely on her eaſy throne,
From Nature's powerful dictates draws her own.

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas on that day which ſaw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celeſtial blood;
Wandering in circles ſtood the finny crew,
The midſt was left a void expanſe of blue,
There parent ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione roſe.

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

She paints the purple year with vary'd ſhow,
Tips the green gem, and makes the bloſſom glow.
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and ſhade the naked trees.
When gathering damps the miſty nights diffuſe,
She ſprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
Bright trembling pearls depend at every ſpray,
And, kept from falling, ſeem to fall away.
A gloſſy freſhneſs hence the roſe receives,
And bluſhes ſweet through all her ſilken leaves
(The drops deſcending through the ſilent night,
While ſtars ſerenely roll their golden light):
Cloſe till the morn, her humid veil ſhe holds;
Then deckt with virgin pomp the flower unfolds.
Soon will the morning bluſh: ye maids! prepare,
In roſy garlands bind your flowing hair;
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus ſhed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
From Love's ſoft kiſs a ſweet ambroſial ſmell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richeſt luſtre makes her purple bright;
And ſhe to-morrow weds; the ſporting gale
Unties her zone, ſhe burſts the verdant veil;
Through all her ſweets the rifling lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires ariſe.

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay Nymphs, and ſends her tender love.
And ſhall they venture? Is it ſafe to go,
While Nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, ſafely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarm'd, and undeſigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver uſeleſs hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unſtrung.
And yet, ye Nymphs, beware; his eyes have charms;
And love that's naked, ſtill is love in arms.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train complete with modeſt airs:
" Chaſte Delia, grant our ſuit! or ſhun the wood,
" Nor ſtain this ſacred lawn with ſavage blood.
" Venus, O Delia! if ſhe could perſuade,
" Would aſk thy preſence, might ſhe aſk a maid."
Here chearful quires for three auſpicious nights
With ſongs prolong the pleaſurable rites:
Here crouds in meaſure lightly-decent rove;
Or ſeek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flowrets ſtrow the ſcenes of love.
Here dancing Ceres ſhakes her golden ſheaves;
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:
Here Wit's enchanting God, in laurel crown'd,
Wakes all the raviſh'd hours with ſilver ſound.
Ye fields, ye foreſts, own Dione's reign,
And Delia, huntreſs Delia, ſhun the plain.

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there preſides; and there the favourite band
(Her ſmiling graces) ſhare the great command.
Now, beauteous Hybla! dreſs thy flowery beds
With all the pride the laviſh ſeaſon ſheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the preſence of the gentle court,
From every quarter rural nymphs reſort,
From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles ſeats them round the bank of green;
And, "Lovely girls, ſhe whiſpers, guard your hearts:
"My boy, though ſtript of arms, abounds in arts."

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Let tender graſs in ſhaded alleys ſpread,
Let early flowers erect their painted head,
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow ſeen,
That day, old Ether wedded Earth in green,
The vernal father bid the Spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The ſap deſcending o'er her boſom ran,
And all the various ſorts of ſoul began.
By wheels unknown to ſight, by ſecret veins
Diſtilling life, the fruitful goddeſs reigns,

Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land, and circling ſea;
With fertile ſeed ſhe fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the myſtic ways of birth.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
'Twas ſhe the parent, to the Latian ſhore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.
She won Lavinia for her warlike ſon,
And, winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid, whoſe honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.
Decoy'd by ſhows, the Sabine dames ſhe led,
And taught our vigorous youth the way to wed.
Hence ſprung the Romans, hence the race divine
Through which great Cæſar draws his Julian line.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
In rural ſeats the ſoul of pleaſure reigns;
The life of Beauty fills the rural ſcenes;
Ev'n Love (if Fame the truth of Love declare)
Drew firſt the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleaſing meadow pregnant Beauty preſt,
She laid her infant on its flowery breaſt,
From Nature's ſweets he ſipp'd the fragrant dew,
He ſmil'd, he kiſs'd them, and by kiſſing grew.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
Now bulls o'er ſtalks of broom extend their ſides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.

Now ſtately rams their fleecy conſorts lead,
Who bleating follow through the wandering ſhade.
And now the Goddeſs bids the birds appear,
Raiſe all their muſic, and ſalute the year:
Then deep the ſwan begins, and deep the ſong
Runs o'er the water where he ſails along:
While Philomela turns a treble ſtrain,
And from the poplar charms the liſtening plain,
We fancy love expreſt at every note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.
Of barbarous Tereus ſhe complains no more,
But ſings for pleaſure, as for grief before.
And ſtill her graces riſe, her airs extend,
And all is ſilence till the Syren end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring!
And when ſhall I, and when the ſwallow ſing?
Sweet Philomela, ceaſe:—Or here I ſit,
And ſilent loſe my rapturous hour of wit:
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averſe away.
His own Amycle thus, as ſtories run,
But once was ſilent, and that once undone.

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

HOMER's

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

OR, THE

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

NAMES of the FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, one who ſwells his cheeks.
PELUS, a name from mud.
HYDROMEDUSE, a ruler in the waters.
HYPSIBOAS, a loud bauler.
PELION, from mud.
SCUTLÆUS, called from the bees.
POLYPHONUS, a great babler.
LYMNOCHARIS, one who loves the lake.
CRAMBOPHAGUS, a cabbage-eater.
LYMNISIUS, called from the lake.
CALAMINTHIUS, from the herb.
HYDROCARIS, who loves the water.
BORBOROCATES, who lies in the mud.
PRASSOPHAGUS, an eater of garlick.
PELUSIUS, from mud.
PELOBATES, who walks in the dirt.
PRESSÆUS, called from garlick.
CRAUGASIDES, from croaking.

NAMES of the MICE.

PSYCARPAX, one who plunders granaries.
TROXARTAS, a bread-eater.
LYCHOMILE, a licker of meal.
PTERNOTRACTAS, a bacon-eater.
LYCHOPYNAX, a licker of diſhes.
EMBASICHYTROS, a creeper into pots.
LYCHENOR, a name for licking.
TROGLODYTES, one who runs into holes.
ARTOPHAGUS, who feeds on bread.
TYROGLYPHUS, a cheeſe-ſcooper.
PTERNOGLYPHUS, a bacon-ſcooper.
PTERNOPHAGUS, a bacon-eater.
CNISSODIOCTES, one who follows the ſteam of kitchens.
SITOPHAGUS, an eater of wheat.
MERIDARPAX, one who plunders his ſhare.

HOMER's
BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c.

BOOK I.

TO fill my riſing ſong with ſacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye ſweet celeſtial quire!
From Helicon's imbowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer;
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The ſprings of conteſt, and the fields of fight;
How threatening Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults ſhook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal powers.
Theſe equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muſe records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And juſt eſcap'd the ſtretching claws of death,
A gentle Mouſe, whom cats purſued in vain,
Fled ſwift of foot acroſs the neighbouring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirſt to cool,
And dipp'd his whiſkers in the ſtanding pool;
When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head,
And from the waters, hoarſe-reſounding, ſaid,

What art thou, ſtranger? what the line you boaſt?
What chance has caſt thee panting on our coaſt?

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With ſtricteſt truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithleſs Mouſe in thee.
If worthy, friendſhip, proffer'd friendſhip take,
And entering view the pleaſurable lake;
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty ſhare,
And glad return from hoſpitable fare:
This ſilver realm extends beneath my ſway,
And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey.
Great Phyſignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
Where, by the nuptial bank that paints his ſide,
The ſwift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy ſtrength, and port, proclaim
A ſcepter'd king; a ſon of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my gueſſing eyes.
Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouſe replies.

Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanſes of the midway ſky,
My name reſounds; and if unknown to thee,
The ſoul of great Pſycarpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartas' line, whoſe ſleeky down
In love compreſs'd Lychomile the brown.
My mother ſhe, and princeſs of the plains
Where-e'er her father Pternotractas reigns.
Born where a cabbin lifts its airy ſhed,
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
But, ſince our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendſhip grow?
Theſe curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food ſupports my princely ſoul:

In vain the circled loaves attempt to lye
Conceal'd in flaſkets from my curious eye.
In vain the tripe that boaſts the whiteſt hue,
In vain the gilded bacon ſhuns my view,
In vain the cheeſes, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themſelves regale;
And as in arts I ſhine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the braveſt, and unknown to flight,
Though large to mine, the human form appear,
Not man himſelf can ſmite my ſoul with fear,
Sly to the bed with ſilent ſteps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dextrous ſkill,
Sleeping he feels, and only ſeems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cauſe,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that falſe trap, the den of ſilent fate,
Where death his ambuſh plants around the bait:
All dreaded theſe, and dreadful o'er the reſt
The potent warriors of the tabby veſt,
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race,
But me, nor ſtalks nor wateriſh herbs delight,
Nor can the crimſon radiſh charm my ſight,
The lake-reſounding Frogs ſelected fare,
Which not a Mouſe of any taſte can bear.

As thus the downy prince his mind expreſt,
His anſwer thus the croaking king addreſt:

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, ſtranger, we can boaſt of bounteous Jove:

We ſport in water, or we dance on land,
And, born amphibious, food from both command.
But truſt thyſelf where wonders aſk thy view,
And ſafely tempt thoſe ſeas, I 'll bear thee through:
Aſcend my ſhoulders, firmly keep thy ſeat,
And reach my marſhy court, and feaſt in ſtate.
He ſaid, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light Mouſe, and claſps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and ſees with glad ſurvey
The winding banks reſembling ports at ſea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy ſides,
His thoughts grow conſcious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccuſtom'd fears;
He ſighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for ſhore:
His tail extended forms a fruitleſs oar,
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:
So paſs'd Europa through the rapid ſea,
Trembling and fainting all the venturous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And ſafe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah, ſafe at laſt, may thus the Frog ſupport
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court!
As thus he ſorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a Water-Hydra roſe;
He rolls his ſanguin'd eyes, his boſom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.

Confus'd the monarch ſees his hiſſing foe,
And dives, to ſhun the ſable fates below.
Forgetful Frog! the friend thy ſhoulders bore,
Unſkill'd in ſwimming, floats remote from ſhore.
He graſps with fruitleſs hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
And ſinks, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with fate in vain.
The weighty moiſture clogs his hairy veſt,
And thus the prince his dying rage expreſt:

Nor thou, that ſling'ſt me floundering from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the ſhattering wrack,
Nor thou ſhalt 'ſcape thy due, perfidious king!
Purſued by vengeance on the ſwifteſt wing!
At land thy ſtrength could never equal mine,
At ſea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heaven has Gods, and Gods have ſearching eyes:
Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers riſe!

This ſaid, he ſighing gaſp'd, and gaſping dy'd,
His death the young Lychopynax eſpy'd,
As on the flowery brink he paſs'd the day,
Baſk'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.
Loud ſhrieks the Mouſe, his ſhrieks the ſhores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
Grief, diſmal grief enſues; deep murmurs ſound,
And ſhriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge, the ſacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the riſing ſun;
Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains.

Pſycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Pſycarpax lies remote from ſhore;
Supine he lies! the ſilent waters ſtand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

WHEN roſy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their Monarch-mouſe the nation crouds,
Slow roſe the ſovereign, heav'd his anxious breaſt,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, addreſt:
For loſt Pſycarpax much my ſoul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public yours.
Three warlike ſons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three ſons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldeſt periſh'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful ſat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts aſſiſt the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The laſt, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Phyſignathus, dy'd;
Rouſe all to war, my friends! avenge the deed;
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.
His words in every breaſt inſpir'd alarms,
And careful Mars ſupply'd their hoſt with arms.
In verdant hulls deſpoil'd of all their beans,
The buſkin'd warriors ſtalk'd along the plains:

Quills aptly bound their bracing corſelet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:
The lamp's round boſs affords them ample ſhield;
Large ſhells of nuts their covering helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze,
Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear;
The wondering Frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forſake the waters, thickening form a ring,
And aſk, and hearken, whence the noiſes ſpring.
When near the croud, diſclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embaſichytros drew:
The ſacred herald's ſceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his word expreſs'd his king's command:
Ye Frogs! the Mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour ſhake the ſhining lance:
Their hapleſs prince by Phyſignathus ſlain,
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your hoſt, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth thoſe Frogs that have the ſoul to die.
The chief retires, the croud the challenge hear,
And proudly ſwelling yet perplex'd appear:
Much they reſent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, riſing, ſpoke to clear his tainted fame:
O friends! I never forc'd the Mouſe to death,
Nor ſaw the gaſping of his lateſt breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of ſwimming try'd,
And, venturous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.
To vengeance now by falſe appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltleſs head,

But wage the riſing war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.
Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conqueſt, form deſigns of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant ſurface heave,
And the ſteep ſides confine the ſleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Suſtain the firſt impetuous ſhocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the creſt,
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouſe arreſt;
Each, ſtrongly graſping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countleſs circles whirl the lake below;
Down ſink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flaſh the waters; and the ſhores reſound:
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raiſe their glorious trophies of the ſlain.

He ſpake no more, his prudent ſcheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldeſt hearts.
Green was the ſuit his arming heroes choſe,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows cloſe;
Green were the beets about their ſhoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the vary'd ſhells the waters yield,
Their gloſſy helmets gliſten'd o'er the field:
And tapering ſea-reeds for the poliſh'd ſpear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dreſs'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate ſpires ariſe,
With ſtars ſurrounded in ætherial ſkies,

(A ſolemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the Gods aſſume their golden ſeats:
The fire ſuperior leans, and points to ſhow
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How ſtrong, how large, the numerous heroes ſtride,
What length of lance they ſhake with warlike pride!
What eager fire, their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And ſo confirm'd, the daring Titans roſe,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.

This ſeen, the power his ſacred viſage rears,
He caſts a pitying ſmile on worldly cares,
And aſks what heavenly guardians take the liſt,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs aſſiſt?

Then thus to Pallas: If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the Mice, why ſtays ſhe ſtill behind;
Drawn forth by ſavory ſteams they wind their way,
And ſure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taſte,
They ſport to pleaſe the Goddeſs of the feaſt.

Thus ſpake the Ruler of the ſpacious ſkies.
But thus, reſolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies:
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead,
To ſuch thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly ſpoil,
And rob my cryſtal lamps of feeding oil.
(Ills following ills!) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentleſs wretches! all the work was mine!

Along the loom the purple warp I ſpread,
Caſt the light ſhoot, and croſt the ſilver thread;
In this their teeth a thouſand breaches tear,
The thouſand breaches ſkilful hands repair,
For which, vile earthly dunns thy daughter grieve
(The Gods, that uſe no coin, have none to give.
And learning's Goddeſs never leſs can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below).
Nor let the Frogs to win my ſuccour ſue,
Thoſe clamorous fools have loſt my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my ſtretch'd ſinews work'd with eager fight,
When ſpent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And ſunk for ſlumber on my ſwelling ſhield;
Lo from the deep, repelling ſweet repoſe,
With noiſy croakings half the nation roſe:
Devoid of reſt, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimſon dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either hoſt forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the ſpear;
Let heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conqueſt of a meaner foe.
Some daring Mouſe may meet the wondrous odds,
Though Gods oppoſe, and brave the wounded Gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals ſcenes for you.

So mov'd the blue-ey'd Queen; her words perſuade,
Great Jove aſſented, and the reſt obey'd.

BOOK III.

Now front to front the marching armies ſhine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line:
The chiefs, conſpicuous ſeen and heard afar,
Give the loud ſignal to the ruſhing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets ſound,
The ſounding charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled ſky.
Firſt to the fight large Hypſiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin ſlew.
The luckleſs warrior, fill'd with generous flame,
Stood foremoſt glittering in the poſt of fame;
When, in his liver ſtruck, the javelin hung,
The Mouſe fell thundering, and the target rung;
Prone to the ground, he ſinks his cloſing eye,
And ſoil'd in duſt his lovely treſſes lie.
A ſpear at Pelion Troglodytes caſt,
The miſſive ſpear within the boſom paſt;
Death's ſable ſhades the fainting Frog ſurround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embaſichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the ſlain,
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd
For boaſtful ſpeech and turbulence of ſound;

Deep through the belly pierc'd, ſupine he lay,
And breath'd his ſoul againſt the face of day.
The ſtrong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought
(A warrior vers'd in arts, of ſure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate);
Full on his ſinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (ſecond of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the Frogs the ſhining javelin flies,
And near the vanquiſh'd Mouſe the victor dies.
The dreadful ſtroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, leſs inur'd to fights,
Heedleſs he runs, and ſtumbles o'er the ſteep,
And wildly floundering flaſhes up the deep;
Lychenor, following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gaſping he rolls, a purple ſtream of blood
Diſtains the ſurface of the ſilver flood;
Through the wide wound the ruſhing entrails throng,
And ſlow the breathleſs carcaſs floats along.
Lymniſius good Tyroglyphus aſſails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Loſt to the milky fares and rural ſeat,
He came to periſh on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius ſhuns by flight,

Drops the green target, ſpringing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and ſafely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceneſs more,
His parents fed him on the ſavage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis purſued.
Till fallen in death he lies, a ſhattering ſtone
Sounds on the neck, and cruſhes all the bone.
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his noſtrils burſts the guſhing brain.
Lychopinax with Borborocates fights,
A blameleſs Frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkneſs ſeals the gentle Croaker's eyes.
Incens'd Praſſophagus, with ſpritely bound,
Bears Cniſſodioctes off the riſing ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And, downward plunging, ſinks his ſoul to death.
But now the great Pſycarpax ſhines afar
(Scarce he ſo great whoſe loſs provok'd the war);
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver ſtruck Peluſius dead;
His freckled corpſe before the victor fell,
His ſoul indignant ſought the ſhades of hell.
This ſaw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monſtrous maſs of mud;
The cloud obſcene o'er all the hero flies,
Diſhonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.

Enrag'd, and wildly ſputtering, from the ſhore
A ſtone, immenſe of ſize, the warrior bore,
A load for labouring earth, whoſe bulk to raiſe,
Aſks ten degenerate Mice of modern days.
Full on the leg arrives the cruſhing wound:
The Frog, ſupportleſs, writhes upon the ground.
Thus fluſh'd, the victor wars with matchleſs force,
Till loud Craugaſides arreſts his courſe.
Hoarſe croaking threats precede! with fatal ſpeed
Deep through the belly ran the pointed reed,
Then, ſtrongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppreſs'd with pain,
Creeps from the deſperate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches riſing weeds ſupply
To ſpread their lowly ſhades beneath the ſky,
There lurks the ſilent Mouſe reliev'd from heat,
And, ſafe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartas, Phyſignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed ſpear;
But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Phyſignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a ſafe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The Mouſe ſtill urges, ſtill the Frog retires,
And half in anguiſh of the flight expires.
Then pious ardour young Preſſæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank harmleſs Frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combat not his own,

Which, faintly tinkling on Troxartas' ſhield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.
Now nobly towering o'er the reſt appears
A gallant prince that far tranſcends his years,
Pride of his ſire, and glory of his houſe,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouſe:
His action bold, robuſt his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his reſounding name.
The warrior, ſingled from the fighting croud,
Boaſts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then ſtrutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate.
And ſuch his ſtrength, the ſilver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But powerful Jove, who ſhews no leſs his grace
To Frogs that periſh, than to human race,
Felt ſoft compaſſion riſing in his ſoul,
And ſhook his ſacred head, that ſhook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The ſire of Gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and Man:
What ſeas of blood I view! what worlds of ſlain!
An Iliad riſing from a day's campaign;
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax ſhakes!
Unleſs ſome favouring Deity deſcend,
Soon will the Frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars refulgent on his rattling car,
Arreſts his raging rival of the war.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious God of combats ſaid:
Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hiſſing ſhield;
Nor Mars himſelf, though Mars in armour bright
Aſcend his car, and wheel amidſt the fight;
Not theſe can drive the deſperate Mouſe afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms ariſe,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the ſkies,
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay;
When all the giant-race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.

'T was thus th' armipotent adviſ'd the Gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
Deep-lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then ſwift he whirls the brandiſh'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the diſtant ground;
The bolt diſcharg'd inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming paſſage through the ſkies:
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, ſhake,
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet ſtill the Mice advance their dread deſign,
And the laſt danger threats the croaking line,
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loſs they bore,
With ſtrange aſſiſtants fill'd the frighted ſhore.

Pour'd from the neighbouring ſtrand, deform'd to view,
They march, a ſudden unexpected crew!

Strong ſuits of armour round their bodies cloſe,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches torn oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell ſheers the paſſage to their mouth command;
From out the fleſh their bones by nature ſtand;
Broad ſpread their backs, their ſhining ſhoulders riſe;
Unnumber'd joints diſtort their lengthen'd thighs;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black eye-balls in their boſom plac'd;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread;
And either end alike ſupplies a head.
Theſe, mortal wits to call the Crabs agree,
The Gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes tail with ſevering graſps they rend.
Here, ſhort of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and ſcatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpleſs amazement, fear purſuing fear,
And mad confuſion, through their hoſt appear:
O'er the wild waſte with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

But down Olympus to the weſtern ſeas
Far-ſhooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (ſo Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving ſun.

TO MR. POPE.

To praiſe, yet ſtill with due reſpect to praiſe,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to ſhow, the ſenſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the friend,
What life, what vigour, muſt the lines require?
What muſic tune them? what affection fire?
O might thy genius in my boſom ſhine!
Thou ſhould'ſt not fail of numbers worthy thine,
The brighteſt ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the dame
Whom Windſor Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream,
On ſilver feet, with annual oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy Muſe the envy of the Fair!
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Ægypt's princeſs wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly treſſes ſet the world at odds,
Belles war with Beaux, and whims deſcend for Gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart:

The Graces ſtand in ſight; a Satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the ſcene.
In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldeſt wits
Inſhrin'd on high the ſacred Virgil ſits,
And ſits in meaſures, ſuch as Virgil's Muſe
To place thee near him might be fond to chuſe.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt, the prize.
Rapt with the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.
Indulgent nurſe of every tender gale,
Parent of flowerets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy poplars whiſper o'er my head,
Still ſlide thy waters ſoft among the trees;
Thy aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze,
Smile all thy vallies in eternal ſpring,
Be huſh'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil ſing.
In Engliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,
He ſhines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
In all the majeſty of Greece retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
His language failing, wrapp'd him round with night,
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.

So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When choak'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, The mines were here!
Should ſome rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How every muſic varies in thy lines!
Still as I read, I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
When Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle bleſt;
And Philomela ſweeteſt o'er the reſt:
The ſhades reſound with ſong—O ſoftly tread!
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires,
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound,
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning,—far, oh far from thee!
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf,
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf,
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſide, and torrents at their feet,
Or lazy lakes, unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naiads ever ſleep in mud.

Yet here content can dwell, and learned eaſe,
A friend delight me, and an author pleaſe;
Ev'n here I ſing, while Pope ſupplies the theme,
Show my own love, though not increaſe his fame.

A TRANSLATION

OF PART OF THE

FIRST CANTO OF THE RAPE OF THE LOCK,

INTO LEONINE VERSE,

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENT MONKS.

ET nunc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ ſplendet pyxide densâ:
Tum primum lymphâ, ſe purgat candida nympha;
Jamque ſine mendâ, cœleſtis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc ſtupet explorans, ſeu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythoniſſa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque ſuperbia! lautè,
Dona venuſta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, ſe pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex iſtâ tranſpirat Arabia ciſta:
Teſtudo hic flectit, dum ſe mea Leſbia pectit;
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Leſbia dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula reſplendens æris longo ordine pendens,

Pulvis ſuavis odore, et epiſtola ſuavis amore.
In luit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præſens tempus de tempore creſcens;
Jam reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratiâ visûs,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua purpura gliſcet,
Et geminans bellis ſplendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique ſaluti,
Hic figit zonam, capiti, locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidiſſima Letty!
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

HEALTH. AN ECLOGUE.

Now early ſhepherds o'er the meadow paſs,
And print long footſteps in the glittering graſs;
The cows neglectful of their paſture ſtand,
By turns obſequious to the milker's hand.
When Damon ſoftly trod the ſhaven lawn,
Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleaſing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the diſtant view;
There reſts the youth, and, while the feather'd throng
Raiſe their wild muſic, thus contrives a ſong.
Here, wafted o'er by mild Eteſian air,
Thou country Goddeſs, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breaſt through quivering trees inhale
Thy roſy bleſſings with the morning gale.

What are the fields, or flowers, or all I ſee?
Ah! taſteleſs all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
Joy to my ſoul! I feel the Goddeſs nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreſhing breezes run,
The ſmiling daizies blow beneath the ſun,
The brooks run purling down with ſilver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compaſs rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High ſunny ſummits, deeply-ſhaded dales,
Thick moſſy banks, and flowery winding vales,
With various proſpect gratify the ſight,
And ſcatter fix'd attention in delight.
Come, country Goddeſs, come; nor thou ſuffice,
But bring thy mountain-ſiſter, Exerciſe.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, ſhe turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finiſh'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, ſhe ſkims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horſes, croud her early train.
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meſhes looſely float behind.
All theſe as means of toil the feeble ſee,
But theſe are helps to pleaſure join'd with thee.
Let Sloth lie ſoftening till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the ſultry town,
Unnerv'd with reſt; and turn her own diſeaſe,
Or foſter others in luxurious eaſe:
I mount the courſer, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennel'd flies to covert grounds;

I lead where ſtags through tangled thickets tread,
And ſhake the ſaplings with their branching head;
I make the faulcons wing their airy way,
And ſoar to ſeize, or ſtooping ſtrike their prey;
To ſnare the fiſh, I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus through change of exerciſe I range,
And ſtrength and pleaſure riſe from every change.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain;
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.
Oh come, thou Goddeſs of my rural ſong,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whoſe bright preſence clouds of ſorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,
Clip my low hedges, and ſupport my flowers;
To welcome her, this ſummer-ſeat I dreſt,
And here I court her when ſhe comes to reſt;
When ſhe from exerciſe to learned eaſe
Shall change again, and teach the change to pleaſe.
Now friends converſing my ſoft hours refine,
And Tully's Tuſculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And ſuch as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of eaſy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuſe the grove:
The native Bard, that on Sicilian plains
Firſt ſung the lowly manners of the ſwains;
Or Maro's Muſe, that in the faireſt light
Paints rural proſpects and the charms of ſight;

Theſe ſoft amuſements bring Content along,
And fancy, void of ſorrow, turns to ſong.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain;
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

THE FLIES. AN ECLOGUE.

WHEN in the river cows for coolneſs ſtand,
And ſheep for breezes ſeek the lofty land,
A youth, whom Æſop taught that every tree,
Each bird and inſect, ſpoke as well as he;
Walk'd calmly muſing in a ſhady way,
Where flowering hawthorns broke the ſunny ray,
And thus inſtructs his moral pen to draw
A ſcene that obvious in the field he ſaw.
Near a low ditch, where ſhallow waters meet,
Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet;
Whoſe Naiads never prattle as they play,
But ſcreen'd with hedges ſlumber out the day,
There ſtands a ſlender fern's aſpiring ſhade,
Whoſe anſwering branches regularly laid
Put forth their anſwering boughs, and proudly riſe
Three ſtories upward, in the nether ſkies.
For ſhelter here, to ſhun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the Flies retreat;
Some in ſoft airs their ſilken pinions ply,
And ſome from bough to bough delighted fly,
Some riſe, and circling light to perch again;
A pleaſing murmur hums along the plain.

So, when a ſtage invites to pageant ſhows,
(If great and ſmall are like) appear the beaux;
In boxes ſome with ſpruce pretenſion ſit,
Some change from ſeat to ſeat within the pit,
Some roam the ſcenes, or turning ceaſe to roam;
Preluding muſic fills the lofty dome.

When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can ſay
Deſerves attention) rais'd the rural lay.

Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's ſide,
Who, mindleſs of the feaſting, went to ſip
The balmy pleaſure of the ſhepherd's lip,
I ſaw the Wanton, where I ſtoop'd to ſup,
And half reſolv'd to drown me in a cup;
Till, bruſh'd by careleſs hands, ſhe ſoar'd above:
Ceaſe, Beauty, ceaſe to vex a tender love.

Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his muſic ſung.

When ſuns by thouſands ſhone on orbs of dew,
I wafted ſoft with Zephyretta flew;
Saw the clean pail, and ſought the milky chear,
While little Daphne ſeiz'd my roving Dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
Yet fate indulging as the danger came.
But the kind huntreſs left her free to ſoar:
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a miſtreſs more.

Thus from the fern, whoſe high projecting arms
The fleeting nation bent with duſky ſwarms,
The ſwains their love in eaſy muſic breathe,
When tongues and tumult ſtun the field beneath:

Black ants in teams come darkening all the road,
Some call to march, and ſome to lift the load;
They ſtrain, they labour with inceſſant pains,
Preſs'd by the cumbrous weight of ſingle grains.
The Flies ſtruck ſilent gaze with wonder down:
The buſy burghers reach their earthy town;
Where lay the burthens of a wintery ſtore,
And thence unwearied part in ſearch of more.
Yet one grave ſage a moment's ſpace attends,
And the ſmall city's loftieſt point aſcends,
Wipes the ſalt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the graveſt grace.

Ye fooliſh nurſlings of the ſummer air,
Theſe gentle tunes and whining ſongs forbear;
Your trees and whiſpering breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove;
Let Bards to buſineſs bend their vigorous wing,
And ſing but ſeldom, if they love to ſing:
Elſe, when the flowerets of the ſeaſon fail,
And this your ferny ſhade forſakes the vale,
Though one would ſave you, not one grain of wheat,
Should pay ſuch ſongſters idling at my gate.

He ceas'd: the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the Mayor's ſpeech, and fell to ſing again.

AN ELEGY, TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

In vain, poor nymph, to pleaſe our youthful ſight
You ſleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches ſoil, with paint repair,
Dreſs with gay gowns, and ſhade with foreign hair.
If truth, in ſpite of manners, muſt be told,
Why really fifty-five is ſomething old.

Once you were young; or one, whoſe life's ſo long
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong.
And once, ſince Envy's dead before you die,
The women own, you play'd a ſparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modiſh little trip,
And pouted with the prettieſt purple lip.

To ſome new charmer are the roſes fled,
Which blew, to damaſk all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thouſands fill their eaſy train.
So parting Summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the Sun to dreſs ſome foreign clime,
While withering ſeaſons in ſucceſſion, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou, ſince nature bids, the world reſign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to ſhine.
With more addreſs, or ſuch as pleaſes more,
She runs her female exerciſes o'er,
Unfurls or cloſes, raps or turns the fan,
And ſmiles, or bluſhes at the creature man.

With quicker life, as gilded coaches paſs,
In ſideling courteſy ſhe drops the glaſs.
With better ſtrength, on viſit-days ſhe bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample ſtairs.
Her mien, her ſhape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,
Are ſure to conquer—for the rogue is young:
And all that 's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let Time, that makes you homely, make you ſage,
The ſphere of wiſdom is the ſphere of age.

'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of ſoft deſire,
If not from virtue, from its graveſt ways
The ſoul with pleaſing avocation ſtrays.
But beauty gone, 'tis eaſier to be wiſe;
As harpers better by the loſs of eyes.
Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt leſs the plays, and more the public prayers,
Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray, in ſober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take
(Their trembling luſtre ſhows how much you ſhake);
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the reſt, with leſs incumbrance hung,
You walk through life, unmingled with the young,
And view the ſhade and ſubſtance as you paſs
With joint endeavour trifling at the glaſs,
Or Folly dreſt, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praiſe:

Yet ſtill ſedate yourſelf, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
'T was thus, if man with woman we compare,
The wiſe Athenian croſt a glittering fair,
Unmov'd by tongue and ſights, he walk'd the place,
Through tape, toys, tinſel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
And—What a World I never want? he cries:
But cries unheard: for folly will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he:
As careleſs he for them, as they for him:
He wrapt in wiſdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

THE BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day,
The Book-worm, ravening beaſt of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the Gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Againſt a thouſand authors lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with cluſtering eyes,
With horns without, and tuſks within,
And ſcales to ſerve him for a ſkin.
Obſerve him nearly, leſt he climb
To wound the Bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go
To tear ſome modern wretch below.

On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he ſlips thee by.
See where his teeth a paſſage eat:
We'll rouſe him from the deep retreat.
But who the ſhelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis ſacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from ſong to ſong,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he ſcuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he paſt,
And here we have him, caught at laſt.
Inſatiate brute, whoſe teeth abuſe
The ſweeteſt ſervants of the Muſe.
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roſes nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Leſbia's ſparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half deſtroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And ſpoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every ſingle deed,
Relentleſs Juſtice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myſelf the prieſt, my deſk the ſhrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Taſſo near,
To pile a ſacred altar here;

Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' ruſtic ſtrain;
Pray take your mortal Bards again.

Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable duſt I lay,
From manuſcripts juſt ſwept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praiſe;
Senſe may they ſeek, and leſs engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches ſpoil their vein,
Ye Muſes, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I ſtrike the ſcales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The ſacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the ſon of Jove I ſtand,
This Hydra ſtretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monſter's entrails here,
To ſee what dangers threat the year:
Ye Gods! what ſonnets on a wench!
What lean tranſlations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is ſo unſound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate! thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning-gown,
And write my own inscription down.

"This trophy from the Python won,
"This robe, in which the deed was done,
"These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
"Hung on these shelves, the Muses seat.
"Here ignorance and hunger found
"Large realms of wit to ravage round:
"Here ignorance and hunger fell:
"Two foes in one I sent to hell.
"Ye poets, who my labours see,
"Come share the triumph all with me!
"Ye Critics! born to vex the Muse,
"Go mourn the grand ally you lose."

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL Being, long and ſpare,
Our race of mortals call him Care
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the Gods have call'd him too),
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal ſable head,
Contriv'd a ſhape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man roſe ſtaring, like a ſtake;
Wondering to ſee himſelf awake!
Then look'd ſo wiſe, before he knew
The buſineſs he was made to do;
That, pleas'd to ſee with what a grace
He gravely ſhew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-ſomething of the ſky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a Poet's God
(For which his curls ambroſial ſhake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake),
He ſaw old mother Earth ariſe,
She ſtood confeſs'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read ſhe wore,
A caſtle for a crown before,

Nor with long ſtreets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone ſhe dreſt,
And trail'd a landſkip-painted veſt.
Then thrice ſhe rais'd, as Ovid ſaid,
And thrice ſhe bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made, Great Jove, ſhe cry'd,
This thing was faſhion'd from my ſide:
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what haſt thou to call him thine?

Nay rather aſk, the Monarch ſaid,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part 's an idle ſhape of clay.

Halves, more than halves! cry'd honeſt Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair,
You claim the body, you the ſoul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the Gods debate began,
On ſuch a trivial cauſe, as man.
And can celeſtial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There 's none that paint him ſuch as I,
For what the fabling Ancients ſung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not ſhed
Their ſilver honours on his head;
He juſt had got his pinions free,
From his old ſire, Eternity.

A ſerpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A ſtaff he carry'd, where on high
A glaſs was fix'd to meaſure by,
As amber boxes made a ſhow
For heads of canes an age ago.
His veſt, for day and night, was py'd;
A bending ſickle arm'd his ſide;
And Spring's new months his train adorn!
The other Seaſons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cauſe.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where ſince his hours a dial made;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:

Since body from the parent Earth,
And ſoul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they firſt began;
But ſince their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth ſhall part theſe two,
To Care who join'd them, man is due.

He ſaid, and ſprung with ſwift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever ſince the Seaſons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, ſaid Jove, and for conſent
Thundering he ſhook the firmament.

Our umpire Time ſhall have his way,
With Care I let the creature ſtay:
Let buſineſs vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion ſpeak,
And want afflict, and ſickneſs break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy diſtract, and ſorrow kill.
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long deſtructive blow;
And waſted man, whoſe quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The ſoul flies ſooner back to me.

AN

IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

RELENTLESS Time! deſtroying power,
Whom ſtone and braſs obey,
Who giv'ſt to every flying hour
To work ſome new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unſeen,
Thy ſecret ſaps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh.
My ſpring, my years of pleaſure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I ſearch, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave wiſdom ſtalking ſlow behind,
Oppreſs'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancy'd joys inſpire;
My errors cheriſh'd Hope to ſmile
On newly-born deſire.

But now experience ſhews, the bliſs
For which I fondly fought
Not worth the long impatient wiſh,
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
In all her pomp ſhe ſhone,
And might perhaps have well eſſay'd
To make her gifts my own:

But when I ſaw the bleſſings ſhower
On ſome unworthy mind,
I left the chace, and own'd the Power
Was juſtly painted blind.

I paſs'd the glories which adorn
The ſplendid courts of kings,
And while the perſons mov'd my ſcorn,
I roſe to ſcorn the things.

My manhood felt a vigorous fire
By love encreas'd the more;
But years with coming years conſpire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakneſs ſafe, the ſex I ſee
With idle luſtre ſhine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decreaſe,
My troubles laid to reſt,
And truths which would diſturb my peace
Are painful truths at beſt.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In ſad reflection flies;
Ye fondling paſſions of my ſoul!
Ye ſweet deceits! ariſe.

I wiſely change the ſcene within,
To things that us'd to pleaſe;
In pain, philoſophy is ſpleen,
In health, 'tis only eaſe.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled ſhow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There paſs with melancholy ſtate
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.

Thoſe with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where toil and poverty repoſe.

The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame
(Which ere our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away);
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All flow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they draw, my strings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:

A port of calms, a ſtate to eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.
Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendant cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'ſcutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul, theſe forms of woe;
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their ſuffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering ſun:
Such joy, though far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waſte:
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, laſting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the ſky

With more of happineſs below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calms and eaſe!
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate, to meet thee there.
Encreaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold inſhrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The ſilent heart, which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a ſoul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky,
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.
Lovely, laſting peace, appear!
This world itſelf, if thou art here,

Is once again with Eden bleſt,
And man contains it in his breaſt.
'T was thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And, loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of his grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.
Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat,
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly viſion, praiſe, and prayer;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight;
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear, and court my ſong:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And thee, great Source of Nature, ſing.
The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;

The moon that ſhines with borrow'd light;
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night;
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Should be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.
Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from men, with God he paſs'd the days,
Prayer all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heaven itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:

So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its watery breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right,
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the Pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my Son, the reverend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wandering ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the livery'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.

At length 't is morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighbouring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſtening and baſking in the ſummer ray,

Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the Sire; when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wiley partner ſhow'd.
He ſtop'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wandering pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighbouring ſeat.
'T was built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.

As near the Miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with ſhowers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt
('T was then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt);
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes-in the ſhivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:

Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With ſtill remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In every ſettling feature of his face;
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the generous Landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And, glittering as they tremble, chear the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'T was there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.

Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lye,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.

The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the Landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the Youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:

A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The Youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs Guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.

Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch!—But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form etherial burſt upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Though loud at firſt the Pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous Angel broke
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke).

Thy prayer, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind;

For this, commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—Thy fellow-ſervant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.
The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'T is thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.
What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!
The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.
The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs the ſilver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 't was my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back;
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.

On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage ſtood wondering as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done:
Then, gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

PIETY, OR THE VISION*.

'T was when the night in silent sable fled,
When chearful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to croud the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
'T was then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of light.
Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the shining croud
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal apply'd.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began:

* This and the following poem are not in the octavo editions of Dr. Parnell's Poems published by Mr. Pope. They were first communicated to the public by the late ingenious Mr. James Arbuckle, and published in his Hibernicus's Letters, No. 62. GOLDSMITH.—They are now in some degree corrected, from the volume of "Posthumous Poems." N.

" Where glorious manſions are prepar'd above,
" The ſeats of muſic, and the ſeats of love,
" Thence I deſcend, and Piety my name,
" To warm thy boſom with celeſtial flame,
" To teach thee praiſes mix'd with humble prayers,
" And tune thy ſoul to ſing ſeraphic airs.
" Be thou my Bard." A vial here ſhe caught
(An Angel's hand the cryſtal vial brought);
And as with awful ſound the word was ſaid,
She pour'd a ſacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: " Be thy Muſe thy zeal,
" Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.
" While other pencils flattering forms create,
" And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
" While other pens exalt the vain delight,
" Whoſe waſteful revel wakes the depth of night;
" Or others ſoftly ſing in idle lines
" How Damon courts, or Amaryllis ſhines;
" More wiſely thou ſelect a theme divine,
" Fame is their recompence, 'tis heaven is thine.
" Deſpiſe the raptures of diſcorded fire,
" Where wine, or paſſion, or applauſe inſpire
" Low reſtleſs life, and ravings born of earth,
" Whoſe meaner ſubjects ſpeak their humble birth,
" Like working ſeas, that, when loud winters blow,
" Not made for riſing, only rage below.
" Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
" More laſting ſtill, as more intenſely great,
" Produc'd where prayer, and praiſe, and pleaſure breathe,
" And ever mounting whence it ſhot beneath.

" Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,
" From glittering pinions guilty pleaſure ſheds;
" Reſtore the colour to the golden mines
" With which behind the feather'd idol ſhines;
" To flowering greens give back their native care,
" The roſe and lily, never his to wear;
" To ſweet Arabia ſend the balmy breath;
" Strip the fair fleſh, and call the phantom Death:
" His bow be fabled o'er, his ſhafts the ſame,
" And fork and point them with eternal flame.
" But urge thy powers, thine utmoſt voice advance,
" Make the loud ſtrings againſt thy fingers dance:
" 'Tis love that Angels praiſe and men adore,
" 'Tis love divine that aſks it all and more.
" Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
" Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
" And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
" Purſue the great unſeen deſcent of God.
" Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,
" The child is God, and call him Jeſus here.
" He comes, but where to reſt? A manger's nigh,
" Make the great Being in a manger lie;
" Fill the wide ſky with Angels on the wing,
" Make thouſands gaze, and make ten thouſand ſing;
" Let men afflict him, men he came to ſave,
" And ſtill afflict him till he reach the grave;
" Make him reſign'd, his loads of ſorrow meet,
" And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
" I'll bathe my treſſes there, my prayers rehearſe,
" And glide in flames of love along my verſe.

" Ah! while I ſpeak, I feel my boſom ſwell,
" My raptures ſmother what I long to tell.
" 'Tis God! a preſent God! through cleaving air
" I ſee the throne, and ſee the Jeſus there
" Plac'd on the right. He ſhews the wounds he bore
" (My fervours oft have won him thus before);
" How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his ear;
" He bids the gates unbar; and calls me near."

She ceas'd. The cloud on which ſhe ſeem'd to tread
Its curls unfolded, and around her ſpread;
Bright Angels waft their wings to raiſe the cloud,
And ſweep their ivory lutes, and ſing aloud;
The ſcene moves off, while all its ambient ſky
Is turn'd to wondrous muſic as they fly;
And ſoft the ſwelling ſounds of muſic grow,
And faint their ſoftneſs, till they fail below.

My downy ſleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were ſettling, thus I ſpoke.
Thou beauteous viſion! on the ſoul impreſs'd,
When moſt my reaſon would appear to reſt,
'T was ſure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious Angel limn'd thy ſacred ſights;
From blazing ſuns his radiant gold he drew,
While moons the ſilver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,
And ſeek the ſacred hill, and light to ſing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays,
Obedient to thy ſummons, ſound with praiſe.

But ſtill I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;

And barely wiſh the wondrous gift I boaſt,
And faintly practiſe what deſerves it moſt.
Indulgent Lord! whoſe gracious love diſplays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with eaſe!
Be this, to bleſs my days, no dream of bliſs;
Or be, to bleſs the nights, my dreams like this.

BACCHUS,

OR,

THE DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS.

As Bacchus, ranging at his leiſure,
(Jolly Bacchus, king of pleaſure!)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thouſand airy fancies,
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His favourite vines in Leſbos iſle.
The god, returning ere they dy'd,
Ah! ſee my jolly fauns, he cry'd,
The leaves but hardly born are red,
And the bare arms for pity ſpread:
The beaſts afford a rich manure;
Fly, my boys, to bring the cure;
Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
Through the woods, and down the dales;
For this, if full the cluſter grow,
Your bowls ſhall doubly overflow.
So chear'd with more officious haſte
They bring the dung of every beaſt;

The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
They lay the rich manure with care;
While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.

The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,
The thickening clusters load the year;
The season swiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.

A vineyard ripe, a day serene
Now calls them all to work again.
The fauns through every furrow shoot
To load their flaskets with the fruit;
And now the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jovial God.

Strow the roses, raise the song,
See the master comes along;
Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,
Whim and Frolic follow after:
The fauns aside the vats remain,
To show the work, and reap the gain.
All around, and all around,
They sit to riot on the ground;
A vessel stands amidst the ring,
And here they laugh, and there they sing:
Or rise a jolly jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand;
Dance about, and shout amain,
Then sit to laugh and sing again.
Thus they drink, and thus they play
The sun and all their wits away.

But, as an ancient author ſung,
The vine manur'd with every dung,
From every creature ſtrangely drew
A twang of brutal nature too;
'T was hence in drinking on the lawns
New turns of humour ſeiz'd the fauns.

Here one was crying out, By Jove!
Another, Fight me in the grove;
This wounds a friend, and that the trees;
The lion's temper reign'd in theſe.

Another grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the ſame as he:
Chattering, idle, airy, kind:
Theſe take the monkeys turn of mind.

Here one, that ſaw the Nymphs which ſtood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Skulks off to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the ſhade;
While looſe diſcourſe another raiſes
In naked Nature's plaineſt phraſes,
And every glaſs he drinks enjoys,
With change of nonſenſe, luſt, and noiſe;
Mad and careleſs, hot and vain:
Such as theſe the goat retain.

Another drinks and caſts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup;
Solemn, ſilent, and ſedate,
Ever long, and ever late,

Full of meats, and full of wine:
This takes his temper from the ſwine.
Here ſome who hardly ſeem to breathe,
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.
Gaping, tender, apt to weep:
Their nature 's alter'd by the ſheep.

'Twas thus one autumn all the crew
(If what the Poets ſay be true)
While Bacchus made the merry feaſt,
Inclin'd to one or other beaſt:
And ſince, 'tis ſaid, for many a mile
He ſpread the vines of Leſbos iſle.

THE HORSE AND THE OLIVE.

With moral tale let ancient Wiſdom move,
Whilſt thus I ſing to make the moderns wiſe:
Strong Neptune once with ſage Minerva ſtrove,
And riſing Athens was the victor's prize.

By Neptune, Plutus (guardian power of gain);
By great Minerva, bright Apollo ſtood:
But Jove ſuperior bade the ſide obtain,
Which beſt contriv'd to do the nation good.

Then Neptune ſtriking, from the parted ground
The warlike Horſe came pawing on the plain,
And as it toſt its mane, and pranc'd around,
By this, he cries, I'll make the people reign.

The Goddeſs, ſmiling, gently bow'd her ſpear,
And rather thus they ſhall be bleſs'd, ſhe ſaid:
Then upwards ſhooting in the vernal air,
With loaded boughs the fruitful Olive ſpread.

Jove ſaw what gift the rural powers deſign'd;
And took th' impartial ſcales, reſolv'd to ſhow,
If greater bliſs in warlike pomp we find,
Or in the calm which peaceful times beſtow.

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;
But plenty, ſafety, ſcience, arts, and eaſe,
Minerva's ſcale with greater weight ſupply'd.

Fierce War devours whom gentle Peace would ſave:
Sweet Peace reſtores what angry War deſtroys;
War made for Peace, with that rewards the brave,
While Peace its pleaſures from itſelf enjoys.

Hence vanquiſh'd Neptune to the ſea withdrew,
Hence wiſe Minerva rul'd Athenian lands;
Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
And ſtill her Olives deck pacific hands.

From fables, thus diſclos'd, a monarch's mind
May form juſt rules to chuſe the truly great,
And ſubjects weary'd with diſtreſſes find,
Whoſe kind endeavours moſt befriend the ſtate.

Ev'n Britain here may learn to place her love,
If cities won, her kingdom's wealth have coſt;
If Anna's thoughts the patriot ſouls approve,
Whoſe cares reſtore that wealth the wars had loſt.

But if we aſk, the moral to diſcloſe,
Whom her beſt patroneſs Europa calls,
Great Anna's title no exception knows,
And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies:
Whene'er ſhe pleas'd, her troops to conqueſt flew;
Whene'er ſhe pleaſes, peaceful times ariſe:
She gave the Horſe, and gives the Olive too.

DR. DONNE's THIRD SATIRE VERSIFIED.

COMPASSION checks my ſpleen, yet ſcorn denies
The tears a paſſage through my ſwelling eyes;
To laugh or weep at ſins, might idly ſhow
Unheedful paſſion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire! ariſe, and try thy ſharper ways,
If ever ſatire cur'd an old diſeaſe.
Is not Religion (heaven-deſcended dame)
As worthy all our ſoul's devouteſt flame,
As moral Virtue in her early ſway,
When the beſt Heathens ſaw by doubtful day?
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and ſtrong to vanquiſh earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, reſpect, and ſhow,
As all rewards their virtue found below?
Alas! Religion proper means prepares,
Theſe means are ours, and muſt its end be theirs?
And ſhall thy father's ſpirit meet the ſight
Of heathen ſages cloath'd in heavenly light,

Whoſe merit of ſtrict life, ſeverely ſuited
To Reaſon's dictates, may be faith imputed,
Whilſt thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever baniſh'd from the bleſt abode?

Oh! if thy temper ſuch a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the nobleſt kind.

Dar'ſt thou provoke, when rebel ſouls aſpire,
Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy Monarch's ire,
Or live entomb'd in ſhips, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the ſea;
In ſearch of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the ſun, in mines beneath,
Or, where in tempeſts icy mountains roll,
Attempt a paſſage by the northern pole?
Or dar'ſt thou parch within the fires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?
Or for ſome idol of thy fancy draw
Some looſe-gown'd dame; O courage made of ſtraw!
Thus, deſperate coward, would'ſt thou bold appear,
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield;
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?

Know thy own foes; th' apoſtate angel; he
You ſtrive to pleaſe, the foremoſt of the three;
He makes the pleaſures of his realm the bait,
But can he give for love that acts in hate?
The world's thy ſecond love, thy ſecond foe,
The world, whoſe beauties periſh as they blow,
They fly, ſhe fades herſelf, and at the beſt,
You graſp a wither'd ſtrumpet to your breaſt;

The fleſh is next, which in fruition waſtes,
High fluſh'd with all the ſenſual joys it taſtes.
While men the fair, the goodly ſoul deſtroy,
From whence the fleſh has power to taſte a joy,
Seek thou Religion primitively ſound —
Well, gentle friend, but where may ſhe be found?

By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,
Thinks the bright ſeraph from his country fled,
And ſeeks her ſeat at Rome, becauſe we know,
She there was ſeen a thouſand years ago;
And loves her relick rags, as men obey
The foot-cloth where the prince ſat yeſterday.
Theſe pageant forms are whining Obed's ſcorn,
Who ſeeks Religion at Geneva born,
A ſullen thing, whoſe coarſeneſs ſuits the crowd:
Though young, unhandſome; though unhandſome,
Thus, with the wanton, ſome perverſely judge [proud;
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.

No foreign ſchemes make eaſy Cæpio roam,
The man contented takes his church at home,
Nay, ſhould ſome preachers, ſervile bawds of gain,
Should ſome new laws, which like new faſhions reign,
Command his faith to count ſalvation ty'd,
To viſit his, and viſit none beſide;
He grants ſalvation centres in his own,
And grants it centres but in his alone;
From youth to age he graſps the proffer'd dame,
And they confer his faith, who give his name;
So from the guardian's hands the wards, who live
Enthrall'd to guardians, take the wives they give.

From all profeſſions careleſs Airy flies,
For all profeſſions can't be good, he cries;
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuſe;
So men, who know what ſome looſe girls have done,
For fear of marrying ſuch, will marry none.
The charms of all obſequious Courtly ſtrike;
On each he dotes, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dreſſes altering, and the ſex the ſame:
So fares Religion, chang'd in outward ſhow,
But 'tis Religion ſtill where'er we go:
This blindneſs ſprings from an exceſs of light,
And men embrace the wrong to chuſe the right.
But thou of force muſt one Religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone;
To find that right one, aſk thy reverend ſire,
Let his of him, and him of his enquire;
Though truth and falſehood ſeem as twins ally'd,
There's elderſhip on Truth's delightful ſide;
Her ſeek with heed—who ſeeks the ſoundeſt firſt,
Is not of no Religion, nor the worſt.
T' adore, or ſcorn an image, or proteſt,
May all be bad; doubt wiſely for the beſt,
'T were wrong to ſleep, or headlong run aſtray;
It is not wandering, to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the baſis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the ſide,
Sits ſacred Truth enthron'd; and he who means
To reach the ſummit, mounts with weary pains,

Winds round and round, and every turn eſſays,
Where ſudden breaks reſiſt the ſhorter ways.
Yet labour ſo, that ere faint age arrive,
Thy ſearching ſoul poſſeſs her reſt alive:
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And age is twilight to the night of fate.
To will alone, is but to mean delay,
To work at preſent, is the uſe of day.
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High thoughts the ſoul, hard deeds the body ſtrain,
And myſteries aſk believing, which to view,
Like the fair ſun, are plain, but dazzling too.

Be Truth, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,
Not kings have power to tear it from thy breaſt.
By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but the hands of fate.
Ah! fool and wretch, who lett'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd
To human laws! or muſt it ſo be try'd?
Or will it boot thee, at the lateſt day,
When Judgment ſits, and Juſtice aſks thy plea,
That Philip that, or Gregory taught thee this,
Or John or Martin? All may teach amiſs:
For every contrary in each extreme
This holds alike, and each may plead the ſame.

Wouldſt thou to power a proper duty ſhew?
'Tis thy firſt taſk the bounds of power to know;
The bounds once paſt, it holds the ſame no more,
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were ſubmiſſion humbleneſs expreſt,
But all a low idolatry at beſt.

Power from above, ſubordinately ſpread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head;
There, calm and pure, the living waters flow,
But roars a torrent or a flood below,
Each flower ordain'd the margins to adorn,
Each native beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on deſerts, rocks and ſands, are toſt,
All the long travel, and in ocean loſt.
So fares the ſoul, which more that power reveres,
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

FROM realms of never-interrupted peace,
From thy fair ſtation near the throne of Grace,
From choirs of angels, joys in endleſs round,
And endleſs harmony's enchanting ſound,
Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praiſe to ſhew,
Bright Gift of Verſe deſcend, and here below
My raviſh'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the ſoul incline my will.
Among thy pomp, let rich expreſſion wait,
Let ranging numbers form thy train compleat,
While at thy motions over all the ſky
Sweet ſounds, and echoes ſweet, reſounding fly;
And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let Fancy's flowery ſpring erect its head.

It comes, it comes, with unaccuſtom'd light,
The tracts of airy thought grow wondrous bright,

Its notions ancient Memory reviews,
And young Invention new deſigns purſues.
To ſome attempt my will and wiſhes preſs,
And pleaſure, rais'd in hope, forebodes ſucceſs.
My God, from whom proceed the gifts divine,
My God! I think I feel the gift is thine.
Be this no vain illuſion which I find,
Nor nature's impulſe on the paſſive mind,
But reaſon's act, produc'd by good deſire,
By grace enliven'd with Celeſtial Fire;
While baſe conceits, like miſty ſons of night,
Before ſuch beams of glory take their flight,
And frail affections, born of earth, decay,
Like weeds that wither in the warmer ray.

I thank thee, Father! with a grateful mind:
Man's undeſerving, and thy Mercy kind.
I now perceive, I long to ſing thy praiſe,
I now perceive, I long to find my lays
The ſweet incentives of another's love,
And ſure ſuch longings have their riſe above.
My reſolution ſtands confirm'd within,
My lines aſpiring eagerly begin;
Begin, my lines, to ſuch a ſubject due,
That aids our labours, and rewards them too!
Begin, while Canaan opens to mine eyes,
Where ſouls and ſongs, divinely form'd, ariſe.

As one whom o'er the ſweetly-vary'd meads
Intire receſs and lonely pleaſure leads,
To verdur'd banks, to paths adorn'd with flowers,
To ſhady trees, to cloſely-waving bowers,

To bubbling fountains, and aſide the ſtream
That ſoftly gliding ſooths a waking dream,
Or bears the thought inſpir'd with heat along,
And with fair images improves a ſong;
Through ſacred anthems, ſo may fancy range,
So ſtill from beauty, ſtill to beauty change,
To feel delights in all the radiant way,
And, with ſweet numbers, what it feels repay.
For this I call that ancient Time appear,
And bring his rolls to ſerve in method here;
His rolls which acts, that endleſs honour claim,
Have rank'd in order for the voice of fame.
My call is favour'd: Time from firſt to laſt
Unwinds his years, the preſent ſees the paſt;
I view their circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footſteps where he went before.
The page unfolding would a top diſcloſe,
Where ſounds melodious in their birth aroſe.
Where firſt the Morning-ſtars together ſung,
Where firſt their harps the Sons of Glory ſtrung,
With ſhouts of joy while Hallelujahs riſe
To prove the chorus of eternal ſkies.
Rich ſparkling ſtrokes the letters doubly gild,
And all 's with love and admiration fill'd.

MOSES.

TO grace thoſe lines, which next appear to ſight,
The pencil ſhone, with more abated light;
Yet ſtill the pencil ſhone, the lines were fair,
And awful Moſes ſtands recorded there;

Let his, replete with flames and praiſe divine,
Let his, the firſt-remember'd ſong be mine,
Then riſe my thought, and in thy prophet find
What joy ſhould warm thee, for the work deſign'd.
To that great act, which rais'd his heart, repair,
And find a portion of his ſpirit there.

A Nation helpleſs and unarm'd I view,
Whom ſtrong revengeful troops of war purſue,
Seas ſtop their flight, their camp muſt prove their grave,
Ah! what can ſave them? God alone can ſave.
God's wondrous voice proclaims his high command,
He bids their leader wave the ſacred wand,
And where the billows flow'd, they flow no more,
A road lies naked, and they march it o'er.
Safe may the ſons of Jacob travel through,
But why will hard'ned Egypt venture too?
Vain in thy rage, to think thoſe waters flee
And riſe like walls, on either hand, for thee.
The night comes on, the ſeaſon for ſurprize,
Yet fear not, Iſrael, God directs thine eyes.
A fiery cloud I ſee thine angel ride,
His chariot is thy light, and he thy guide.
The day comes on, and half thy ſuccours fail,
Yet fear not, Iſrael, God will ſtill prevail.
I ſee thine angel from before thee go,
To make the wheels of venturous Egypt ſlow,
His rolling cloud inwraps its beams of light,
And what ſupply'd thy day, prolongs their night.
At length the dangers of the deep are run,
The further brink is paſt, the bank is won;

The leader turns to view the foes behind,
Then waves his ſolemn wand within the wind,
Oh Nation freed by wonders, ceaſe thy fear,
And ſtand, and ſee the Lord's Salvation here.

Ye tempeſts, now, from every corner fly,
And wildly rage in all my fancied ſky,
Roll on, ye waters, as they roll'd before,
Ye billows of my fancied ocean, roar;
Daſh high, ride foaming, mingle, all the main,
'Tis done, and Pharaoh can't afflict again.
The work, the wondrous work of freedom's done,
The winds abate, the clouds reſtore the ſun,
The wreck appears, the threatening army drown'd
Floats o'er the waves, to ſtrew the ſandy ground,
Then place thy Moſes near the calming flood,
Majeſtically mild, ſerenely good;
Let meekneſs, lovely virtue, gently ſtream
Around his viſage, like a lambent flame;
Let grateful ſentiments, let ſenſe of love,
Let holy zeal, within his boſom move;
And while his people gaze the watery plain,
And fear's laſt touches like to doubts remain;
While bright aſtoniſhment, that ſeems to raiſe
A queſtioning belief, is fond to praiſe;
Be thus the rapture in the prophet's breaſt,
Be thus the thanks for freedom gain'd expreſs'd:

I'll ſing to God, I'll ſing the ſongs of praiſe,
To God, triumphant in his wondrous ways,
To God, whoſe glories in the ſeas excel,
Where the proud horſe and prouder rider fell.

The Lord, in mercy kind, in juſtice ſtrong,
Is now my ſtrength; this ſtrength be now my ſong.
This ſure ſalvation ſuch he proves to me,
From danger reſcued, and from bondage free;
The Lord's my God, and I'll prepare his ſeat,
My father's God, and I'll proclaim him great;
Him Lord of battles, Him renown'd in Name,
Him ever-faithful, evermore the ſame.
His gracious aids avenge his people's thrall,
They make the pride of boaſting Pharaoh fall.
Within the ſeas his ſtately chariots lie,
Within the ſeas his choſen captains die.
The rolling deeps have cover'd o'er the foe,
They ſunk like ſtones, they ſwiftly ſunk below:
Thine hand, my God! thine hand confeſs'd thy care,
Thine hand was glorious in thy power there,
It broke their troops, unequal for the fight,
In all the greatneſs of excelling might:
Thy wrath ſent forward o'er the raging ſtream,
Swift, ſure, and ſudden, their deſtruction came.
They fell as ſtubble burns, while driving ſkies
Provoke and whirl a flame, and ruin flies.
When blaſts, diſpatch'd with wonderful intent,
On ſovereign orders from thy noſtrils went,
For our accounts, the waters were afraid,
Perceiv'd thy Preſence, and together fled;
In heaps uprightly plac'd, they learn to ſtand,
Like banks of cryſtal, by the paths of ſand.
Then, fondly fluſh'd with hope, and ſwell'd with pride,
And fill'd with rage, the foe profanely cry'd,

Secure of conqueſt, I'll purſue their way,
I'll overtake them, I'll divide the prey,
My luſt I'll ſatisfy, mine anger cloy,
My ſword I'll brandiſh, and their name deſtroy.
How wildly threats their anger, hark! above,
New blaſts of wind on new commiſſion move,
To looſe the fetters that confin'd the main,
And make its mighty waters rage again.
Then, overwhelm'd with their reſiſtleſs ſway,
They ſunk like lead, they ſunk beneath the ſea.

Oh, who's like thee, thou dreaded Lord of Hoſt!
Among the Gods, whom all the nations boaſt,
Such acts of wonder and of ſtrength diſplays?
Oh great, Oh glorious in thine holy ways!
Deſerving praiſe, and that thy praiſe appear
In ſigns of reverence, and ſenſe of fear.
With juſtice arm'd, thou ſtretchedſt out thine hand,
And earth between its gaping jaws of land
Receiv'd its waters of the parted main,
And ſwallow'd up the dark Egyptian train.
With mercy riſing on the weaker ſide,
Thyſelf became the reſcued people's guide!
And in thy ſtrength they paſt th' amazing road
To reach thine Holy Mount, thy bleſs'd abode.

What thou haſt done the neighbouring realms ſhall hear,
And feel the ſtrange report excite their fear.
What thou haſt done ſhall Edom's Duke amaze,
And make deſpair on Paleſtina ſeize;
Shall make the warlike ſons of Moab ſhake,
And all the melting hearts of Canaan weak.

In heavy damps, diffus'd on every breaſt,
Shall cold diſtruſt and hopeleſs terror reſt,
The matchleſs Greatneſs, which thine hand has ſhewn,
Shall keep their kingdoms as unmov'd as ſtone,
While Jordan ſtops above, and fails below,
And all thy flock acroſs the channel go.
Thus on thy Mercy's ſilver-ſhining wing,
Through ſeas and ſtreams thou wilt the nation bring,
And as the rooted trees ſecurely ſtand,
So firmly plant it in the promis'd land;
Where for thyſelf thou wilt a place prepare,
And after-ages will thine altar rear,
There reign victorious in thy ſacred ſeat,
Oh, Lord! for ever and for ever great.

Look where the tyrant was but lately ſeen,
The ſeas gave backward, and he ventur'd in:
In yonder gulph with haughty pomp he ſhew'd,
Here march'd his horſemen, there his chariots rode,
And when our God reſtor'd the floods again,
Ah, vainly ſtrong! they periſh'd in the main;
But Iſrael went a dry ſurprizing way,
Made ſafe by miracles, amidſt the ſea.

Here ceas'd the ſong, though not the Prophet's joy,
Which others hands and others tongues employ;
For ſtill the lays, with warmth divine expreſt,
Inflam'd his hearers to their inmoſt breaſt.
Then Miriam's notes the chorus ſweetly raiſe,
And Miriam's timbrel gives new life to praiſe.
The moving ſounds, like ſoft delicious wind,
That breath'd from paradiſe, a paſſage find,

Shed ſympathies for odours as they rove,
And fan the riſings of enkindled love.

O'er all the crowd the thought inſpiring flew,
The women follow'd, with their timbrels too,
And thus from Moſes, where his ſtrains aroſe,
They catch'd a rapture, to perform the cloſe.

We'll ſing to God, we'll ſing the ſongs of praiſe,
To God triumphant in his wondrous ways,
To God, whoſe glories in the ſeas excel,
Where the proud horſe and prouder rider fell.

Thus Iſrael, raptur'd with the pleaſing thought,
Of freedom wiſh'd, and wonderfully got,
Made chearful thanks from every bank reſound,
Expreſs'd by ſongs, improv'd in joy by ſound.
Oh, ſacred Moſes, each infuſing line,
That mov'd their gratitude, was part of thine;
And ſtill the Chriſtians in thy numbers view,
The type of Baptiſm, and of Heaven too.
So ſouls from water riſe to grace below,
So ſaints from toil to praiſe and glory go.

Oh, grateful Miriam, in thy temper wrought,
Too warm for ſilence, or inventing thought;
Thy part of anthem was to warble o'er,
In ſweet reſponſe what Moſes ſung before.
Thou ledſt the public voice to join his lays,
And words redoubling, well-redoubled praiſe.
Receive thy title, propheteſs was thine,
When here thy practice ſhew'd thy form divine.
The ſpirit thus approv'd, reſign'd in will,
The church bows down, and hears reſponſes ſtill.

Nor slightly suffer tuneful Jubal's name
To miss his place among the sons of fame;
Whose sweet infusions could of old inspire
The breathing organs, and the trembling lyre.
Father of these on earth, whose gentle soul,
By such engagements, could the mind control,
If holy verses aught to music owe,
Be that thy large account of thanks below:
Whilst, then, the timbrels lively pleasure gave,
And, now, whilst organs sound sedately grave.

My first attempt the finish'd course commends,
Now, Fancy, flag not, as that subject ends,
But, charm'd with beauties which attend thy way,
Ascend harmonious in the next essay.
So flies the lark, and learn from her to fly;
She mounts, she warbles on the wind on high,
She falls from thence, and seems to drop her wing,
But, ere she lights to rest, remounts to sing.

It is not far the days have roll'd their years
Before the second brighten'd work appears,
It is not far, alas! the faulty cause,
Which, from the Prophet, sad reflection draws;
Alas! that blessings in possession cloy,
And peevish murmurs are preferr'd to joy;
That favour'd Israel could be faithless still,
Or question God's protecting power or will,
Or dread devoted Canaan's warlike men,
And long for Egypt and their bonds again.
Scarce thrice the Sun since harden'd Pharaoh dy'd,
As bridegrooms issue forth with glittering pride,

Rejoicing roſe, and let the nation ſee
Three ſhining days of eaſy liberty,
Ere the mean fears of want, produc'd within,
Vain thought, repleniſh'd, with rebellious ſin.
Oh look not, Iſrael, to thy former way;
God cannot fail; and either wait or pray.
Within the borders of thy promis'd lands,
Lot's hapleſs wife a ſtrange example ſtands,
She turn'd her eyes, and felt her change begin,
And wrath as fierce may meet reſembling ſin.
Then forward move thy camp, and forward ſtill,
And let ſweet mercy bend thy ſtubborn will.
At thy complaint, a branch in Marah caſt,
With ſweetening virtue mends the water's taſte.
At thy complaint, the labouring tempeſt fails,
And drives before a wondrous ſhower of quails.
In tender graſs the falling manna lies,
And Heaven itſelf the want of bread ſupplies.
The rock divided, flows upon the plain
At thy complaint, and ſtill thou wilt complain.
As, thus employ'd, thou went the Deſart through,
Lo! Sinai mount uprear'd its head to view.
Thine eyes perceiv'd the darkly-rolling cloud,
Thine ears the trumpet ſhrill, the thunder loud,
The forky lightning ſhot in livid gleam,
The ſmoak aroſe, the mountain all a flame
Quak'd to the Depths, and work'd with ſigns of awe,
While God deſcended to diſpenſe the law.
Yet neither mercy, manifeſt in might,
Nor power in terrors could preſerve thee right.

Provok'd with crimes of ſuch an heinous kind,
Almighty juſtice ſware the doom deſign'd.
That they ſhould never reach the promis'd ſeat,
And Moſes greatly mourns their haſten'd fate.
I'll think him now retir'd to public care,
While night in pitchy plumes ſlides ſoft in air,
I'll think him giving what the guilty ſleep,
To thoughts where ſorrow glides, and numbers weep,
Sad thoughts of woes that reign where ſuch prevail,
And man's ſhort life, though not ſo ſhort as frail.
Within this circle for his inward eyes,
He bids the fading low creation riſe,
And ſtrait the train of mimic ſenſes brings
The duſky ſhapes of tranſitory things,
Through penſive ſhades, the viſions ſeem to range,
They ſeem to flouriſh, and they ſeem to change;
A moon decreaſing runs the ſilent ſky,
And ſickly birds on moulting feathers fly;
Men walking count their days of bleſſing o'er,
The bleſſings vaniſh, and the tale's no more,
Still hours of nightly watches ſteal away,
Big waters roll, green blades of graſs decay,
Then all the penſive ſhades, by juſt degrees,
Grow faint in proſpect, and go off with theſe:
But while th' affecting notions paſs along,
He chuſes ſuch as beſt adorn his ſong;
And thus with God the riſing lays began,
God ever reigning, God compar'd with man:
And thus they move to man beneath his rod,
Man deeply ſinning, man chaſtis'd by God.

Oh Lord! Oh Saviour! though thy choſen band
Have ſtay'd like ſtrangers, in a foreign land,
Through number'd ages, which have run their race,
Still has thy mercy been our dwelling-place,
Before the moſt exalted duſt of earth,
The ſtately mountains had receiv'd a birth,
Before the pillars of the world were laid,
Before the habitable parts were made;
Thou wert their God, from thee their riſe they drew,
Thou great for ages, great for ever too.

Man (mortal creature) fram'd to feel decays,
Thine unreſiſted power at pleaſure ſways;
Thou ſay'ſt *return*, and parting ſouls obey,
Thou ſay'ſt *return*, and bodies fall to clay.
For what's a thouſand fleeting years with thee?
Or time, compar'd with long eternity,
Whoſe wings expanding infinitely vaſt
O'erſtretch its utmoſt ends of firſt and laſt;
'Tis like thoſe hours that lately ſaw the ſun;
He roſe, and ſet, and all the day was done:
Or like the watches which dread night divide,
And while we ſlumber unregarded glide,
When all the preſent ſeems a thing of nought,
And paſt and future cloſe to waking thought.
As raging floods, when rivers ſwell with rain,
Bear down the groves, and overflow the plain,
So ſwift and ſtrong thy wondrous might appears,
So life is carried down the rolling years.
As heavy ſleep purſues the day's retreat,
With dark, with ſilent, and unactive ſtate,

So life's attended-on by certain doom,
And death's their reſt; their reſting-place, a tomb.
It quickly riſes, and it quickly goes,
And youth its morning, age its evening ſhews.
Thus tender blades of graſs, when beams diffuſe,
Riſe from the preſſure of their early dews,
Point tow'rds the ſkies their elevated ſpires,
And proudly flouriſh in their green attires,
But ſoon (ah fading ſtate of things below!)
The ſcythe deſtructive mows the lovely ſhew.
The riſing ſun thus ſaw their glories high;
That ſun deſcended, ſees their glories die.
We ſtill with more than common haſte of fate
Are doom'd to periſh, in thy kindled hate.
Our public ſins for public juſtice call,
And ſtand like marks, on which thy judgments fall;
Our ſecret ſins, that folly thought conceal'd,
Are in thy light for puniſhment reveal'd.
Beneath the terrors of thy wrath divine
Our days unmix'd with happineſs decline,
Like empty ſtories, tedious, ſhort, and vain,
And never, never more recall'd again.
Yet what were life, if to the longeſt date,
Which we have nam'd a life, we backen'd fate,
Alas, its moſt computed length appears,
To reach the limits but of ſeventy years,
And if by ſtrength to fourſcore years we go,
That ſtrength is labour, and that labour woe.
Then will thy term expire, and thou muſt fly,
Oh man! oh creature ſurely born to die!

But who regards a truth so throughly known?
Who dreads a wrath so manifestly shewn?
Who seems to fear it, though the danger vies
With any pitch to which our fear can rise:
O teach us so to number all our days,
That these reflections may correct our ways,
That these may lead us from delusive dreams
To walk in heavenly wisdom's golden beams.

Return, oh Lord: how long shall Israel sin?
How long thine anger be preserv'd within?
Before our time's irrevocably past,
Be kind, be gracious, and return at last,
Let favour soon dispens'd our souls employ,
And still remember'd favour live in joy.
Send years of comforts for our years of woes,
Send these at least of equal length with those,
Shine on thy flock, and on their offspring shine,
With tender mercy (sweetest act divine);
Bright rays of majesty serenely shed
To rest in glories on the nation's head.
Our future deeds with approbation bless,
And in the giving them give us success.

Thus with forgiveness earnestly desir'd,
Thus in the raptures of a bliss requir'd,
The man of God concludes his sacred strain.
Now sit and see the subject once again;
See ghastly death, where desarts all around
Spread forth the barren undelightful ground:
There stalks the silent melancholy shade,
His naked bones reclining on a spade;

And thrice the ſpade with ſolemn ſadneſs heaves,
And thrice earth opens in the form of graves,
His gates of darkneſs gape, to take him in;
And where he ſoon would ſink, he's puſh'd by ſin.

Poor mortals! here, your common picture know,
And with yourſelves in this acquainted grow,
Through life, with airy, thoughtleſs pride you range,
And vainly glitter in the ſphere of change,
A ſphere where all things but for time remain,
Where no fix'd ſtars with endleſs glory reign,
But meteors only, ſhort-liv'd meteors riſe,
To ſhine, ſhoot down, and die beneath the ſkies.

There is an hour, ah! who that hour attends?
When man, the gilded vanity, deſcends;
When foreign force, or waſte of inward heat,
Conſtrain the ſoul to leave its ancient ſeat;
When baniſh'd beauty from her empire flies,
And with a languiſh leaves the ſparkling eyes;
When ſoftening muſic and perſuaſion fail,
And all the charms that in the tongue prevail;
When ſpirits ſtop their courſe, when nerves unbrace,
And outward action and perception ceaſe;
'T is then the poor deform'd remains ſhall be
That naked ſkeleton we ſeem'd to ſee.

Make this thy mirror, if thou would'ſt have bliſs,
No flattering image ſhews itſelf in this;
But ſuch as lays the lofty looks of pride,
And makes cool thought in humble channel glide;
But ſuch as clears the cheats of error's den,
Whence magic miſts ſurround the ſouls of men;

Whence ſelf-deluſion's trains adorn their flight,
As ſnow's fair feathers fleet to darken ſight;
Then reſt, and in the work of fancy ſpread,
To gay-wav'd plumes for every mortal's head.
Theſe empty forms, when death appears, diſperſe,
Or melt in tears, upon its mournful hearſe;
The ſad reflection forces men to know,
Life ſurely fails and ſwiftly flies below.
Oh, leſt thy folly loſe the profit ſought,
Oh never touch it with a glancing thought,
As men to glaſſes come, and ſtraight withdraw,
And ſtraight forget what ſort of face they ſaw:
But fix, intently fix, thine inward eyes,
And in the ſtrength of this great truth be wiſe.
If on the globe's dim ſide our ſenſes ſtray,
Not us'd to perfect light, we think it day:
Death ſeems long ſleep; and hopes of heavenly beams,
Deceitful wiſhes, big with diſtant dreams;
But if our reaſon purge the carnal ſight,
And place its objects in their juſter light,
We change the ſide, from dreams on earth we move,
And wake through death, to riſing life above.

Here o'er my ſoul a ſolemn ſilence reigns,
Preparing thought for new celeſtial ſtrains,
The former vaniſh off, the new begin,
The ſolemn ſilence ſtands like night between,
In whoſe dark boſom day departing lies,
And day ſucceeding takes a lovely riſe.
But though the ſong be chang'd, be ſtill the flame,
And ſtill the prophet, in my lines the ſame;

With care renew'd, upon the children dwell,
Whose sinful fathers in the desart fell,
With care renew'd, if any care can do,
Ah! lest they sin, and lest they perish too.
Go seek for Moses at yon sacred tent,
On which the Presence makes a bright descent.
Behold the cloud, with radiant glory fair,
Like a wreath'd pillar, curl itself in air!
Behold it hovering just above the door,
And Moses meekly kneeling on the floor.
But if the gazing turn thy edge of sight,
And darkness spring from unsupported light,
Then change the sense, be sight in hearing drown'd,
While these strange accents from the vision sound:
The time, my servant, is approaching nigh,
When thou shalt gather'd with thy fathers lie,
And soon thy nation, quite forgetful grown
Of all the glories which mine arm has shewn,
Shall through my covenant perversely break,
Despise my worship, and my name forsake,
By customs conquer'd, where to rule they go,
And serving gods that can't protect their foe.
Displeas'd at this, I'll turn my face aside
Till sharp Affliction's rod reduce their pride;
Till, brought to better mind, they seek relief,
By good confessions in the midst of grief.
Then write thy song, to stand a witness still
Of favours past, and of my future will,
For I their vain conceits before discern,
Then write thy song which Israel's sons shall learn.

As thus the wondrous voice its charge repeats,
The Prophet muſing deep within repeats,
He ſeems to feel it on a ſtreaming ray,
Pierce through the ſoul enlightening all its way.
And much obedient will, and free deſire,
And much his love of Jacob's ſeed inſpire;
And much, Oh! much above the warmth of thoſe,
The ſacred ſpirit in his boſom glôws,
Majeſtic Notion ſeems decrees to nod,
And holy Tranſport ſpeaks the words of God.

He now returns, the finiſh'd roll he brings,
Enrich'd with ſtrains of paſt and future things;
The prieſts in order to the tent repair,
The gather'd Tribes attend the elders there:
Oh! ſacred Mercy's inexhauſted ſtore!
Shall theſe have warning of their faults before,
Shall theſe be told the recompenſes due,
Shall heaven and earth be call'd to witneſs too!
Then ſtill the tumult, if it will be ſo,
Let fear, to loſe a word, its caution ſhew;
Let cloſe attention in dead calm appear,
And ſofty, ſoftly ſteal with ſilence near;
While Moſes, rais'd above the liſtening throng,
Pronounces thus in all their ears the Song:

Hear, Oh ye heavens, Creation's lofty ſhow,
Hear, Oh thou heaven-encompaſs'd earth below,
As ſilver ſhowers of gently dropping rain,
As honey dews diſtilling on the plain,
As rain, as dews, for tender graſs deſign'd,
So ſhall my ſpeeches ſink within the mind,

So sweetly turn the soul's enlivening food,
So fill and cherish hopeful seeds of good,
For now my numbers to the world abroad
Will loudly celebrate the name of God.

Ascribe, thou nation, every favour'd tribe,
Excelling greatness to the Lord ascribe,
The Lord! the rock on whom we safely trust,
Whose work is perfect, and whose ways are just;
The Lord! whose promise stands for ever true;
The Lord! most righteous, and most holy too.

Ah, worse election! Ah, the bonds of sin!
They chuse themselves, to take corruption in.
They stain their souls with Vice's deepest blots,
When only frailties are his children's spots.
Their thoughts, words, actions, all are run astray,
And none more crooked, more perverse, than they.

Say, rebel nation, and unwisely light,
Say, will thy folly thus the Lord requite?
Or is he not the God who made thee free,
Whose mercy purchas'd and establish'd thee?
Remember well the wondrous days of old,
The years of ages long before thee told,
Ask all thy fathers, who the truth will show,
Or ask thine elders, for thine elders know.

When the Most High with sceptre pointed down,
Describ'd the Realms of each beginning crown,
When Adam's offspring providential care,
To people countries, scatter'd here and there;
He to the limits of their lands confin'd,
That favour'd Israel has its part assign'd,

For Iſrael is the Lord's, and gains the place
Reſerv'd for thoſe, whom he would chuſe to grace.
Him in the deſert, him his mercy found,
Where famine dwells and howling deafs the ground,
Where dread is felt by ſavage noiſe increaſt,
Where ſolitude erects its ſeat on waſte:
And there he led him, and he taught him there,
And ſafely kept him with a watchful care;
The tender apples of our heedful eye,
Not more in guard, nor more ſecurely lye.
And as an eagle, that attempts to bring
Her unexperienc'd young to truſt the wing,
Stirs up her neſt, and flutters o'er their heads,
And all the forces of her pinions ſpreads,
And takes and bears them on her plumes above,
To give peculiar proof of royal love;
'T was ſo the Lord, the gracious Lord alone,
With kindneſs moſt peculiar, led his own;
As no ſtrange God concurr'd to make him free,
So none had power to lead him through but he.
To lands excelling lands and planted high,
That boaſts the kindeſt influencing ſky,
He brought, he bore him, on the wings of Grace,
To taſte the plenties of the ground's increaſe;
Sweet dropping honey from the rocky ſoil,
From flinty rocks the ſmoothly flowing oil,
The gilded butter from the ſtately kine,
The milk with which the duggs of ſheep decline,
The marrow fatneſs of the tender lambs,
The bulky breed of Baſan's goats and rams;

The fineſt flowery wheat that crowns the plain
Diſtends its huſk, and loads the blade with grain,
And ſtill he drank from ripe delicious heaps
Of cluſters preſs'd, the pureſt blood of grapes.
But thou art wanton, fat, and kickeſt now,
Oh, well directed, Oh, Jeſhuron thou:
Thou ſoon wert fat, thy ſides were thickly grown,
Thy fatneſs deeply cover'd every bone;
Then wanton fulneſs vain Oblivion brought,
And God, that made and ſav'd thee, was forgot;
While gods of foreign lands, and rites abhor'd,
To jealouſies and anger mov'd the Lord;
While gods thy fathers never knew were own'd,
And fiends themſelves with ſacrifice aton'd.
Oh! fools, unmindful whence your order'd frame,
And whence your life-infuſing ſpirit came;
Such ſtrange corruptions could his hate provoke,
And thus their fate his indignation ſpoke:
It is decreed, I'll hide my face, and ſee,
When I forſake them, what their end ſhall be;
For they're a froward, very froward train,
They promiſe duty, but return diſdain.
Within my ſoul they've rais'd a jealous flame,
By new-nam'd gods, and only gods in name;
They make the burnings of my anger glow,
By guilty vanity's diſpleaſing ſhow;
I'll alſo teach their jealouſy to fret,
At ſuch as are not form'd a people yet,
I'll make their anger vex their inward breaſt,
When ſuch as have not known my laws are bleſt.

A fire, a fire that nothing can aſſuage,
Is kindled in the fierceneſs of my rage,
To burn the depths, conſume the land's increaſe,
And on the mountains' ſtrong foundations ſeize.
Thick heaps of miſchief on their heads I ſend,
And all mine arrows, wing'd with fury, ſpend;
Slow-parching death, and peſtilential heat,
Shall bring the bitter pangs of lingering Fate.
The teeth of beaſts ſhall ſwift deſtruction bring,
The ſerpents wound them with invenom'd ſting,
The ſword without, and dread within, conſume
The youth and virgin, in their lovely bloom,
Weak tender infancy, by ſuckling fed,
And helpleſs age, with hoary froſted head.
I ſaid I'd ſcatter all the ſinful race,
I ſaid I'd make its mere remembrance ceaſe,
But that I fear'd the foe's unruly pride,
Their glory vaunted, and their power deny'd,
While thus they boaſt, our arm has ſhewn us brave,
And God did nothing, for he could not ſave.
So fond their thoughts are, ſo remote of ſenſe,
And blind in every courſe of Providence.
O did they know to what my judgments tend!
O would they ponder on their latter end!
They ſoon would find, that when upon the field
One makes a thouſand, two, ten thouſand yield.
The Lord of Hoſts has ſold a rebel ſtate
And ſure inclos'd it in the nets of Fate.
For what's another's rock compar'd with ours,
Let them be judges that have prov'd their powers,

That on their own have vainly call'd for aid,
While ours to freedom and to glory led.
Their vine, indeed, may ſeem to flouriſh fair,
But yet it grows in Sodom's tainted air,
It ſucks corruption from Gomorrah's fields,
And galls for grapes in bitter cluſters yields,
And poiſon ſheds for wine, like that which comes
From aſps, and dragons death-infected gums.
And are not theſe their hateful ſins reveal'd,
And in my treaſures for my juſtice ſeal'd?
To me the province of revenge belongs,
To me the certain recompence of wrongs.
Their feet ſhall totter in appointed time,
And threatening danger overtake their crime;
For, wing'd with feather'd haſte, the minutes fly
To bring thoſe things that muſt afflict them nigh.
The Lord will judge his own, and bring them low,
And then repent, and turn upon the foe.
And when the judgments from his own remove
Will thus the foe convincingly reprove:
Where are the gods, the rock, to whom in vain
Your offerings have been made, your victims ſlain?
Let them ariſe, let them afford their aid,
And with protection's ſhield ſurround your head.
Know then your Maker, I the Lord am he,
Nor ever was there any God with me,
And death, or life, or wounds, or health, I give,
Nor can another from my power reprieve.
With ſolemn ſtate I lift my arm on high,
Above the glories of the lofty ſky:

And by myſelf majeſtically ſwear,
I live for ever, and for ever there.
If in my rage the glittering ſword I whet;
And, ſternly ſitting, take the judgment-ſeat,
My juſt awarding ſentence dooms my foe,
And vengeance wields the blade, and gives the blow,
And deep in fleſh the blade of fury bites,
And deadly deep my bearded arrow lights,
And both grow drunk with blood defil'd in ſin,
When executions of revenge begin.

Then let his nation in a common voice,
And with his nation let the world rejoice:
For whether he for crimes or trials ſpill
His ſervants blood, he will avenge it ſtill;
He 'll break the troops, he 'll ſcatter them afar,
Who vex our realm with deſolating war,
And on the favour'd tribes and on the land,
Shed victories and peace, from Mercy's hand.

Here ceas'd the ſong, and Iſrael look'd behind,
And gaz'd before, with unconfining mind,
And fix'd in ſilence and amazement ſaw
The ſtrokes of all their ſtate beneath the law.
Their recollection does its light preſent
To ſhew the mountain bleſs'd with God's deſcent,
To ſhew their wanderings, their unfix'd abode,
And all their guidance in the deſart road.
Then where the beams of recollection go
To leave the fancy diſpoſſeſs'd of ſhow,
The fairer light of prophecy 's begun,
Which, opening future days, ſupplies their ſun,

By such a sun (and fancy needs no more)
They see the coming times, and walk them o'er,
And now they gain that rest their travail sought,
Now milk and honey stream along the thought.
Anon they feel their souls the blessing cloy,
And God's forgot in full excess of joy.
And oft they sin, and oft his anger burns,
And every nation's made their scourge by turns,
Till, oft repenting, they convert to God,
And he, repenting too, destroys the rod.
O nation timely warn'd in sacred strain,
O never let thy Moses sing in vain!
Dare to be good, and happiness prolong,
Or, if thy folly will fulfil the song,
At least be found the seldomer in ill,
And still repent, and soon repent thee still;
When such fair paths thou shalt avoid to tread,
Thy blood will rest upon thy sinful head;
Thy crime, by lasting, will secure thy foe,
The gracious warning to the Gentiles go,
And all the world, that's call'd to witness here,
Convinc'd by thine example, learn to fear.
The Gentile world, a mystic Israel grown,
Will in thy first condition find their own,
A God's descent, a pilgrimage below,
And promis'd rest where living waters flow.
They'll see the pen describe in every trace
The frowns of anger, or the smiles of grace;
Why mercy turns aside, and leaves to shine,
What cause provokes the jealousy divine;

Why juſtice kindles dire avenging flames,
What endleſs power the lifted arm proclaims;
Why mercy ſhines again with chearful ray,
And glory double-gilds the lightſome day.
Though nations change, and Iſrael's empire dies,
Yet ſtill the caſe on earth again may riſe;
Eternal Providence its rule retains,
And ſtill preſerves, and ſtill applies the ſtrains.

'Twas ſuch a gift, the Prophet's ſacred pen,
On his departure, left the ſons of men;
Thus he, and thus the ſwan her breath reſigns,
(Within the beauty of poetic lines,)
He white with innocence, his figure ſhe,
And both harmonious, but the ſweeter he.
Death learns to charm, and, while it leads to bliſs,
Has found a lovely circumſtance in this,
To ſuit the meekeſt turn of eaſy mind,
And actions chearful in an air reſign'd.

Thou flock whom Moſes to thy freedom led,
How wilt thou lay the venerable dead?
Go (if thy fathers taught a work they knew)
Go build a pyramid to Glory due,
Square the broad baſe, with ſloping ſides ariſe,
And let the point diminiſh in the ſkies.
There leave the corpſe, impending o'er his head
The wand whoſe motion winds and waves obey'd,
On ſable banners to the ſight deſcribe
The painted arms of every mourning tribe.
And thus may public grief adorn the tomb,
Deep-ſtreaming downwards through the vaulted room.

On the black ſtone a fair inſcription raiſe,
That ſums his government to ſpeak his praiſe,
And may the ſtile as brightly worth proclaim
As if affection, with a pointed beam,
Engrav'd or fir'd the words, or honour due
Had with itſelf inlaid the tablet through.

But ſtop the pomp that is not man's to pay,
For God will grace him in a nobler way.
Mine eyes perceive an orb of heavenly ſtate,
With ſplendid forms and light ſerene replete;
I hear the ſound of fluttering wings in air,
I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there:
They fly, they bear, they reſt on Nebo's head,
And in thick glory wrap the reverend dead;
This errand crowns his ſongs, and tends to prove
His near communion with the Quire above.
Now ſwiftly down the ſteepy mount they go,
Now ſwiftly glides their ſhining orb below,
And now moves off, where riſing grounds deny
To ſpread their valley to the diſtant eye.
Ye bleſs'd inhabitants of glittering air,
You 've borne the Prophet, but we know not where.
Perhaps, leſt Iſrael, over-fondly led,
In rating worth when envy leaves the dead,
Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,
Make him their idol, and his grave the ſhrine.
But what diſorder? what repels the light?
And ere its ſeaſon forces on the night?
Why ſweep the ſpectres o'er the blaſted ground?
What ſhakes the mount with hollow-roaring ſound?

Hell rolls beneath it, terror ſtalks before
With ſhrieks and groans, and horror burſts a door;
And Satan riſes in infernal ſtate,
Drawn up by malice, envy, rage, and hate,
A darkening vapour with ſulphureous ſteam,
In pitchy curlings edg'd by ſullen flame,
And fram'd a chariot for the dreadful form,
Drives whirling up on mad Confuſion's ſtorm.

Then fiercely burning where the Prophet dy'd,
Nor ſhall thy nation 'ſcape my wrath, he cry'd;
This corpſe I'll enter and thy flock miſlead,
And all thy miracles my lies ſhall aid.
But where?—He's gone, and, by the ſcented ſky,
The favourite courtiers have been lately nigh;
Oh, ſlow to buſineſs, curs'd in miſchief's hour,
Trace on their odours, and if hell has power—
This ſaid, with ſpite and with a bent for ill,
He ſhot with fury from the trembling hill.

In vain, proud fiend, thy threats are half expreſt,
And half lie choaking in thy ſcornful breaſt,
His ſhining bearers have perform'd their rite,
And laid him ſoftly down in ſhades of night,
A warriour heads the band, great Michael he,
Renown'd for victories in wars with thee,
A ſword of flame to ſtop thy courſe he bears,
Nor has thy rage avail'd, nor can thy ſnares;
The Lord rebuke thy pride! he meekly cries:
The Lord has heard him, and thy project dies.

Here Moſes leaves my ſong, the tribes retire,
The deſert flies, and forty years expire;

And now, my fancy, for a while be ſtill,
And think of coming down from Nebo's hill.
Go ſearch among thy forms, and thence prepare
A cloud in folds of ſoft ſurrounding air!
Go find a breeze to lift thy cloud on high,
To waft thee gently-rock'd in open ſky,
Then ſtealing back to leave a ſilent calm,
And thee repoſing in a grove of palm,
The place will ſuit my next ſucceeding ſtrain,
And I 'll awake thee ſoon to ſing again.

DEBORAH.

TIME, ſire of years, unfold thy leaf anew,
And ſtill the paſt recall to preſent view,
Spread forth thy circles, ſwiftly gaze them o'er,
But where an action's nobly ſung before,
There ſtop and ſtay for me, whoſe thoughts deſign
To make another's ſong reſound in mine.
Paſs where the prieſt's proceſſion bore the law,
When Jordan's parted waters fix'd with awe,
While Iſrael march'd upon the naked ſand,
Admir'd the wonder, and obtain'd the land;
Slide through the numerous fates of Canaan's kings,
While conqueſts rode on Expedition's wings,
Glance over Iſrael at a ſingle view,
In bondage oft and oft unbound anew,
Till Jabin riſe, and Deborah ſtand enroll'd,
Upon the gilded leaf's revolving fold.

Oh, king ſubdued! Oh, woman born to fame!
Oh, wake my fancy for the glorious theme;

Oh, wake my fancy with the ſenſe of praiſe,
Oh, wake with warblings of triumphant lays.
The land you riſe-in ſultry ſuns invade;
But, when you riſe to ſing, you'll find a ſhade.
Thoſe trees in order, and with verdure crown'd,
The ſacred propheteſs's tent ſurround,
And that fair palm a front exactly plac'd,
That overtops and overſpreads the reſt,
Near the firm root a moſſy bank ſupports,
Where Juſtice opens unexpenſive courts:
There Deborah ſits, the willing tribes repair,
Refer their cauſes, and ſhe judges there;
Nor needs a guard to bring her ſubjects in,
Each Grace, each Virtue, proves a guard unſeen;
Nor wants the penalties enforcing law,
While great Opinion gives effectual awe.

Now twenty years, that roll'd in heavy pain,
Saw Jabin gall them with Oppreſſion's chain,
When ſhe, ſubmiſſive to Divine Command,
Proclaims a war for Freedom o'er the land,
And bids young Barack with thoſe men deſcend,
Whom in the mountains he for battle train'd.
Go, ſays the Propheteſs, thy foes aſſail,
Go make ten thouſand over all prevail:
Make Jabin's captains feel thine edged ſword,
Make all his army, God has ſpoke the word.
He, fit for war, and Iſrael's hope in fight,
Yet doubts the numbers, and by that the fight;
Then thus replies with wiſh to ſtand ſecure,
Or eager thought to know the conqueſt ſure;

Belov'd of God, lend thou thy preſence too,
And I with gladneſs lead th' appointed few;
But, if thou wilt not, let thy ſon deny,
For what's ten thouſand men, or what am I?
If ſo, ſhe cries, a ſhare of toil be mine,
Another ſhare, and ſome diſhonour thine;
For God, to puniſh doubt, reſolves to ſhew
That leſs than numbers can ſuppreſs his foe;
You'll move to conquer, and the foes to yield,
But 'tis a woman's act ſecures the field.

Now ſeem the warriours in their ranks aſſign'd,
Now furling banners flutter in the wind:
Her words encourage, and his actions lead,
Hope ſpurs them forward, Valour draws the blade;
And Freedom, like a fair reward for all,
Stands reaching forth her hands, and ſeems to call.

On t' other ſide, and almoſt o'er the plain,
Proud Siſera, Jabin's captain, brings his men,
As thick as locuſts on the vintage fly,
As thick as ſcatter'd leaves in Autumn lye,
Bold with ſucceſs againſt a nation try'd,
And proud of numbers, and ſecure in pride.

Now ſounds the trumpet, now my fancy warms,
And now methinks I view their toils in arms,
The lively phantoms tread my boundleſs mind,
And no faint colours or weak ſtrokes deſign'd:
See where in diſtant conqueſt from afar,
The pointed arrows bring the wounds of war;
See where the lines with cloſer force engage,
And thruſt the ſpear, and whirl the ſword of rage;

Here break the files, and vainly ſtrive to cloſe,
There on their own repell'd aſſiſt their foes.
Here Deborah calls, and Jabin's ſoldiers fly,
There Barack fights, and Jabin's ſoldiers dye.
But now nine hundred chariots roll along,
Expert their guiders and their horſes ſtrong;
And Terrour, rattling in their fierce array,
Bears down on Iſrael to reſtore the day.
Oh, Lord of battle, Oh, the danger's near!
Aſſiſt thine Iſrael, or they periſh here.
How ſwift is Mercy's aid, behold it fly
On ruſhing tempeſts through the troubled ſky;
With daſhing rain, with pelting hail they blow,
And ſharply drive them on the facing foe.
Thus bleſs'd with help, and only touch'd behind,
The favourite nation preſſes in the wind.
But heat of action now diſturbs the ſight,
And wild confuſion mingles all the fight;
Cold-whiſtling winds, and ſhrieks of dying men,
And groans and armour, ſound in all the plain.
The bands of Canaan fate no longer dare,
Oppreſs'd by weather and deſtroy'd by war;
And, from his chariot whence he rul'd the fight,
Their haughty leader leaps to join the flight.
See where he flies, and ſee the victor near;
See rapid conqueſt in purſuit of fear.
See, ſee, they both make off, the work is o'er,
And fancy clear'd of viſion as before.
Thus (if the mind of man may ſeem to move
With ſome reſemblance of the ſkies above)

When wars are gathering in our hearts below,
We 've ſeen their battles in ethereal ſhow:
The long diſtended tracts of opening ſky,
The phantoms azure field of fight ſupply;
The whitiſh clouds an argent armour yield,
A radiant blazon gilds their argent ſhield;
Young glittering comets point the level'd ſpear,
Which for their pennons hang their flaming hair,
And o'er the helms for gallant glory dreſt
Sit curls of air, and nod upon the creſt.
Thus arm'd, they ſeem to march, and ſeem to fight,
And ſeeming wounds of death delude the ſight,
The ruddy thunder-clouds look ſtain'd with gore,
And for the din of war within they roar.
Then flies aſide, and then aſide purſues,
Till in their motion all their ſhapes they looſe,
Diſperſing air concludes the mimic ſcene,
The ſky ſhuts up, and ſwiftly clears again.
But does their Siſera ſhare the common fate,
Or mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?
With ſuch enquiry near the palm repair,
Victorious Honour knows and tells it there.
To that fair type of Iſrael's late ſucceſs,
Which nobly riſes as its weights depreſs,
To that fair type returns the joyful band,
Whoſe courage roſe to free their groaning land;
There ſtands the leader in the pomp of arms,
There ſtands the judge in Beauty's awful charms;
And whilſt, reclin'd upon the reſting ſpear,
He pants with chace and breathes in calmer air,

Her thoughts are working with a backward view,
And would in ſong the great exploit renew.
She ſees an arm'd oppreſſion's hundred hands
Impoſe its fetters on the promis'd lands.
She ſees their nation ſtruggling in the chains,
And wars ariſing with unequal trains.
She ſees their fate in arms, the field imbrued,
The foe diſorder'd, and the foe purſued,
Till Conqueſt, dreſt in rays of glory, come
With peace and freedom, brought in triumph home.
Then round her heart a beamy gladneſs plays,
Which, darting forward, thus converts to praiſe.

For Iſrael's late avengings on the foe,
When led by no compelling power below,
When each ſpring forward of their own accord,
For this, for all the mercy, praiſe the Lord.

Hear, O ye kings; ye neighbouring princes, hear;
My ſong triumphant ſhall inſtruct your fear:
My ſong triumphant bids your glory bow,
To God confeſs'd, the God of Jacob now.

O glorious Lord! when, with thy ſovereign hand,
Thou led'ſt the nation off from Edom's land,
Then trembled earth, and ſhook the heavens on high,
And clouds in drops forſook the melted ſky,
With tumbling waters, hills were heard to roar,
And felt ſuch ſhocks as Sinai felt before.
But fear abating, which by time decays,
The kings of Canaan roſe in Shamgar's days,
And ſtill continued ev'n in Jael's times,
Their empire fixing with ſucceſsful crimes.

Oppreſſion ravag'd all our loſt abodes,
Nor dare the people truſt the common roads;
But paths perplex'd and unfrequented choſe,
To ſhun the danger of perplexing foes.
Thus direful was deform'd the country round,
Unpeopled towns, and diſimprov'd the ground.
Till I, reſolving in the gap to ſtand,
I Deborah roſe a mother of the land,
Where others, ſlaves by ſettled cuſtom grown,
Could ſerve, and chuſe to ſerve, the gods unknown;
Where others ſuffer'd with a tame regret,
Deſtruction ſpilling blood in every gate,
And forty thouſand had not for the field
One ſpear offenſive, or defenſive ſhield.
O towards the leaders of my nation move,
O beat my warming heart with ſenſe of love,
Commend th' aſſerters on their own accord,
And bleſs the ſovereign cauſer, bleſs the Lord.
Speak ye, that ride with power return'd in ſtate,
Speak ye the praiſe, that rule the judgment-ſeat,
Speak ye the praiſe to God, that walk the roads,
While ſafety brings you to reſtor'd abodes.
The reſcued villagers, no more afraid
Of archers lurking in the faithleſs ſhade,
And ſudden death convey'd from ſounding ſtrings,
Shall ſafe approach the water's riſing ſprings;
And, while their turns of drawing there they wait,
Loitering in eaſe upon a moſſy ſeat,
Call all the bleſſings of the Lord to mind,
And ſing the Lord in all the bleſſings kind.

The townſmen reſcued from the tyrant's reign
Shall flock with joy to fill their walls again,
See juſtice in the gates the balance bear,
And none but her unſheath a weapon there.
Awake, O Deborah, O awake to praiſe,
Awake, and utter forth triumphant lays.
Ariſe, O Barack, be thy pomp begun,
Lead on thy triumph thou Abinoam's ſon;
Thy captives bound in chains, when God's decree
Made humbled princes ſtoop their necks to thee,
When he, the giver of ſucceſs in fight,
Advanc'd a woman o'er the ſons of might.
Againſt this Amaleck, of banded foes,
I Deborah, root of all the war, aroſe,
From Ephraim ſprung, and leading Ephraim's line;
The next in riſing, Benjamin, was thine.
The ruling heads of half Manaſſeh's land,
To ſerve in danger, left their ſafe command.
The tribe of Zebulun's unactive men
For glorious arms forſook the peaceful pen.
The Lords of Iſſachar with Deborah went,
The tribe with Barack to the vale was ſent,
Where he on foot perform'd the general's part,
And ſhar'd the ſoldier's toil to raiſe their heart.
But Reuben's ſtrange diviſions juſtly wrought
Amongſt his brethren deep concern of thought.
Ah! while the nation in affliction lay,
How could'ſt thou, Reuben, by the ſheepfolds ſtay,
And let thy bleating flock divert thy days
That idly paſs'd thee with inglorious eaſe?

Divided tribe, without thy dangers free,
Deep were the ſearchings of our heart for thee.
Our Gilead too, by ſuch example ſway'd,
With unconcern beyond the river ſtay'd,
And Dan in ſhips at ſea for ſafety rode,
And frighten'd Aſher in its rock's abode.

Now ſing the field, the feats of war begun,
And praiſe thy Napthali with Zebulun,
To deaths expos'd, in poſts advanc'd they ſtood
With ſouls reſolv'd, and gallant rage of blood.
Then came the kings and fought, the gather'd kings
By waters ſtreaming from Megiddo's ſprings;
In Taanach vale ſuſtain'd the daring toil,
Yet neither fought for pay, nor won the ſpoil.
The ſkies, indulgent in the cauſe of right,
On Iſrael's ſide, againſt their army fight,
In evil aſpects, ſtars and planets range,
And by the weather in tempeſtuous change
Promote the dire diſtreſs, and make it known
That God has Hoſts above to ſave his own.
The Kiſhon ſwell'd, grew rapid as they fled,
And roll'd them ſinking down its ſandy bed.
O river Kiſhon, river of renown!
And, O my ſoul, that trod their glory down!
The ſtony paths, by which diſorder'd flight
Convey'd their troops and chariots from the fight,
With rugged points their horſes hoofs diſtreſs'd,
And broke them prancing in impetuous haſte.

Curſe, curſe ye Meroz, curſe the town abhorr'd,
(So ſpake the glorious angel of the Lord)

For Meroz came not in the field prepar'd,
To join that ſide on which the Lord declar'd.
But bleſs ye Jael, be the Kenite's name
Above our women's bleſs'd in endleſs fame.
The captain, faint with ſore fatigue of flight,
Implor'd for water to ſupport his might,
And milk ſhe pour'd him, while he water ſought,
And in her lordly diſh her butter brought.
With courage well-deſerving to prevail,
One hand the hammer held, and one the nail,
And him, reclin'd to ſleep, ſhe boldly ſlew,
She ſmote, ſhe pierc'd, ſhe ſtruck the temples through.
Before her feet, reluctant on the clay,
He bow'd, he fell; he bow'd, he fell, he lay;
He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By ſuch degrees
As thrice ſhe ſtruck, each ſtroke's effect ſhe ſees.

His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes;
And, grown impatient, through the lattice cries,
Why moves the chariot of my ſon ſo ſlow?
Or what affairs retard his coming ſo?
Her Ladies anſwer'd—but ſhe would not ſtay,
(For pride had taught what flattery meant to ſay)
They 've ſped, ſhe ſays, and now the prey they ſhare,
For each a damſel, or a lovely pair,
For Siſera's part a robe of gallant grace,
Where diverſe colours rich embroidery trace,
Meet for the necks of thoſe who win the ſpoil
When triumph offers its reward for toil.

Thus periſh all whom God's decrees oppoſe,
Thus, like the vanquiſh'd, periſh all thy foes,

But let the men that in thy name delight
Be like the ſun in heavenly glory bright,
When mounted on the dawn he poſts away,
And with full ſtrength encreaſes on the day.

'Twas here the Propheteſs reſpir'd from ſong,
Then loudly ſhouted all the chearful throng,
By freedom gain'd, by victory complete,
Prepar'd for mirth irregularly great.
The frowns of ſorrow gave their ancient place
To pleaſure, drawn in ſmiles of every face.
The groans of ſlavery were no longer wrung,
But thoughts of comfort from the bleſſing ſprung.
And as they ſhouted from the breezy weſt,
Amongſt the plumes that deck the ſinger's creſt,
The ſpirit of applauſe itſelf convey'd
On wafted air, and lightly waving play'd:
Such was the caſe (or ſuch ideas flow
From thought repleniſh'd with triumphant ſhow).
What rais'd their joy their love could alſo raiſe,
And each contended in the words of praiſe,
And every word proclaim'd the wonders paſt,
And God was ſtill the firſt, and ſtill the laſt;
Deep in their ſouls the fair impreſſion lay,
Deep-trac'd, and never to be worn away.

From hence the reſcued generation ſtill
Abhorr'd the practice of rebellious ill,
And fear'd the puniſhment for ill abhorr'd,
And lov'd repentance, and ador'd the Lord.

From hence in all their days the Lord was kind,
His face ſerene with ſettled favour ſhin'd,

Fair baniſh'd Order was recall'd in ſtate,
The laws reviv'd, the princes rul'd the gate,
Peace chear'd the vales, Contentment laugh'd with Peace,
Gay-blooming Plenty roſe with large increaſe,
Sweet Mercy thoſe who thought on mercy bleſt,
And ſo for forty years the land had reſt.

Reſt, happy land, a while; ah longer ſo,
Didſt thou thine happineſs ſincerely know!
But ſoon thy quiet with thy goodneſs paſt,
And in the ſong alone obtain'd to laſt.

Live, ſong triumphant, live in fair record,
And teach ſucceeding times to fear the Lord;
For fancy moves by bright example woo'd,
And wins the mind with images of good.
Touch'd with a ſacred rage and heavenly flame,
I ſtrive to ſing thine univerſal aim.
To quit the ſubject, and in lays ſublime,
The moral fit for any point of time.
Then go, my verſes, with applying ſtrain,
Go form a triumph not aſcrib'd to men.

Let all the clouds of grief impending lie,
And ſtorms of trouble drive along the ſky,
Then humble Piety thine accents raiſe,
For prayer will prove the powerful charm of eaſe.

Lo, now my ſoul has ſpoke its beſt deſires,
How bleſſings anſwer what the prayer requires!
Before thy ſighs the clouds of grief retreat,
The ſtorms of trouble by thy tears abate,
And radiant glory, from her upper ſphere,
Looks down and glitters in relented air.

Riſe, lovely Piety, from earthy bed,
The parted flame deſcends upon thine head,
This wondrous Mitre, fram'd by ſacred love,
And for thy triumph ſent thee from above,
In two bright points with upper rays aſpires,
And rounds thy temples with innocuous fires.
Riſe, lovely Piety, with pomp appear,
And thou, kind Mercy, lend thy chariot here;
On either ſide; fair Fame and Honour place,
Behind let Plenty walk in hand with Peace;
While Irreligion, muttering horrid ſound,
With fierce and proud Oppreſſion backward bound,
Drag by the wheels along the duſty plain,
And gnaſhing lick the ground, and curſe with pain.
Now come, ye thouſands, and more thouſands yet,
With order join to fill the train of ſtate,
Souls tun'd for praiſing to the temple bring,
And thus amidſt the ſacred muſic ſing:
Hail, Piety! triumphant goodneſs, hail!
Hail, O prevailing, ever O prevail!
At thine entreaty, Juſtice leaves to frown,
And wrath appeaſing lays the thunder down;
The tender heart of yearning Mercy burns,
Love aſks a bleſſing, and the Lord returns.
In his great name that heaven and earth has made,
In his great name alone we find our aid;
Then bleſs the Name, and let the world adore,
From this time forward, and for evermore.

HANNAH.

NOW crowds move off, retiring trumpets ſound,
On echoes dying in their laſt rebound;
The notes of fancy ſeem no longer ſtrong,
But ſweetening cloſes fit a private ſong.
So when the ſtorms forſake the ſea's command,
To break their forces in the winding land,
No more their blaſts tumultuous rage proclaim,
But ſweep in murmurs o'er a murmuring ſtream.

Then ſeek the ſubject, and its ſong be mine,
Whoſe numbers, mixt in ſacred ſtory, ſhine:
Go, brightly-working thought, prepar'd to fly,
Above the page on hovering pinions lye,
And beat with ſtronger force, to make thee riſe
Where beauteous Hannah meets the ſearching eyes.

There frame a town, and fix a tent with cords,
The town be Shiloh call'd, the tent the Lord's.
Carv'd pillars, filletted with ſilver, rear,
To cloſe the curtains in an outward ſquare,
But thoſe within it, which the porch uphold,
Be finely wrought, and overlaid with gold.

Here Eli comes to take the reſting-ſeat,
Slow moving forward with a reverend gait:
Sacred in office, venerably ſage,
And venerably great in ſilver'd age.
Here Hannah comes, a melancholy wife,
Reproach'd for barren in the marriage-life;

Like ſummer mornings ſhe to ſight appears,
Bedew'd and ſhining in the midſt of tears.
Her heart in bitterneſs of grief ſhe bow'd,
And thus her wiſhes to the Lord ſhe vow'd:
If thou thine handmaid with compaſſion ſee,
If I, my God! am not forgot by thee;
If in mine offspring thou prolong my line,
The child I wiſh for all his days be thine;
His life devoted, in thy courts be led,
And not a razor come upon his head.

So, from receſſes of her inmoſt ſoul,
Through moving lips her ſtill devotion ſtole:
As ſilent waters glide through parted trees,
Whoſe branches tremble with a riſing breeze.
The words were loſt becauſe her heart was low,
But free deſire had taught the mouth to go;
This Eli mark'd, and, with a voice ſevere,
While yet ſhe multiply'd her thoughts in prayer,
How long ſhall wine, he cries, diſtract thy breaſt?
Be gone, and lay the drunken fit by reſt.

Ah! ſays the mourner, count not this for ſin,
It is not wine, but grief, that works within;
The ſpirit of thy wretched hand-maid know,
Her prayer's complaint, and her condition woe.
Then ſpake the ſacred prieſt, in peace depart,
And with thy comfort God fulfil thine heart!
His bleſſing thus pronounc'd with awful ſound,
The votary bending leaves the ſolemn ground,
She ſeems confirm'd the Lord has heard her cries,
And chearful hope the tears of trouble dries,

And makes her alter'd eyes irradiate roll,
With joy that dawns in thought upon the ſoul.
Now let the town, and tent, and court remain,
And leap the time till Hannah comes again.
As painted proſpects ſkip along the green,
From hills to mountains eminently ſeen,
And leave their intervals that ſink below,
In deep retreat, and unexpreſs'd to ſhow.
Behold! ſhe comes (but not as once ſhe came,
To grieve, to ſigh, and teach her eyes to ſtream);
Content adorns her with a lively face,
An open look, and ſmiling kind of grace;
Her little Samuel in her arms ſhe bears,
The wiſh of long deſire, and child of prayers;
And as the ſacrifice ſhe brought begun,
To reverend Eli ſhe preſents her ſon.
Here, cries the mother, here my Lord may ſee
The woman come, who pray'd in grief by thee:
The child I ſued for, God in bounty gave;
And what he granted, let him now receive.
But ſtill the votary feels her temper move,
With all the tender violence of love,
That ſtill enjoys the gift, and inly burns
To ſearch for larger, or for more returns.
Then, fill'd with bleſſings which allure to praiſe,
And rais'd by joy to ſoul-enchanting lays,
Thus thanks the Lord, beneficently kind,
In ſweet effuſions of the grateful mind:
My lifting heart, with more than common heat,
Sends up its thanks to God on every beat,

My glory, rais'd above the reach of ſcorn,
To God exalts its highly-planted horn;
My mouth enlarg'd, mine enemies defies,
And finds in God's ſalvation full replies.
Oh, bright in holy beauty's power divine,
There's none whoſe glory can compare with thine!
None ſhare thine honours, nay, there's none beſide,
No rock on which thy creatures can confide.

Ye proud in ſpirits, who your gift adore,
Unlearn the faults, and ſpeak with pride no more;
No more your words in arrogance be ſhown,
Nor call the works of Providence your own,
Since he that rules us infinitely knows,
And, as he wills, his acts of power diſpoſe.

The ſtrong, whoſe ſinewy forces arch'd the bow,
Have ſeen it ſhatter'd by the conquering foe;
The Weak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,
And new-ſprung vigour in the limbs encreaſe.
The Full, whom vary'd taſtes of plenty fed,
Have let their labour out to gain their bread.
The Poor, that languiſh'd in a ſtarving ſtate,
Content and full, have ceas'd to beg their meat.
The Barren Womb, no longer barren now,
(Oh, be my thanks accepted with my vow!)
In pleaſure wonders at a mother's pain,
And ſees her offſpring, and conceives again;
While ſhe that glory'd in her numerous heirs,
Now broke by feebleneſs, no longer bears.

Such turns their riſing from the Lord derive,
The Lord that kills, the Lord that makes alive;

He brings by ſickneſs down to gaping graves,
And, by reſtoring health, from ſickneſs ſaves.
He makes the Poor by keeping back his ſtore,
And makes the Rich by bleſſing men with more;
He ſinking hearts with bitter grief annoys,
Or lifts them bounding with enliven'd joys.

He takes the Beggar from his humble clay,
From off the dunghill where deſpis'd he lay,
To mix with Princes in a rank ſupreme,
Fill thrones of honour, and inherit fame:
For all the pillars of exalted ſtate,
So nobly firm, ſo beautifully great,
Whoſe various orders bear the rounded ball,
Which would without them to confuſion fall,
All are the Lord's, at his diſpoſure ſtand,
And prop the govern'd world at his command.

His mercy, ſtill more wonderfully ſweet,
Shall guard the righteous, and uphold their feet,
While, through the darkneſs of the wicked ſoul,
Amazement, dread, and deſperation roll;
While envy ſtops their tongues, and hopeleſs grief,
That ſees their fears, but not their fears relief.
And they their ſtrength as unavailing view,
Since none ſhall truſt in that and ſafety too.

The foes of Iſrael, for his Iſrael's ſake,
God will to pieces in his anger break;
His bolts of thunder, from an open'd ſky,
Shall on their heads, with force unerring, fly.
His voice ſhall call, and all the world ſhall hear,
And all for ſentence at his ſeat appear.

But mount to gentler praiſes, mount again,
My thoughts, prophetic of Meſſiah's reign;
Perceive the glories which around him ſhine,
And thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.
'Tis here the numbers find a bright repoſe,
The vows accepted, and the votary goes.
But thou, my ſoul, upon her accents hung,
And ſweetly pleas'd with what ſhe ſweetly ſung,
Prolong the pleaſure with thine inward eyes,
Turn back thy thoughts, and ſee the ſubject riſe.
In her peculiar caſe, the ſong begun,
And for a while through private bleſſings run,
As through their banks the curling waters play,
And ſoft in murmurs kiſs the flowery way,
With force encreaſing then ſhe leaps the bounds,
And largely flows on more extended grounds;
Spreads wide and wider, till vaſt ſeas appear,
And boundleſs views of Providence are here.
How ſwift theſe views along her anthem glide,
As waves on waves puſh forward in the tide!
How ſwift thy wonders o'er my fancy ſweep,
O Providence, thou great unfathom'd deep!
Where Reſignation gently dips the wing,
And learns to love and thank, admire and ſing;
But bold preſumptuous reaſonings, diving down
To reach the bottom, in their diving drown.
Neglecting man, forgetful of thy ways,
Nor owns thy care, nor thinks of giving praiſe,
But from himſelf his happineſs derives,
And thanks his wiſdom, when by thine he thrives;

His limbs at eaſe in ſoft repoſe he ſpreads,
Bewitch'd with vain delights, on flowery beds;
And, while his ſenſe the fragrant breezes kiſs,
He meditates a waking dream of bliſs;
He thinks of kingdoms, and their crowns are near;
He thinks of glories, and their rays appear;
He thinks of beauties, and a lovely face
Serenely ſmiles in every taking grace;
He thinks of riches, and their heaps ariſe,
Diſplay their glittering forms, and fix his eyes;
Thus drawn with pleaſures in a charming view,
Riſing he reaches, and would fain purſue.
But ſtill the fleeting ſhadows mock his care,
And ſtill his fingers graſp at yielding air;
Whate'er our tempers as their comforts want,
It is not man's to take, but God's to grant.
If then, perſiſting in the vain deſign,
We look for bliſs without an help divine,
We ſtill may ſearch, and ſearch without relief,
Nor only want a bliſs, but find a grief.
That ſuch conviction may to ſight appear,
Sit down, ye ſons of men, ſpectators here;
Behold a ſcene upon your folly wrought,
And let this lively ſcene inſtruct the thought.

Boy, blow the pipe until the bubble riſe,
Then caſt it off to float upon the ſkies;
Still ſwell its ſides with breath—O beauteous frame!
It grows, it ſhines: be now the world thy name!
Methinks creation forms itſelf within,
The men, the towns, the birds, the trees, are ſeen;

The ſkies above preſent an azure ſhow,
And lovely verdure paints an earth below.
I 'll wind myſelf in this delightful ſphere,
And live a thouſand years of pleaſure there;
Roll'd up in bliſſes, which around me cloſe,
And now regal'd with theſe, and now with thoſe.
Falſe hope, but falſer words of joy, farewell,
You 've rent the lodging where I meant to dwell,
My bubbles burſt, my proſpects diſappear,
And leave behind a moral and a tear.
If at the type our dreaming ſouls awake,
And Hannah's ſtrains their juſt impreſſion make,
The boundleſs power of Providence we know,
And fix our truſt on nothing here below.
Then he, grown pleas'd that men his greatneſs own,
Looks down ſerenely from his ſtarry throne,
And bids the bleſſed days our prayers have won
Put on their glories, and prepare to run.
For which our thanks be juſtly ſent above,
Enlarg'd by gladneſs, and inſpir'd with love:
For which his praiſes be for ever ſung,
O ſweet employment of the grateful tongue!
Burſt forth, my temper, in a godly flame,
For all his bleſſings laud his holy name:
That, ere mine eyes ſaluted chearful day,
A gift devoted in the womb I lay,
Like Samuel vow'd, before my breath I drew,
O could I prove in life like Samuel too!
That all my frame is exquiſitely wrought,
The world enjoy'd by ſenſe, and God by thought;

That living ſtreams through living channels glide,
To make this frame by Nature's courſe abide;
That, for its good, by Providence's care,
Fire joins with water, earth concurs with air;
That Mercy's ever-inexhauſted ſtore
Is pleas'd to proffer, and to promiſe more;
And all the proffers ſtream with grace divine,
And all the promiſes with glory ſhine.
O praiſe the Lord, my ſoul, in one accord,
Let all that is within me praiſe the Lord;
O praiſe the Lord, my ſoul, and ever ſtrive
To keep the ſweet remembrances alive.
Still raiſe the kind affections of thine heart,
Raiſe every grateful word to bear a part,
With every word the ſtrains of love deviſe,
Awake thine harp, and thou thyſelf ariſe;
Then, if his Mercy be not half expreſs'd,
Let wondering Silence magnify the reſt.

DAVID.

MY thought, on views of admiration hung,
Intently raviſh'd, and depriv'd of tongue,
Now darts a while on earth, a while in air,
Here mov'd with praiſe, and mov'd with glory there;
The joys entrancing, and the mute ſurprize,
Half fix the blood, and dim the moiſtening eyes;
Pleaſure and praiſe on one another break,
An exclamation longs at heart to ſpeak;

When thus my Genius on the work deſign'd,
Awaiting cloſely, guides the wandering mind.
If, while thy thanks would in thy lays be wrought,
A bright aſtoniſhment involve the thought,
If yet thy temper would attempt to ſing,
Another's quill ſhall imp thy feebler wing;
Behold the name of royal David near,
Behold his muſick, and his meaſures hear,
Whoſe harp Devotion in a rapture ſtrung,
And left no ſtate of pious ſouls unſung.
Him to the wondering world but newly ſhewn,
Celeſtial Poetry pronounc'd her own;
A thouſand hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,
Bent down their little beauteous forms to gaze;
Fair-blooming Innocence, with tender years,
And native Sweetneſs for the raviſh'd ears,
Prepar'd to ſmile within his early ſong,
And brought their rivers, groves, and plains along:
Majeſtic Honour, at the palace bred,
Enrob'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red,
Reach'd forth the ſceptre of her royal fate,
His forehead touch'd, and bid his lays be great;
Undaunted Courage, deck'd with manly charms,
With waving azure plumes, and gilded arms,
Diſplay'd the glories and the toils of fight,
Demanded Fame, and call'd him forth to write.
To perfect theſe, the ſacred Spirit came,
By mild infuſion of celeſtial flame,
And mov'd with dove-like candour in his breaſt,
And breath'd his graces over all the reſt.

Ah! where the daring flights of men aſpire,
To match his numbers with an equal fire;
In vain they ſtrive to make proud Babel riſe,
And with an earth-born labour touch the ſkies:
While I the glittering page reſolve to view,
That will the ſubject of my lines renew;
The laurel wreath, my fame's imagin'd ſhade,
Around my beating temples fears to fade;
My fainting fancy trembles on the brink,
And David's God muſt help, or elſe I ſink.

As rolling rivers in their channels flow,
Swift from aloft, but on the level ſlow:
Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,
So juſt, ſo copious, move the Pſalmiſt's ſtrains;
So ſweetly vary'd with proportion'd heat,
So gently clear, or ſo ſublimely great;
While Nature's ſeen in all her forms to ſhine,
And mix with beauties drawn from Truth divine;
Sweet beauties (ſweet affection's endleſs rill)
That in the ſoul like honey-drops diſtil.

Hail, Holy Spirit, hail Supremely Kind,
Whoſe inſpiration thus enlarg'd the mind;
Who taught him what the gentle ſhepherd ſings,
What rich expreſſions ſuit the port of kings;
What daring words deſcribe the ſoldier's heat,
And what the Prophet's extacies relate;
Nor let his worſt condition be forgot,
In all this ſplendour of exalted thought,
On one thy different ſorts of graces fall,
Still made for each, of equal force in all;

And while from heavenly courts he feels a flame,
He ſings the place from whence the bleſſing came;
And makes his inſpirations ſweetly prove
The tuneful ſubject of the mind they move.
Immortal Spirit, Light of Life inſtill'd,
Who thus the boſom of a mortal fill'd,
Though weak my voice, and though my light be dim,
Yet fain I'd praiſe thy wondrous gifts in him;
Then, ſince thine aid's attracted by deſire,
And they that ſpeak thee right muſt feel thy fire,
Vouchſafe a portion of thy Grace Divine,
And raiſe my voice, and in my numbers ſhine:
I ſing of David, David ſings of thee,
Aſſiſt the Pſalmiſt, and his work in me.
But now, my verſe, ariſing on the wing,
What part of all thy ſubject wilt thou ſing?
How fire thy firſt attempt? in what reſort
Of Paleſtina's plains, or Salem's court;
Where, as his hands the ſolemn meaſure play'd,
Curs'd fiends with torment and confuſion fled;
Where, at the roſy ſpring of chearful light,
(If pious Fame record tradition right)
A ſoft efflation of celeſtial fire
Came like a ruſhing breeze, and ſhook the lyre;
Still ſweetly giving every trembling ſtring
So much of ſound, as made him wake to ſing?
Within my view the country firſt appears,
The country firſt enjoy'd his youthful years;
Then frame thy ſhady landſcapes in my ſtrain,
Some conſcious mountain, or accuſtom'd plain;

Where by the waters, on the graſs reclin'd,
With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd his mind;
For through the paths of rural life I'll ſtray,
And in his pleaſures paint a ſhepherd's day.

With grateful ſentiments, with active will,
With voice exerted, and enlivening ſkill,
His free return of thanks he duly paid,
And each new day new beams of bounty ſhed.
Awake, my tuneful harp; awake, he cries;
Awake, my lute, the ſun begins to riſe;
My God, I'm ready now! then takes a flight,
To pureſt Piety's exalted height:
From thence his ſoul, with heaven itſelf in view,
On humble prayers and humble praiſes flew.
The praiſe as pleaſing, and as ſweet the prayer,
As incenſe curling up through morning air.

When towards the field with early ſteps he trod,
And gaz'd around, and own'd the works of God,
Perhaps, in ſweet melodious words of praiſe,
He drew the proſpect which adorn'd his ways;
The ſoil, but newly viſited with rain,
The river of the Lord with ſpringing grain,
Inlarge, encreaſe the ſoften'd furrow bleſt,
The year with goodneſs crown'd, with beauty dreſt.
And ſtill to power divine aſcribe it all,
From whoſe high paths the drops of fatneſs fall;
Then in the ſong the ſmiling ſights rejoice,
And all the mute creation finds a voice;
With thick returns delightful echoes fill
The paſtur'd green, or ſoft aſcending hill,

Rais'd by the bleatings of unnumber'd ſheep,
To boaſt their glories in the crowds they keep.
And corn, that's waving in the weſtern gale,
With joyful ſound proclaims the cover'd vale.

Whene'er his flocks the lovely ſhepherd drove,
To neighbouring waters, to the neighbouring grove;
To Jordan's flood, refreſh'd by cooling wind,
Or Cedron's brook, to moſſy banks confin'd;
In eaſy notes, and guiſe of lowly ſwain,
'Twas thus he charm'd and taught the liſtening train:

The Lord 's my ſhepherd, bountiful and good,
I cannot want, ſince he provides me food;
Me for his ſheep along the verdant meads,
Me, all too mean, his tender mercy leads,
To taſte the ſprings of life, and taſte repoſe
Wherever living paſture ſweetly grows.
And as I cannot want, I need not fear,
For ſtill the preſence of my ſhepherd 's near;
Through darkſome vales, where beaſts of prey reſort,
Where Death appears with all his dreadful court,
His rod and hook direct me when I ſtray,
He calls to fold, and they direct my way.

Perhaps, when ſeated on the river's brink,
He ſaw the tender ſheep at noon-day drink,
He ſung the land where milk and honey glide,
And fattening Plenty rolls upon the tide.

Or, fix'd within the freſhneſs of a ſhade,
Whoſe boughs diffuſe their leaves around his head,
He borrow'd notions from the kind retreat,
Then ſung the righteous in their happy ſtate,

And how, by Providential care, ſucceſs
Shall all their actions in due ſeaſon bleſs;
So firm they ſtand, ſo beautiful they look,
As planted trees aſide the purling brook:
Not faded by the rays that parch the plain,
Nor careful for the want of dropping rain:
The leaves ſprout forth, the riſing branches ſhoot,
And Summer crowns them with the ripen'd fruit.

But if the flowery field, with varied hue,
And native ſweetneſs, entertain'd his view;
The flowery field with all the glorious throng
Of lively colours roſe, to paint his ſong;
Its pride and fall within the numbers ran,
And ſpake the life of tranſitory man.

As graſs ariſes by degrees unſeen
To deck the breaſt of Earth with lovely green,
Till Nature's order brings the withering days,
And all the Summer's beauteous pomp decays;
So, by degrees unſeen, doth man ariſe,
So blooms by courſe, and ſo by courſe he dies.
Or as her head the gawdy floweret heaves,
Spreads to the ſun, and boaſts her ſilken leaves,
Till accidental winds their glory ſhed,
And then they fall before the time to fade;
So man appears, ſo falls in all his prime,
Ere Age approaches on the ſteps of Time.

But thee, my God! thee ſtill the ſame we find,
Thy glory laſting, and thy mercy kind;
That ſtill the juſt, and all his race, may know
No cauſe to mourn their ſwift account below.

When from beneath he saw the wandering sheep,
That graz'd the level, range along the steep,
Then rose, the wanton straggglers home to call,
Before the pearly dews at evening fall;
Perhaps new thoughts the rising ground supply,
And that employs his mind which fills his eye.
From pointed hills, he cries, my wishes tend,
To that great hill from whence supports descend:
The Lord's that hill, that place of sure defence,
My wants obtain their certain help from thence.
And as large hills projected shadows throw,
To ward the sun from off the vales below,
Or for their safety stop the blast above,
That, with raw vapours loaded, nightly rove;
So shall protection o'er his servants spread,
And I repose beneath the sacred shade,
Unhurt by rage, that, like a summer's day,
Destroys and scorches with impetuous ray;
By wasting sorrows, undepriv'd of rest,
That fall, like damps by moon-shine, on the breast.
Here from the mind the prospects seem to wear,
And leave the couch'd design appearing bare;
And now no more the Shepherd sings his hill,
But sings the sovereign Lord's protection still.
For as he sees the night prepar'd to come,
On wings of Evening he prepares for home;
And in the song thus adds a blessing more,
To what the thought within the figure bore:
Eternal Goodness manifestly still
Preserves my soul from each approach of ill:

Ends all my days, as all my days begin,
And keeps my goings, and my comings-in.
Here think the ſinking ſun deſcends apace,
And, from thy firſt attempt, my fancy ceaſe;
Here bid the ruddy ſhepherd quit the plain,
And to the fold return his flocks again.
Go, leſt the lion, or the ſhagged bear,
Thy tender lambs with ſavage hunger tear;
Though neither bear nor lion match thy might,
When in their rage they ſtood reveal'd to fight;
Go, leſt thy wanton ſheep returning home,
Should, as they paſs, through doubtful darkneſs roam.
Go, ruddy youth, to Bethlem turn thy way,
On Bethlem's road conclude the parting day.
Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,
And ſees the creſcent riſe with ſilver light;
His words conſider all the ſparkling ſhow
With which the ſtars in golden order glow.
And what is man, he cries, that thus thy kind,
Thy wondrous love, has lodg'd him in thy mind?
For him they glitter, him the beaſts of prey,
That ſcare my ſheep, and theſe my ſheep obey.
O Lord, our Lord, with how deſerv'd a fame,
Does earth record the glories of thy name!
Then, as he thus devoutly walks along,
And finds the road has finiſh'd with the ſong,
He ſings, with lifted hands and lifted eyes,
Be this, my God, an evening ſacrifice.
But now, the lowly dales, the trembling groves,
O'er which the whiſper'd breeze ſerenely roves,

Leave all the courſe of working fancy clear,
Or only grace another ſubject here;
For in my purpoſe new deſigns ariſe,
Whoſe brightening images engage mine eyes.
Then here, my verſe, thy louder accents raiſe,
Thy theme through lofty paths of glory trace;
Call forth his honours in imperial throngs,
And ſtrive to touch his more exalted ſongs.
While yet in humble vales his harp he ſtrung,
While yet he follow'd after ewes with young,
Eternal Wiſdom choſe him for his own,
And from the flock advanc'd him to the throne;
That there his upright heart, and prudent hand,
With more diſtinguiſh'd ſkill, and high command,
Might act the ſhepherd in a noble ſphere,
And take his nation into regal care.
He could of mercy then, and juſtice ſing,
Thoſe radiant virtues that adorn a king,
That make his reign blaze forth with bright renown,
Beyond thoſe gems whoſe ſplendour decks a crown:
That fixing peace, by temper'd love and fear,
Make plains abound, and barren mountains bare.
To thee, to whom theſe attributes belong,
To thee, my God, he cry'd, I ſend my ſong;
To thee, from whom my regal glory came,
I ſing the forms in which my court I frame;
Aſſiſt the models of imperfect ſkill,
O come, with ſacred aid, and fix my will.
A wiſe behaviour in my private ways,
And all my ſoul diſpos'd to public peace,

Shall daily ſtrive to let my ſubjects ſee
A perfect pattern how to live, in me.
Still will I think, as ſtill my glories riſe,
To ſet no wicked thing before mine eyes,
Nor will I chooſe the favourites of ſtate,
Among thoſe men that have incurr'd thine hate,
Whoſe vice but makes them ſcandalouſly great;
'T is time that all, whoſe froward rage of heart
Would vex my realm, ſhall from my realm depart;
'T is time that all, whoſe private ſlandering lye
Leads Judgment falſely, ſhall by Judgment dye.
And time the great, who looſe the reins to pride,
Shall with neglect and ſcorn be laid aſide;
But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,
I 'll ſend my light, with ſharp diſarming ray,
Through dark retreats, where humble minds abide,
Through ſhades of peace, where modeſt tempers hide;
To find the good that may ſupport my ſtate,
And, having found them, then to make them great.
My voice ſhall raiſe them from the lonely cell,
With me to govern, and with me to dwell.
My voice ſhall Flattery and Deceit diſgrace,
And in their room exulted virtue place;
That, with an early care, and ſtedfaſt hand,
The wicked periſh from the faithful land.

When on the throne he ſate in calm repoſe,
And with a royal hope his offspring roſe,
His prayers, anticipating time, reveal
Their deep concernment for the public weal;

Upon a good forecaſted thought they run,
For common bleſſings in the king begun:
For righteouſneſs and judgment ſtrictly fair,
Which from the king deſcends upon his heir.
So when his life and all his labour ceaſe,
The reign ſucceeding, brings ſucceeding peace;
So ſtill the poor ſhall find impartial laws,
And orphans ſtill a guardian of their cauſe:
And ſtern Oppreſſion have its galling yoke,
And rabid teeth of prey, to-pieces broke.
Then, wondering at the glories of his way,
His friends ſhall love, his daunted foes obey;
For peaceful commerce neighbouring kings apply,
And with great preſents court the grand ally.
For him rich gums ſhall ſweet Arabia bear,
For him rich Sheba mines of gold prepare;
Him Tharſis, him the foreign iſles ſhall greet,
And every nation bend beneath his feet.
And thus his honours far-extended grow,
The type of great Meſſiah's reign below.

But worldly realms, that in his accents ſhine,
Are left beneath the full-advanc'd deſign;
When thoughts of empire in the mind encreaſe
O'er all the limits that determine place,
If thus the monarch's riſing fancy move
To ſearch for more unbounded realms above,
In which celeſtial courts the king maintains,
And o'er the vaſt extent of nature reigns;
He then deſcribes, in elevated words,
His Iſrael's ſhepherd, as the Lord of Lords.

How bright between the Cherubims he ſits,
What dazzling luſtre all his throne emits;
How Righteouſneſs, with Judgment join'd, ſupport
The regal ſeat, and dignify the court;
How faireſt honour, and majeſtic ſtate,
The preſence grace, and ſtrength and beauty wait;
What glittering miniſters around him ſtand,
To fly like winds, or flames, at his command.
How ſure the beams, on which his palace riſe,
Are ſet in waters, rais'd above the ſkies;
How wide the ſkies, like out-ſpread curtains, fly
To veil majeſtic light from human eye;
Or form'd the wide-expanded vaults above,
Where ſtorms are bounded, tho' they ſeem to rove;
Where fire, and hail, and vapour, ſo fulfil
The wiſe intentions of their Maker's will;
How well 't is ſeen the great Eternal Mind
Rides on the clouds, and walks upon the wind.

O, wondrous Lord! how bright thy glories ſhine
The heavens declare, for what they boaſt is thine;
And yon blue tract, enrich'd with orbs of light,
In all its handy-work diſplays thy might.

Again the Monarch touch'd another ſtrain,
Another province claim'd his verſe again,
Where goodneſs infinite has fix'd a ſway,
Whoſe out-ſtretch'd limits are the bounds of day.
Beneath this empire of extended air,
Yet ſtill in reach of Providence's care,
God plac'd the rounded earth with ſtedfaſt hand,
And bid the baſis ever firmly ſtand:

He bid the mountains from Confuſion's heaps
Exalt their ſummits, and aſſume their ſhapes.
He bid the waters like a garment ſpread,
To form large ſeas, and, as he ſpake, they fled.
His voice, his thunder, made the waves obey,
And forward haſten, till they form'd the ſea;
Then, left with lawleſs rage the ſurges roar,
He mark'd their bounds, and girt them in with ſhore.
He fill'd the land with brooks, that trembling ſteal
Through winding hills, along the flowery vale;
To which the beaſts, that graze the vale, retreat
For cool refreſhings in the ſummer's heat;
While, perch'd in leaves upon the tender ſprays,
The birds around their ſinging voices raiſe.
He makes the vapours, which he taught to fly,
Forſake the chambers of the clouds on high,
And golden harveſt, rich with ears of grain
And ſpiry blades of graſs, adorn the plain;
And grapes luxuriant chear the ſoul with wine,
And ointment ſhed, to make the viſage ſhine.
Through trunks of trees fermenting ſap proceeds,
To feed, and tinge the living boughs it feeds:
So ſhoots the fir, where airy ſtorks abide,
So cedar, Lebanon's aſpiring pride,
Whoſe birds, by God's appointment, in their neſt,
With green ſurrounded, lie ſecure of reſt;
Where ſmall increaſe the barren mountains give,
There kines, adapted to the feeding, live;
There flocks of goats in healthy paſtures browſe,
And, in their rocky entrails, rabbits houſe.

Where foreſts, thick with ſhrubs, entangled ſtand,
Untrod the roads, and deſolate the land,
There cloſe in coverts hide the beaſts of prey,
Till heavy darkneſs creeps upon the day,
Then roar with Hunger's voice, and range abroad,
And, in their method, ſeek their meat from God;
And, when the dawning edge of eaſtern air
Begins to purple, to their dens repair.
Man, next ſucceeding, from the ſweet repoſe
Of downy beds, to work appointed goes.
When firſt the morning ſees the riſing ſun,
He ſees their labours both at once begun;
And, night returning with its ſtarry train,
Perceives their labours done at once again.
O! manifold in works ſupremely wiſe,
How well thy gracious ſtore the world ſupplies!
How all thy creatures on thy goodneſs call,
And that beſtows a due ſupport for all!
When from an open hand thy favours flow,
Rich Bounty ſtoops to viſit us below;
When from thy hand no more thy favours ſtream,
Back to the duſt we turn, from whence we came;
And when thy ſpirit gives the vital heat,
A ſure ſucceſſion keeps the Kinds compleat;
The propagated ſeeds their forms retain,
And all the face of earth's renew'd again.
Thus, as you've ſeen th' effect reveal the cauſe,
Is Nature's ruler known in Nature's laws;
Thus ſtill his power is o'er the world diſplay'd,
And ſtill rejoices in the world he made.

The Lord he reigns, the King of kings is king;
Let nations praiſe, and praiſes learn to ſing.

My verſes here may change their ſtile again,
And trace the Pſalmiſt in another ſtrain;
Where all his ſoul the ſoldier's ſpirit warms,
And to the muſic fits the ſound of arms;
Where brave diſorder does in numbers dwell,
And artful number ſpeaks diſorder well.
Ariſe, my genius, and attempt the praiſe
Of dreaded power, and perilous eſſays;
And where his accents are too nobly great,
Like diſtant echoes, give the faint repeat:
For who, like him, with enterprizing pen,
Can paint the Lord of Hoſts in wrath with men?
Or, with juſt images of tuneful lay,
Set all his terrors in their fierce array?
He comes! The tumult of diſcording ſpheres,
The quivering ſhocks of earth, confeſs their fears;
Thick ſmoak precede, and blaſts of angry breath,
That kindle dread devouring flames of death.
He comes! the firmament, with diſmal night,
Bows down, and ſeems to fall upon the light;
The darkling miſts enwrap his head around,
The waters deluge, and the tempeſts ſound;
While on the cherub's purple wings he flies,
And plants his black pavilion in the ſkies.
He comes! the clouds remove; the rattling hail,
Deſcending, bounds, and ſcatters o'er the vale:
His voice is heard, his thunder ſpeaks his ire,
His lightning blaſts with blue ſulphureous fire;

His brandiſh'd bolts with ſwift commiſſion go,
To puniſh man's rebellious acts below.
His ſtern rebukes lay deepeſt ocean bare,
And ſolid earth, by wide eruption, tear.
Then glares the naked gulph with diſmal ray,
And then the dark foundations ſee the day:
O God! let mercy this thy war aſſwage:
Alas! no mortal can ſuſtain thy rage.
While I but ſtrive the dire effects to tell,
And on another's words attentive dwell,
Confuſing paſſions in my boſom roll,
And all in tumult work the troubled ſoul:
Remorſe with pity, fear with ſorrow blend,
And I but ſtrive in vain; my verſe, deſcend,
To leſs aſpiring paths direct thy flight,
Though ſtill the leſs may more than match thy might;
While I to ſecond agents tune the ſtrings,
And Iſrael's warrior Iſrael's battles ſings;
Great warrior he, and great to ſing of war,
Whoſe lines (if ever lines prevail'd ſo far)
Might pitch the tents, compoſe the ranks anew,
To combat ſound, and bring the toil to view.
O nation moſt ſecurely rais'd in name,
Whoſe fair records he wrote for endleſs fame;
O nation oft victorious o'er thy foes,
At once thy conqueſts, and thy thanks he ſhows;
For thus he ſung the realms that muſt be thine,
And made thee thus confeſs an aid divine.
When Mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its ſway,
And Iſrael paſs'd the deep divided ſea.

When Mercy ſpake it, haughty Pharaoh's hoſt,
And haughty Pharaoh, by the waves were toſt.
When Mercy led us through the deſert ſand,
We reach'd the borders of the promis'd land:
Then all the kings their gather'd armies brought,
And all thoſe kings by Mercy's help we fought:
There, with their monarch, Amor's people bleed,
For God was gracious, and the tribes ſucceed.
There monſtrous Ogg was fell'd on Baſan's plain,
For God was gracious to the tribes again.
At length their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,
And Iſrael ſings that God is gracious ſtill.

Nor has the warlike prince alone inroll'd
The wondrous feats their fathers did of old;
His own emblazon'd acts adorn his lays,
Theſe too may challenge juſt returns of praiſe.
My God! he cries, my ſureſt rock of might,
My truſt in dangers, and my ſhield in fight;
Thy matchleſs bounties I with gladneſs own,
Nor find aſſiſtance but from thee alone:
Thy ſtrength is armour, and my path ſucceſs,
No power like thee can thus ſecurely bleſs.
When troops united would arreſt my courſe,
I break their files, and through their order force;
When in their towns they keep, my ſiege I form,
And leap the battlements, and lead the ſtorm;
And when in camps abroad intrench'd they lie,
As ſwift as hinds in chace I bound on high;
My ſtrenuous arms thou teacheſt how to kill,
And ſnap in ſunder temper'd bows of ſteel;

My moving footſteps are enlarg'd by thee,
And kept from ſnares of planned ambuſh free;
And when my foes forſake the field of fight,
Then, fluſh'd with conqueſt, I purſue their flight;
In vain their fears, that almoſt reach deſpair,
The trembling wretches from mine anger bear;
As ſwift as fear briſk warmth of conqueſt goes,
And at my feet dejects the wounded foes;
For help they call, but find their helper's gone,
For God's againſt them, and I drive them on
As whirling duſt in airy tumult fly,
Before the tempeſt that involves the ſky;
And, in my rage's unavoided ſway,
I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay.

The warrior thus in ſong his deeds expreſs'd,
Nor vainly boaſted what he but confeſs'd;
While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,
That all their praiſes ſhould refer to God.

And here, to make this bright deſign ariſe,
In fairer ſplendor to the nation's eyes,
From private valour he converts his lays,
For yet the publick claim'd attempts of praiſe;
And public conqueſts where they jointly fought,
Thus ſtand recorded by reflecting thought;
God ſent his Samuel from his holy ſeat
To bear the promiſe of my future ſtate,
And I, rejoicing, ſee the tribes fulfil
The promis'd purpoſe of Almighty will:
Subjected Sichem, ſweet Samaria's plain,
And Succoth's valleys, have confeſs'd my reign;

Remoter Gilead's hilly tracts obey,
Manaſſeh's parted ſands accept my ſway;
Strong Ephraim's ſons and Ephraim's ports are mine,
And mine the throne of princely Judah's line;
Then ſince my people with my ſtandard go,
To bring the ſtrength of adverſe empire low,
Let Moab's ſoil, to vile ſubjection brought,
With groans declare how well our ranks have fought;
Let vanquiſh'd Edom bow its humbled head,
And tell how pompous on its pride I tread;
And now, Philiſtia, with thy conquering hoſt,
Diſmay'd and broke, of conquer'd Iſrael boaſt;
But if a Seer or Rabbah yet remain
On Johemaan's hill, or Amon's plain,
Lead forth our armies, Lord, regard our prayer;
Lead, Lord of battles, and we 'll conquer there.
As this the warrior ſpake, his heart aroſe,
And thus, with grateful turn, perform'd the cloſe:
Though men to men their beſt aſſiſtance lend,
Yet men alone will but in vain befriend;
Through God we work exploits of high renown,
'T is God that treads our great oppoſers down.

Hear now the praiſe of well-diſputed fields,
The beſt return victorious honour yields;
'T is common good reſtor'd, when lovely Peace
Is join'd with Righteouſneſs in ſtrict embrace;
Hear, all ye victors, what your ſword ſecures,
Hear, all ye nations, for the cauſe is yours;
And when the joyful trumpets loudly ſound,
When groaning captives in their ranks are bound,

When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,
And broken ſhafts and batter'd armour bear;
When painted arches acts of war relate,
When ſlow proceſſion's pomps augment the ſtate;
When fame relates their worth among the throng,
Thus take from David their triumphant ſong:
Oh, clap your hands together! oh, rejoice,
In God, with melody's exalted voice;
Your ſacred Pſalm within his dwelling raiſe,
And, for a pure oblation, offer praiſe;
For the rich goodneſs plentifully ſhows
He proſpers our deſign upon our foes.
Then hither, all ye nations, hither run,
Behold the wonders which the Lord has done;
Behold, with what a mind, the heap of ſlain,
He ſpreads the ſanguine ſurface of the plain;
He makes the wars, that mad confuſion hurl'd,
Be ſpent in victories, and leave the world.
He breaks the bended bows, the ſpears of ire,
And burns the ſhatter'd chariots in the fire,
And bids the realms be ſtill, the tumult ceaſe,
And know the Lord of war, for Lord of peace.
Now may the tender youth in goodneſs riſe,
Beneath the guidance of their parents eyes,
As tall young poplars, when the ranger's nigh,
To watch their riſings, leſt they ſhoot awry.
Now may the beauteous Daughters, bred with care,
In modeſt rules, and pious acts of fear,
Like poliſh'd corners of the Temple be,
So bright, ſo ſpotleſs, and ſo fit for thee.

Now may the various seasons bless the soil,
And plenteous Gardeners pay the Ploughman's toil;
Now sheep and kine, upon the flowery meads,
Encrease in thousands, and ten thousand heads;
And now no more the sound of grief complains
For those that fall in fight, or live in chains;
Here, when the blessings are proclaim'd aloud,
Join all the voices of the thankful crowd;
Let all that feel them thus confess their part,
Thus own their worth, with one united heart;
Happy the realm which God vouchsafes to bless
With all the glories of a bright success!
And happy thrice the realm, if thus he please
To crown those glories with the sweets of ease;
From warfare finish'd on a chain of thought,
To bright attempts of future rapture wrought;
Yet stronger, yet thy pinions stronger raise,
O Fancy, reigning in the power of lays.
For Sion's Hill thine airy courses hold,
'T was there thy David prophesy'd of old;
And there devout in contemplation sit,
In holy vision, and extatic fit.

Methinks I seem to feel the charm begin,
Now sweet Contentment tunes my soul within;
Now wondrous soft arising music plays,
And now full sounds upon the sense increase;
Fit David's lyre, his artful fingers move,
To court the spirit from the realms above;
And, pleas'd to come where holiness attends,
The courted spirit from above descends.

Hence on the lyre and voice new graces reſt,
And bright prophetic forms enlarge the breaſt;
Hence firm decrees his myſtic hymns relate,
Affix'd in heaven's adamantine gate,
The glories of the moſt important age,
And Chriſt's bleſt empire ſeen by ſure preſage.

When, in a diſtant view, with inward eyes,
He ſees the Son deſcending from the ſkies,
To take the form of Man for Mankind's ſake,
'Tis thus he makes the great Meſſiah ſpeak:
It is not, Father, blood of bullocks ſlain
Can cleanſe the World from univerſal ſtain;
Such offerings are not here requir'd by thee,
But point at mine, and leave the work for me;
To perfect which, as ſervants ears they drill,
In ſign of opening to their Maſter's will;
Thy will would open mine, and have me bear
My ſign of Miniſtry, the body there.
Prophetic volumes of our ſtate aſſign
The world's redemption as an act of mine;
And lo, with chearful and obedient heart,
I come, my Father, to perform my part.
So ſpake the Son, and left his throng above,
When wings to bear him were prepar'd by Love;
When with their Monarch, on the great deſcent,
Sweet Humbleneſs and gentle Patience went;
Fair ſiſters both, both bleſs'd in his eſteem,
And both appointed here to wait on him.

But now, before the Prophet's raviſh'd eyes,
Succeeding Proſpects of his Life ariſe;

And here he teaches all the world to ſing
Thoſe ſtrains in which the nation own'd him King.
When boughs as at an holy feaſt they bear,
To ſhew the Godhead manifeſted there;
And garments, as a mark of glory, ſtrow'd,
Declar'd a Prince proclaim'd upon the road:
This day the Lord hath made, we will employ
In ſongs, he cries, and conſecrate to joy.
Hoſannah, Lord, Hoſannah, ſhed thy peace;
Hoſannah, long-expecting nations grace;
Oh, bleſs'd in honour's height triumphant thou,
That waſt to come, oh, bleſs thy people now.

'T were eaſy dwelling here with fix'd delight,
And much the ſweet engagement of the ſight;
But fleeting viſions each on other throng,
And change the muſic, and demand the ſong:
Ah! muſic chang'd by ſadly moving ſhow:
Ah! ſong demanded in exceſs of woe!
For what was all the gracious Saviour's ſtay,
Whilſt here he trod in Life's encumber'd way,
But troubled patience, perſecuted breath,
Neglected ſorrows, and afflicting death;
Approach, ye ſinners; think the garden ſhows
His bloody ſweat of full ariſing throws;
Approach his grief, and hear him thus complain,
Through David's perſon, and in David's ſtrain.

Oh, ſave me, God, thy floods about me roll,
Thy wrath divine hath overflow'd my ſoul:
I come at length where riſing waters drown,
And ſink in deep affliction, deeply down.

Deceitful ſnares, to bring me to the dead,
Lie ready plac'd in every path I tread;
And Hell itſelf, with all that Hell contains,
Of fiends accurs'd, and dreadful change of pains;
To daunt firm will, and croſs the good deſign'd,
With ſtrong temptations faſten on the mind;
Such grief, ſuch ſorrows, in amazing view,
Diſtracted fears and heavineſs purſue.
Ye ſages, deeply read in human frame,
The paſſions' cauſes, and their wild extreme;
Where mov'd an object more oppos'd to bliſs,
What other agony could equal his?
The muſic ſtill proceeds with mournful airs,
And ſpeaks the dangers, as it ſpeaks the fears.
Oh, ſacred Preſence, from the Son withdrawn:
Oh, God, my Father, whither art thou gone?
Oh, muſt my ſoul bewail tormenting pain,
And all my words of anguiſh fall in vain?
The trouble 's near, in which my life will end;
But none is near, that will aſſiſtance lend;
Like Baſhan's bulls, my foes againſt me throng,
So proud, inhuman, numberleſs, and ſtrong.
Like deſert lions, on their prey they go,
So much their fierce deſire of blood they ſhow:
As ploughers wound the ground, they tore my back,
And long deep furrows manifeſt the track.
They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender feet,
And caus'd ſharp pangs, where nerves in numbers meet;
Rich ſtreams of life forſake my rended veins,
And fall like water ſpill'd upon the plains;

My bones, that us'd in hollow ſeats to cloſe,
Diſjoint with anguiſh of convulſive throws;
My mourning heart is melted in my frame,
As wax diſſolving runs before a flame;
My ſtrength dries up, my fleſh the moiſture leaves,
And on my tongue my clammy palate cleaves:
Alas! I thirſt; alas! for drink I call;
For drink they give me vinegar and gall.
To ſportful game the ſavage ſoldiers go,
And for my veſture, on my veſture throw;
While all deride, who ſee me thus forlorn,
And ſhoot their lips, and ſhake their heads in ſcorn.
And, with deſpiteful jeſt, Behold, they cry,
The great peculiar darling of the ſky;
He truſted God would ſave his ſoul from woe,
Now God may have him, if he loves him ſo.
But to the duſt of death, by quick decay,
I come; O Father, be not long away.
And was it thus, the Prince of Life was ſlain?
And was it thus he dy'd for worthleſs men?
Yes, bleſſed Jeſus! thus, in every line,
The ſufferings which the Prophet ſpake were thine.
Come, Chriſtian, to the corpſe, in ſpirit come,
And with true ſins of grief ſurround the tomb.
Upon the threſhold-ſtone let ſin be ſlain,
Such ſacrifice will beſt avenge his pain.
Bring thither then repentance, ſighs, and tears,
Bring mortify'd deſires, bring holy fears;
And earneſt prayer expreſs'd from thoughts that roll
Through broken mind, and groanings of the ſoul;

Theſe ſcatter on his hearſe, and ſo prepare
Thoſe obſequies the Jews deny'd him there;
While in your hearts the flames of love may burn,
To dreſs the vault, like lamps in ſacred urn.
There oft, my ſoul, in ſuch a grateful way,
Thine humbleſt homage, with the godly pay.
But David ſtrikes the ſounding chords anew,
And to thy firſt deſign recals thy view;
From life to death, from death to life he flies,
And ſtill purſues his object in his eyes;
And here recounts, in more enliven'd ſong,
The ſacred Preſence, not abſented long:
The fleſh not ſuffer'd in the grave to dwell,
The ſoul not ſuffer'd to remain in hell;
But as the conqueror, fatigu'd in war,
With hot purſuit of enemies afar,
Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,
Then lifts his looks to repoſſeſs the ſky;
So bow'd the Son, in life's uneaſy road,
With anxious toil and thorny danger ſtrow'd;
So bow'd the Son, but not to find relief,
But taſte the deep imbitter'd floods of grief;
So when he taſted theſe, he rais'd his head,
And left the ſable manſions of the dead,
Ere mouldering time conſum'd the bones away,
Or ſlow corruption's worms had work'd decay:
Here faith's foundations all the ſoul employ
With ſpringing graces, ſpringing beams of joy;
Then paus'd the voice, where nature's ſeen to pauſe,
And for a time ſuſpend her ancient laws.

From hence arising as the glories rise,
That must advance above the lofty skies,
He runs with sprightly fingers o'er the lyre,
And fills new songs with new celestial fire:
In which he shews, by fair description's ray,
The Christ's ascension to the realms of day;
When Justice, pleas'd with life already paid,
Unbends her brows, and sheaths her angry blade;
And meditates rewards, and will restore
What Mercy woo'd him, to forsake before.
When on a cloud, with gilded edge of light,
He rose above the reach of human sight,
And met the pomp that hung aloft in air,
To make his honours more exceeding fair;
See, cries the Prophet, how the chariots wait
To bear him upwards, in triumphant state,
By twenty thousands in unnumber'd throng,
And Angels draw the glittering ranks along.
The Lord amongst them sits in glory dress'd,
Nor more the Presence, Sinai Mount confest.
And now the chariots have begun to fly,
The triumph moves, the Lord ascends on high,
And Sin and Satan, us'd to captive men,
Are dragg'd for captives in his ample train;
While, as he goes, seraphic circles sing
The wondrous conquest of their wondrous king;
With shouts of joy their heavenly voices raise,
And with shrill trumpets manifest his praise;
From such a point of such exceeding height,
A while my verses stoop their airy flight,

And seem for rest on Olivet to breathe,
And charge the two that stand in white beneath;
That as they move, and join the moving rear
Within their honour'd hands, aloft they bear
The crown of thorns, the cross on which he dy'd,
The nails that pierc'd his limbs, the spear his side;
Then, where kind Mercy lays the thunder by,
Where Peace has hung great Michael's arms on high;
Let these adorn his magazine above,
And hang the trophies of victorious love;
Lest man, by superstitious mind entic'd,
Should idolize whatever touch'd the Christ.

But still the Prophet in the spirit soars
To new Jerusalem's imperial doors;
There sees and hears the bless'd angelic throng,
There feels their music, and records their song:
Or, with the vision warm'd, attempts to write,
For those inhabitants of native light,
And teaches harmony's distinguish'd parts,
In sweet respondence of united hearts;
For thus without might warbling angels sing,
Their course containing on the flutter'd wing,
Eternal gates! your stately portals rear,
Eternal gates! your ways of joy prepare;
The King of Glory for admittance stays;
He comes, he 'll enter, O prepare your ways;
Then bright arch-angels, that attend the wall,
Might thus upon the beauteous order call:
Ye fellow-ministers, that now proclaim
Your King of Glory, tell his awful name.

At which the beauteous order will accord,
And ſound of ſolemn notes pronounce the Lord:
The Lord endued with ſtrength, renown'd for might,
With ſpoils returning from the finiſh'd fight.
Again with lays they charm the ſacred gates,
And graces double, while the ſong repeats;
Again within the ſacred guardians ſing,
And aſk the name of their victorious king;
And then again, the Lord 's the name rebounds
From tongue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent rounds.
New thrones and powers appear to liſt the gate,
And David ſtill purſues their enter'd ſtate.
Oh, prophet! father! whither would'ſt thou fly?
Oh, myſtic Iſrael's chariot for the ſky;
Thou, ſacred ſpirit! what a wondrous height,
By thee ſupported, ſoars his airy flight!
For glimpſe of Majeſty divine is brought,
Among the ſhifted proſpects of the thought:
Dread, ſacred ſight! I dare not gaze for fear,
But ſit beneath the ſinger's feet, and hear;
And hold each ſound that interrupts the mind,
Thus in a calm by power of verſe confin'd.
Ye dreadful miniſters of God, diſpleas'd,
In blaſting tempeſts be no longer rais'd!
Ye deep-mouth'd thunders, leave your direful groan,
Nor roll in hollow clouds around the throne.
The ſtill ſmall voice more juſtly will expreſs
How great Jehovah did the Lord addreſs.
And you bright-feather'd choirs of endleſs peace,
A while from tuneful Hallelujahs ceaſe;

A while ſtand fix'd, with deep attentive care,
You 'll have the time to ſing for ever there.
The royal Prophet will the ſilence break,
And in his words Almighty goodneſs ſpeak.
He ſpake (and ſmil'd to ſee the buſineſs done),
Thou art my firſt, my great begotten Son;
Here on the right of Majeſty ſit down,
Enjoy thy conqueſt, and receive thy Crown,
While I thy worſhip and renown compleat,
And make thy foes the foot-ſtool of thy feet;
For I 'll pronounce the long-reſolv'd decree,
My ſacred Sion be reſerv'd for thee.
From thence thy peaceful rod of power extend,
From thence thy Meſſenger of Mercy ſend,
And teach thy vanquiſh'd enemies to bow,
And rule where Hell has fix'd an empire now.
Then ready nations to their rightful king
The free-will offerings of their hearts ſhall bring,
In holy beauties for acceptance dreſs'd,
And ready nations be with pardon bleſs'd;
Meanwhile thy dawn of truth begins the day,
Enlighten'd ſubjects ſhall encreaſe the ſway;
With ſuch a ſplendid and unnumber'd train,
As dews in morning fill the graſſy plain.
This by myſelf I ſwore; the great intent
Has paſt my ſanction, and I can't repent:
Thou art a king, and prieſt of peace below,
Like Salem's monarch, and for ever ſo.
Aſk what thou wilt, 't is thine the Gentiles' claim
For thy poſſeſſion take, the world's extreme.

The kings ſhall rage, the parties ſtrive in vain,
By perſecuting rage, to break thy reign;
Thou art my Chriſt, and they that ſtill can be
Rebellious ſubjects be deſtroy'd by thee.
Bring, like the Potter, to ſevere decay,
Thy worthleſs creatures, found in humble clay;
Then hear, ye monarchs, and ye judges hear,
Rejoice with trembling, ſerve the Lord with fear;
In his commands with ſigns of homage move,
And kiſs the gracious offers of his love:
Ye ſurely periſh if his anger flame,
And only they be bleſs'd that bleſs his name.
Thus does the Chriſt in David's anthems ſhine,
With full magnificence of art divine;
Then on his ſubjects gifts of grace beſtow,
And ſpread his image on their hearts below;
As when our earthly kings receive the globe,
The ſacred unction, and the purple robe,
And mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,
They ſcatter medals of themſelves around;
There heavenly ſingers clap their vary'd wings,
And lead the choir of all created things.
Relate his glory's everlaſting prime,
His fame continued with the length of time;
While, ere the ſun ſhall dart a gilded beam,
Or changing moons diffuſe the ſilver'd gleam;
Where-e'er the waves of rolling ocean ſent,
Encompaſs land with arms of wide extent.
Hail, full of mercy: ready nations cry!
Hail, oh, for ever, ever bleſs'd on high!

Hail, oh, for ever on thy beauteous throne!
Thou Lord that workeſt wondrous things alone!
Still let thy glory to the world appear,
And all the riches of thy goodneſs hear.

But thou, fair church, in whom he fixes love,
Thou queen accepted of the Prince above;
Behold him, fairer than the ſons of men;
Embrace his offer'd heart, and ſhare his reign;
In Moſes' laws they bred thy tender years;
But now to new commands incline thine ears,
Forget thy people, bear no more in mind
Thy father's houſhold, for thy ſpouſe is kind.
Within thy ſoul let vain affections die,
Him only worſhip, and with him comply.
So ſhall thy ſpouſe's heart with thine agree,
So ſhall his fervour ſtill encreaſe for thee.
Come, while he calls, ſupremely-favour'd queen,
In heavenly glories dreſs thy ſoul within;
With pious actions to the throne be brought,
In cloſe connection of the virtues wrought;
Let theſe around thee for a garment ſhine,
And be the work to make them pleaſing thine:
Come, lovely queen, advance with ſtately port;
Thy good companions ſhall compleat thy court,
With joyful ſouls their joyful entrance ſing,
And fill the palace of your gracious king;
What though thy Moſes and the prophets ceaſe,
What though the prieſthood leaves the ſettled race,
The father's place their offspring well ſupplies,
When at thy ſpouſe's miniſtry they riſe;

When thy bleſs'd houſhold on his orders go,
And rule for him where-e'er he reigns below.
Come, Queen exalted, come; my laſting ſong
To future ages ſhall thy fame prolong.
The joyful nations ſhall thy praiſe proclaim,
And, for their ſafety, crowd beneath thy name.
Oh, bounteous Saviour! ſtill thy mercy kind,
Still what thy David ſung thy ſervants find;
Still what thy David ſung thy ſervants ſee,
From thee ſent down, and ſent again to thee.
They ſee the words of Thanks, and Love divine,
In ſtrains myſterious intermingled ſhine,
As ſweet and rich unite in coſtly waves,
When purling gold the purpled web receives;
And ſtill the church he ſhadow'd hears the lays,
In daily ſervice, as an aid to praiſe.
At theſe her temper good Devotion warms,
And mounts aloft with more engaging charms:
Then, as ſhe ſtrives to reach the lofty ſky,
Bids Gratitude aſſiſt her will to fly;
In theſe our gratitude becomes on fire,
Then feels its flames improv'd by ſtrong deſire;
Then feels deſire in eager wiſhes move,
And wiſh determine in the point of love.

Such hymns to regulate, and ſuch to raiſe,
Approach, ye ſounding inſtruments of praiſe:
'Tis fit you tune for him whoſe holy love,
In wiſh aſpiring to the choir above,
And fond to practiſe ere his time to go,
Devoutly call'd you to the choir below;

There, where he plac'd you, with your ſolemn ſound,
For God's high glory, fill the ſacred ground,
And there, and every-where, his wondrous name
Within his firmament of power proclaim.
Soft pleaſing lutes with eaſy ſweetneſs move,
To touch the ſentiments of heavenly love;
Aſſiſt the lyre and voice, to tell the charms
That gently ſtole him from the father's arms;
Gay trembling timbrels, us'd with airs of mirth,
Aſſiſt the loud Hoſannah rais'd on earth;
When on an aſs he meekly rides along,
And multitudes are heard within the ſong.
Full-tenor'd Pſaltery join the doleful part,
In which his agony poſſeſt his heart;
And ſeem to feel thyſelf, and ſeem to ſhew,
A riſing heavineſs and ſigns of woe.
Sonorous organ, at his paſſion moan,
And utter forth thy ſympathizing groan,
In big ſlow murmurs anxious ſorrow ſpeak,
While melancholy winds thine entrails ſhake.
As when he ſuffer'd, with complaining ſound,
The ſtorms in vaulted caverns ſhook the ground;
Swift chearful cymbals give an airy ſtrain,
When, having bravely broke the doubled chain
Of Death and Hell, he left the conquer'd grave,
And roſe to viſit thoſe he dy'd to ſave,
And as he mounts in ſong, and Angels ſing,
With grand proceſſion, their returning king,
Triumphant trumpets raiſe their notes on high,
And make them ſeem to mount, and ſeem to fly,

Then all at once conſpire to praiſe the Lord,
In Muſic's full conſent, and juſt accord:
Ye ſons of Art, in ſuch melodious way,
Conclude the ſervice which you join to pay,
While nations ſing Amen, and yet again
Hold forth the note, and ſing aloud Amen.

Here has my fancy gone where David leads,
Now ſoftly pacing o'er the graſſy meads;
Now nobly mounting where the monarchs rear
The gilded ſpires of palaces in air;
Now ſhooting thence, upon the level flight,
To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,
Anon with utmoſt ſtretch aſcending far,
Beyond the region of the fartheſt ſtar;
As ſharpeſt-ſighted eagles towering fly,
To weather their broad ſails in open ſky,
At length on wings half-clos'd ſlide gently down,
And one attempt ſhall all my labours crown.
In others' verſe the reſt be better ſhewn,
But this is more, or ſhould be more, thine own.

If then the ſpirit that ſupports my lines
Have prov'd unequal to my large deſigns,
Let others riſe from earthly paſſion's dream,
By me provok'd to vindicate the theme.
Let others round the world in rapture rove,
Or with ſtrong feathers fan the breeze above,
Or walk the duſky ſhades of death, and dive
Down hell's abyſs, and mount again alive.
But, Oh, my God! may theſe unartful rhymes
In ſober words of woe bemoan my crimes.

'Tis fit the ſorrows I for ever vent
For what I never can enough repent;
'Tis fit, and David ſhews the moving way,
And with his prayer inſtructs my ſoul to pray.
Then, ſince thy guilt is more than match'd by me,
And ſince my troubles ſhould with thine agree,
O Muſe, to glories in affliction born!
May thy humility my ſoul adorn.
For humbleſt prayers are moſt affecting ſtrains,
As mines lye rich in lowly planted veins;
Such aid I want, to render mercy kind,
And ſuch an aid as here I want, I find:
Thy weeping accents in my numbers run,
Ah, thought! ah, voice of inward dole begun!

My God, whoſe anger is appeas'd by tears,
Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears;
With many tongues my ſins for juſtice call,
But Mercy's ears are manifold for all.
Thoſe ſweet celeſtial windows open wide,
And in full ſtreams let ſoft compaſſion glide;
There waſh my ſoul, and cleanſe it yet again,
O throughly cleanſe it from the guilty ſtain;
For I my life with inward anguiſh ſee,
And all its wretchedneſs confeſs to thee.
The large indictment ſtands before my view,
Drawn forth by conſcience, moſt amazing true;
And fill'd with ſecrets hid from human eye,
When, fooliſh man, thy God ſtood witneſs by.
Then, oh, thou majeſty divinely great,
Accept the ſad confeſſions I repeat,

Which clear thy juſtice to the world below,
Should diſmal ſentence doom my ſoul to woe.
When in the ſilent womb my ſhape was made,
And from the womb to lightſome life convey'd,
Curs'd ſin began to take unhappy root,
And through my veins its early fibres ſhoot;
And then, what goodneſs didſt thou ſhew, to kill
The riſing weeds, and principles of ill;
When to my breaſt, in fair celeſtial flame,
Eternal Truth and lovely Wiſdom came,
Bright gift, by ſimple Nature never got,
But here reveal'd to change the ancient blot.
This wondrous help which Mercy pleas'd to grant,
Continue ſtill, for ſtill thine aid I want;
And, as the men whom leproſies invade,
Or they that touch the carcaſe of the dead,
With hyſſop ſprinkled, and by water clean'd,
Their former pureneſs in the law regain'd;
So purge my ſoul, diſeas'd, alas! within,
And much polluted with dead works of ſin.
For ſuch bleſs'd favours at thine hand I ſue,
Be grace thine hyſſop, and thy water too.
Then ſhall my whiteneſs for perfection vie
With blanching ſnows that newly leave the ſky.
Thus, through my mind, thy voice of gladneſs ſend,
Thus ſpeak the joyful word, I will be clean'd;
That all my ſtrength, conſum'd with mournful pain,
May, by thy ſaving health, rejoice again:
And now no more my foul offences ſee,
O turn from theſe, but turn thee not from me;

Or, leſt they make me too deform'd a ſight,
Oh, blot them with Oblivion's endleſs night.
Then further pureneſs to thy ſervant grant,
Another heart, or change in this, I want.
Create another, or the change create,
For now my vile corruption is ſo great,
It ſeems a new creation to reſtore
Its fall'n eſtate to what it was before.
Renew my ſpirit, raging in my breaſt,
And all its paſſions in their courſe arreſt;
Or turn their motions, widely gone aſtray,
And fix their footſteps in thy righteous way;
When this is granted, when again I'm whole,
Oh ne'er withdraw thy preſence from my ſoul:
There let it ſhine, ſo let me be reſtor'd
To preſent joy, which conſcious hopes afford.
There let it ſweetly ſhine, and o'er my breaſt
Diffuſe the dawning of eternal reſt;
Then ſhall the wicked this compaſſion ſee,
And learn thy worſhip, and thy works, from me.
For I, to ſuch occaſions of thy praiſe,
Will tune my lyre, and conſecrate my lays.
Unſeal my lips, where guilt and ſhame have hung,
To ſtop the paſſage of my grateful tongue,
And let my prayer and ſong aſcend, my prayer
Here join'd with ſaints, my ſong with angels there;
Yet neither prayer I'd give, nor ſongs alone,
If either offerings were as much thy own:
But thine's the contrite ſpirit, thine's an heart
Oppreſs'd with ſorrow, broke with inward ſmart;

That at thy footſtool in confeſſion ſhews,
How well its faults, how well the judge it knows;
That ſin with ſober reſolution flies,
This gift thy mercy never will deſpiſe.
Then in my ſoul a myſtic altar rear,
And ſuch a ſacrifice I'll offer there.
There ſhall it ſtand, in vows of virtue bound,
There falling tears ſhall waſh it all around;
And ſharp remorſe, yet ſharper edg'd by woe,
Deſerv'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow;
There ſhall my thoughts to holy breathings fly,
Inſtead of incenſe, to perfume the ſky,
And thence my willing heart aſpires above,
A victim panting in the flames of love.

SOLOMON.

AS through the Pſalms, from theme to theme I
Methinks like Eve in Paradiſe I rang'd; [chang'd,
And every grace of ſong I ſeem'd to ſee,
As the gay pride of every ſeaſon ſhe;
She, gently treading all the walks around,
Admir'd the ſpringing beauties of the ground,
The lily, gliſtering with the morning dew,
The roſe in red, the violet in blue,
The pink in pale, the bells in purple rows,
And tulips colour'd in a thouſand ſhows:
Then here and there perhaps ſhe pull'd a flower,
To ſtrew with moſs, and paint her leafy bower;
And here and there, like her, I went along,
Choſe a bright ſtrain, and bid it deck my ſong.

But now the ſacred Singer leaves mine eye,
Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high;
Ere this devotion bore his heavenly Pſalms,
And now himſelf bears up his harp and palms.
Go, ſaint triumphant, leave the changing ſight,
So fitted out, you ſuit the realms of light;
But let thy glorious robe at parting go,
Thoſe realms have robes of more effulgent ſhow;
It flies, it falls, the fluttering ſilk I ſee;
Thy ſon has caught it, and he ſings like thee,
With ſuch election of a theme divine,
And ſuch ſweet grace, as conquers all but thine.

Hence every writer o'er the fabled ſtreams,
Where frolic fancies ſport with idle dreams;
Or round the ſight enchanted clouds diſpoſe,
Whence wanton Cupids ſhoot with gilded bows,
A nobler writer, ſtrains more brightly wrought,
Themes more exalted, fill my wondering thought:
The parted ſkies are track'd with flames above,
As love deſcends to meet aſcending love;
The ſeaſons flouriſh where the ſpouſes meet,
And earth in gardens ſpreads beneath their feet;
This freſh-bloom proſpect in the boſom throngs,
When Solomon begins his ſong of ſongs,
Bids the wrapt ſoul to Lebanon repair,
And lays the ſcene of all his actions there;
Where as he wrote, and from the bower ſurvey'd
The ſcenting groves, or anſwering knots he made,
His ſacred art the ſights of nature brings,
Beyond their uſe, to figure heavenly things.

Great Son of God! whoſe goſpel pleas'd to throw
Round thy rich glory veils of earthly ſhow;
Who made the vineyard oft thy church deſign,
Who made the marriage-feaſt a type of thine;
Aſſiſt my verſes, which attempt to trace
The ſhadow'd beauties of celeſtial grace,
And with illapſes of ſeraphic fire
The work which pleas'd thee once, once more inſpire.

Look, or Illuſion's airy viſions draw,
Or now I walk the gardens which I ſaw,
Where ſilver waters feed a flowering ſpring,
And winds ſalute it with a balmy wing.
There, on a bank, whoſe ſhades directly riſe,
To ſcreen the ſun, and not exclude the ſkies,
There ſits the ſacred church; methinks I view
The ſpouſe's aſpect, and her enſigns too.
Her face has features where the Virtues reign,
Her hands the book of ſacred Love contain,
A light (Truth's emblem) on her boſom ſhines,
And at her ſide the meekeſt lamb reclines:
And oft on heavenly lectures in the book,
And oft on heaven itſelf ſhe caſts a look,
Sweet, humble, fervent zeal, that works within,
At length burſts forth, and raptures thus begin:

Let Him, that Him my ſoul adores above,
In cloſe communions breathe his holy love;
For theſe bleſs'd words his pleaſing lips impart,
Beyond all cordials, chear the fainting heart.
As rich and ſweet the precious ointments ſtream,
So rich thy graces flow, ſo ſweet thy name

Diffuſes ſacred joy; 'tis hence we find
Affection rais'd in every virgin mind;
For this we come, the daughters here, and I,
Still draw we forward, and behold I fly;
I fly through mercy, when my king invites,
To tread his chambers of ſincere delights;
There, join'd by myſtic union, I rejoice,
Exalt my temper, and enlarge my voice,
And celebrate thy joys, ſupremely more
Than earthly bliſs; thus upright hearts adore.
Nor you, ye maids, who breathe of Salem's air,
Nor you refuſe that I conduct you there;
Though clouding darkneſs hath eclips'd my face,
Dark as I am, I ſhine with beams of grace,
As the black tents, where Iſhmael's line abides,
With glittering trophies dreſs their inward ſides;
Or as thy curtains, Solomon, are ſeen,
Whoſe plaits conceal a golden throne within.
'Twere wrong to judge me by the carnal ſight,
And yet my viſage was by nature white;
But fiery ſuns, which perſecute the meek,
Found me abroad, and ſcorch'd my roſy cheek.
The world, my brethren, they were angry grown,
They made me dreſs a vineyard not my own,
Among their rites (their vines) I learn'd to dwell,
And in the mean employ my beauty fell;
By frailty loſt, I gave my labour o'er,
And my own vineyard grew deform'd the more.
Behold I turn; O ſay, my ſoul's deſire,
Where doſt thou feed thy flock, and where retire

To reſt that flock, when noon-tide heats ariſe?
Shepherd of Iſrael, teach my dubious eyes
To guide me right; for why ſhould thine abide
Where wandering ſhepherds turn their flocks aſide?
So ſpake the church, and ſigh'd: a purple light
Sprung forth, the Godhead ſtood reveal'd to ſight.
And heaven and nature ſmil'd; as white as ſnow
His ſeamleſs veſture looſely fell below:
Sedate and pleas'd, he nodded; round his head
The pointed glory ſhook, and thus he ſaid:
If thou, the lovelieſt of the beauteous kind,
If thou canſt want thy ſhepherd's walk to find,
Go by the foot-ſteps where my flocks have trod,
My ſaints, obedient to the laws of God;
Go, where their tents my teaching ſervants rear,
And feed the kids, thy young believers there.
Should thus my flocks increaſe, my fair delight,
I view their numbers, and compare the ſight
To Pharaoh's horſes when they take the field,
Beat plains to duſt, and make the nations yield.
With rows of gems thy comely cheeks I deck,
And chains of pendant gold o'erflow thy neck,
For ſo like gems the riches of my grace,
And ſo deſcending glory, chears thy face:
Gay bridal robes a flowering ſilver ſtrows,
Bright gold engrailing on the border glows.
He ſpake; the ſpouſe admiring heard the ſound,
Then, meekly bending on the ſacred ground,
She cries, Oh preſent to my raviſh'd breaſt,
This ſweet communion is an inward feaſt,

There ſits the king, while all around our heads
His grace, my ſpikenard, pleaſing odours ſheds
About my ſoul, his holy comfort flies;
So cloſely treaſur'd in the boſom lies
The bundled myrrh, ſo ſweet the ſcented gale
Breathes all En-gedi's aromatic vale.
Now, ſays the king, my love, I ſee thee fair,
Thine eyes, for mildneſs, with the dove's compare.

No, thou, belov'd, art fair, the church replies,
(Since all my beauties but from thee ariſe;)
All fair, all pleaſant, theſe communions ſhew
Thy counſels pleaſant, and thy comforts ſo.
And as at marriage feaſts they ſtrow the flowers,
With nuptial chaplets hang the ſummer bowers,
And make the rooms of ſmelling cedars fine,
Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline;
I dreſs my ſoul with ſuch exceeding care,
With ſuch, with more, to court thy preſence there.

Well haſt thou prais'd, he ſays; the Sharon roſe
Through flowery fields a pleaſing odour throws,
The valley lilies raviſh'd ſenſe regale,
And with pure whiteneſs paint their humble vale:
Such names of ſweetneſs are thy lover's due,
And thou, my love, be thou a lily too,
A lily ſet in thorns; for all I ſee,
All other daughters, are as thorns to thee.

Then ſhe; the trees that pleaſing apples yield,
Surpaſs the barren trees that cloath the field;
So you ſurpaſs the ſons with worth divine,
So ſhade, and fruit as well as ſhade, is thine.

I sat me down, and saw thy branches spread,
And green protection flourish o'er my head;
I saw thy fruit, the soul's celestial food,
I pull'd, I tasted, and I found it good.
Hence in the spirit to the blissful seats,
Where Love, to feast, mysteriously retreats,
He led me forth; I saw the banner rear,
And love was pencil'd for the motto there.
Prophets and teachers in your care combine,
Stay me with apples, comfort me with wine,
The cordial promises of joys above,
For hope deferr'd has made me sick with love.
Ah! while my tongue reveals my fond desire,
His hands support me, lest my life expire;
As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd,
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist.

Here ceas'd the church, and lean'd her languid head,
Bent down with joy; when thus the lover said,
Behold, ye daughters of the realm of peace,
She sleeps, at least her thoughts of sorrow cease.
Now, by the bounding roes, the skipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns,
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my sacred grove,
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
I would not have her wake but when she will.

So rest the church and spouse: my verses so
Appear to languish with the flames you shew,
And pausing rest; but not the pause be long,
For still thy Solomon pursues the song.

Then keep the place in view; let ſweets more rare
Than earth produces fill the purpled air;
Let ſomething ſolemn overſpread the green,
Which ſeems to tell us, Here the Lord has been!
But let the virgin ſtill in proſpect ſhine,
And other ſtrains of her's enliven mine.
She wakes, ſhe riſes: bid the whiſpering breeze
More ſoftly whiſper in the waving trees,
Or fall with ſilent awe; bid all around,
Before the church's voice, abate their ſound;
While thus her ſhadowy ſtrains attempt to ſhew
A future advent of the ſpouſe below:

Hark! my beloved's voice! behold him too!
Behold him coming in the diſtant view:
No clambering mountains make my lover ſtay,
(For what are mountains in a lover's way?)
Leaping he comes, how like the nimble roe
He runs the paths his prophets us'd to ſhow!
And now he looks from yon partition-wall,
Built till he comes—'tis only then to fall,
And now he's nearer in the promiſe ſeen,
Too faint the ſight—'tis with a glaſs between;
From hence I hear him as a lover ſpeak,
Who near a window calls a fair to wake.

Attend, ye virgins, while the words that trace
An opening ſpring deſign the day of grace.
Hark! or I dream, or elſe I hear him ſay,
Ariſe, my love; my fair-one, come away;
For now the tempeſts of thy winter end,
Thick rains no more in heavy drops deſcend;

Sweet painted flowers their silken leaves uncloſe,
And dreſs the face of earth with varied ſhows;
In the green wood the ſinging birds renew
Their chirping notes, the ſilver turtles coo:
The trees that yield the fig already ſhoot,
And knit their bloſſoms for their early fruit;
With fragrant ſcents the vines refreſh the day,
Ariſe, my love; my fair-one, come away.
O come, my dove, forſake thy cloſe retreat,
For cloſe in ſafety haſt thou fix'd thy ſeat,
As fearful pigeons in dark clefts abide,
And ſafe the clefts their tender charges hide.
Now let thy looks with modeſt guiſe appear,
Now let thy voice ſalute my longing ear,
For in thy looks an humble mind I ſee,
Prayer forms thy voice, and both are ſweet to me.
To ſave the bloomings of my vineyard, haſte,
Which foxes (falſe deluding teachers) waſte;
Watch well their haunts, and catch the foxes there,
Our grapes are tender, and demand thy care.
Thus ſpeaks my love: ſurprizing love divine!
I thus am his, he thus for ever mine.
And, till he comes, I find a preſence ſtill,
Where ſouls attentive ſerve his holy will;
Where down in vales unſpotted lilies grow,
White types of innocence, in humble ſhow.
Oh, till the ſpicy breath of heavenly day,
Till all thy ſhadows fleet before thy ray;
Turn, my beloved, with thy comforts here,
Turn in thy promiſe, in thy grace appear,

Nor let ſuch ſwiftneſs in the roes be ſhown
To ſave themſelves, as thou to chear thine own;
Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound,
Before the ſtretches of the fleeteſt hound;
Skim the plain chace of lofty Bether's head,
And make the mountain wonder if they tread.

But long expectance of a bliſs delay'd
Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the ſacred maid;
Then miſts ariſing ſtrait repel the light,
The colour'd garden lies diſguis'd with night;
A pale-horn'd creſcent leads a glimmering throng,
And groans of abſence jar within the ſong.

By night, ſhe cries, a night which blots the mind,
I ſeek the lover, whom I fail to find:
When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,
I ſearch, and vainly ſearch, with reaſon's eye;
Riſe, fondly riſe, thy preſent ſearch give o'er,
And aſk if others knew thy lover more.
Dark as it is, I riſe; the moon that ſhines
Shows by the gleam the city's outward lines:
I range the wandering road, the winding ſtreet,
And aſk, but aſk in vain, of all I meet,
Till, toil'd with every diſappointing place,
My ſteps the guardians of the temple trace,
Whom thus my wiſh accoſts: Ye ſacred guides,
Ye prophets, tell me where my love reſides?
'T was well I queſtion'd; ſcarce I paſs'd them by,
Ere my rais'd ſoul perceives my lover nigh:
And have I found thee, found my joy divine?
How faſt I 'll hold thee, till I make thee mine!

My mother waits thee, thither thou repair,
Long-waiting Iſrael wants thy preſence there.
The lover ſmiles to ſee the virgin's pain;
The miſts roll off, and quit the flowery plain.
Yes, there I come, he ſays, thy ſorrow ceaſe;
And guard her, daughters of the realms of peace,
By all the bounding roes and ſkipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the graſſy lawns;
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my ſacred grove:
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
I'll have her feel my comforts while ſhe will.
Here, hand in hand, with chearful heart they go,
When wandering Salem ſees the ſolemn ſhow,
Dreams the rich pomp of Solomon again,
And thus her daughters ſing th' approaching ſcene:
Who from the deſert, where the waving clouds
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
For Sion's hill her ſober pace ſhe bends,
As grateful incenſe from the dome aſcends.
It ſeems the ſweets, from all Arabia ſhed,
Curl at her ſide, and hover o'er her head.
For her the king prepares a bed of ſtate,
Round the rich bed her guards in order wait,
All myſtic Iſrael's ſons, 'tis there they quell
The foes within, the foes without repel.
The guard his miniſtry, their ſwords of fight,
His ſacred laws, her preſent ſtate of night.
He forms a chariot too, to bring her there,
Not the carv'd frame of Solomon ſo fair;

Sweet ſmells the chariot as the temple ſtood,
The fragrant cedar lent them both the wood;
High wreaths of ſilver'd columns prop the door,
Fine gold engrail'd adorns the figur'd floor,
Deep-fringing purple hangs the roof above,
And ſilk embroidery paints the midſt with love.

Go forth, ye daughters; Sion's daughters, go;
A greater Solomon exalts the ſhow,
If crown'd with gold, and by the queen beſtow'd,
To grace his nuptials, Jacob's monarch rode;
A crown of glory from the King Divine,
To grace theſe nuptials, makes the Saviour ſhine;
While the bleſs'd pair expreſs'd in emblem ride,
Meſſiah Solomon, his church the bride.

Ye kind attendants, who, with wondering eyes,
Saw the grand entry, what you ſaid ſuffice;
You ſung the lover with a loud acclaim,
The lover's fondneſs longs to ſing the dame.
He ſpeaks, admiring Nature ſtands around,
And learns new muſic, while it hears the ſound.

Behold, my love, how fair thy beauties ſhow,
Behold how more, how moſt extremely ſo!
How ſtill to me thy conſtant eyes incline,
I ſee the turtle's when I gaze on thine;
Sweet through the lids they ſhine with modeſt care,
And ſweet and modeſt is a virgin's air.
How bright thy locks! how well their number paints
The great aſſemblies of my lovely ſaints!
So bright the kids, ſo numerouſly fed,
Graze the green top of lofty Gilead's head;

All Gilead's head a fleecy whiteneſs clouds,
And the rich maſter glories in the crowds.
How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
Each anſwering each, whilſt all the public aid;
Theſe lovely graces in my church I find,
This candor, order, and accorded mind:
Thus when the ſeaſon bids the ſhepherd lave
His ſheep new ſhorn within the cryſtal wave;
Waſh'd they return, in ſuch unſully'd white,
Thus march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How pleaſe thy lips adorn'd with native red!
Art vainly mocks them in the ſcarlet thread!
But, if they part, what muſic wafts the air!
So ſweet thy praiſes, and ſo ſoft thy prayer.
If through thy looſen'd curls, with honeſt ſhame,
Thy lovely temples fine complexion flame,
Whatever crimſon granate bloſſoms ſhow,
'T was never theirs ſo much to pleaſe, and glow.
But what's thy neck, the poliſh'd form I ſee,
Whoſe ivory ſtrength ſupports thine eyes to me!
Fair type of firmneſs, when my ſaints aſpire
The ſacred confidence that lifts deſire,
As David's turret, on the ſtately frame,
Upheld its thouſand conquering ſhields of fame.
And what thy breaſts! they ſtill demand my lays,
What image wakes to charm me whilſt I gaze!
Two lovely mountains each exactly round,
Two lovely mountains with the lily crown'd;
While two twin roes, and each on either bred,
Feed in the lilies of the mountain's head.

Let this reſemblance ſpotleſs virtues ſhow,
And in ſuch lilies feed my young below.
But now, farewell, till night's dark ſhades decay,
Farewell, my virgin, till the break of day;
Swift for the hills of ſpice and gums I fly,
To breathe ſuch ſweets as ſcent a purer ſky;
Yet, as I leave thee, ſtill, above compare,
My Love, my ſpotleſs, ſtill I find thee fair.

Here reſt, celeſtial maid; for if he go,
Nor will he part, nor is the promiſe ſlow,
Nor ſlow my fancy move; diſpel the ſhade,
Charm forth the morning, and relieve the maid.
Ariſe, fair ſun, the church attends to ſee
The ſun of righteouſneſs ariſe in thee;
Ariſe, fair ſun; and bid the church adore;
'T is then he 'll court her, whom he prais'd before.
As thus I ſing, it ſhines; there ſeems a ſound
Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground:
I ſee their meeting, ſee the flowery ſcene,
And hear the myſtic love purſued again.

Now to the mount, whoſe ſpice perfumes the day,
'T is I invite thee; come, my ſpouſe, away;
Come, leave thy Lebanon: is aught we ſee
In all thy Lebanon, compar'd to me?
Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wiſhful ſight,
From Hermon's, Sheniar's, and Amana's height;
There dwells the leopard, there aſſaults the bear;
This world has ills, and ſuch may find thee there.

My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, O thy wondrous art,
Which through my boſom drew my raviſh'd heart!

Won by one eye, my raviſh'd heart is gone,
For all thy ſeeing guides conſent as one.
Drawn by one chain, which round thy body plies,
For all thy members one bleſs'd union ties.
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, O the charm to pleaſe,
When love repaid returns my boſom eaſe!
Strongly thy love, and ſtrongly wines reſtore,
But wines muſt yield, thy love enflames me more.
Sweetly thine ointments (all thy virtues) ſmell,
Not altar-ſpices pleaſe thy king ſo well.
How ſoft thy doctrine on thy lips reſides!
From thoſe two combs the dropping honey glides;
All pure without, as all within ſincere,
Beneath thy tongue—I find it honey there.
Ah, while thy graces thus around thee ſhine,
The charms of Lebanon muſt yield to thine!
His ſpring, his garden, every ſcented tree,
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, all I find in thee.
Thee, for myſelf, I fence, I ſhut, I ſeal;
Myſterious ſpring, myſterious garden, hail!
A ſpring, a font, where heavenly waters flow;
A grove, a garden, where the Graces grow.
There riſe my fruits, my cypreſs, and my fir,
My ſaffron, ſpikenard, cinnamon, and myrrh;
Perpetual fountains for their uſe abound,
And ſtreams of ſavour feed the living ground.

Scarce ſpake the Chriſt, when thus the church replies
(And ſpread her arms where-e'er the ſpirit flies);
Ye cooling northern gales, who freſhly ſhake
My balmy reeds; ye northern gales, awake.

And thou the regent of the ſouthern ſky,
O ſoft inſpiring, o'er my garden fly;
Unlock and waft my ſweets, that every grace,
In all its heavenly life, regale the place.
If thus a paradiſe thy garden prove,
'T were beſt prepar'd to entertain my love;
And, that the pleaſing fruits may pleaſe the more,
O think my proffer was thy gift before.

At this, the Saviour cries, Behold me near,
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter; O behold me here;
To gather fruits, I come at thy requeſt,
And, pleas'd, my ſoul accepts the ſolemn feaſt;
I gather myrrh, with ſpice to ſcent the treat,
My virgin-honey with the combs I eat;
I drink my ſweetening milk, my lively wine
(Theſe words of pleaſure mean thy gifts divine);
To ſhare my bliſs, my good elect I call,
The church (my garden) muſt include them all;
Now ſit and banquet; now, belov'd, you ſee
What gifts I love, and prove theſe fruits with me;
O might this ſweet communion ever laſt!
But with the ſun the ſweet communion paſt.
The Saviour parts, and on Oblivion's breaſt
Benumb'd and ſlumbering lies the church to reſt,
Paſs the ſweet alleys while the duſk abides,
Seek the fair lodge in which the maid reſides;
Then, Fancy, ſeek the maid at night again,
The Chriſt will come, but comes, alas, in vain.

I ſleep, ſhe ſays, and yet my heart awakes
(There's ſtill ſome feeling while the lover ſpeaks);

With what fond fervor from without he cries,
Ariſe, my love; my undefil'd, ariſe!
My dove, my ſiſter, cold the dews alight,
And fill my treſſes with the drops of night;
Alas, I 'm all unrob'd, I waſh'd my feet,
I taſted ſlumber, and I find it ſweet.

As thus my words refuſe, he ſlips his hands
Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands;
What, though deny'd, ſo perſevering kind!
Who long denies a perſevering mind?
From my wak'd ſoul my ſlothful temper flies,
My bowels yearn; I riſe, my love, I riſe;
I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,
Thy ſmelling myrrh comes dropping off the door.
Now, where 's my love?—what! haſt thou left the place,
O, to my ſoul repeat thy words of grace!
Speak in the dark, my love; I ſeek thee round,
And vainly ſeek thee, till thou wilt be found.
What, no return? I own my folly paſt,
I lay too liſtleſs; ſpeak, my love, at laſt.
The guards have found me—are ye guards indeed,
Who ſmite the ſad, who make the feeble bleed?
Dividing teachers, theſe; who wrong my name,
Rend my long veil, and caſt me bare to ſhame.
But you, ye daughters of the realm of reſt,
If ever pity mov'd a virgin-breaſt,
Tell my belov'd how languiſhing I lie,
How love has brought me near the point to die.

And what belov'd is this you would have found?
Say Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around;

What wondrous thing? what charm beyond compare?
Say, what's thy lover, faireſt o'er the fair?
His face is white and ruddy, ſhe replies,
So mercy, join'd to juſtice, tempers dies;
His lofty ſtature, where a myriad ſhine,
O'ertops, and ſpeaks a majeſty divine.
Fair honour crowns his head, the raven-black,
In buſhy curlings, flows adown his back:
Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion plac'd,
White like the milk, and with a mildneſs grac'd;
As the ſweet doves, whene'er they fondly play
By running waters in a glittering day.
Within his breath what pleaſing ſweetneſs grows!
'Tis ſpice exhal'd, and mingled on the roſe.
Within his words what grace with goodneſs meets!
So beds of lilies drop with balmy ſweets.
What rings of eaſtern price his fingers hold!
Gold decks the fingers, beryl decks the gold!
His ivory ſhape adorns a coſtly veſt,
Work paints the ſkirts, and gems inrich the breaſt;
His limbs beneath, his ſhining ſandals caſe
Like marble columns on a golden baſe.

Nor boaſts that mountain, where the cedar-tree
Perfumes our realm, ſuch numerous ſweets as he.
O, lovely all! what could my king require
To make his preſence more the world's deſire?
And now, ye maids, if ſuch a friend you know,
'Tis ſuch my longings look to find below.

While thus her friend the ſpouſe's anthems ſing,
Deck'd with the thummim, crown'd a ſacred king;

The Daughters' hearts the fine deſcription drew,
And that which rais'd their wonder, aſk'd their view.
Then where, they cry, thou faireſt o'er the fair,
Where goes thy lover? Tell the virgins where.
What flowering walks invite his ſteps aſide?
We'll help to ſeek him, let thoſe walks be try'd.
The ſpouſe revolving here the grand deſcent,
'Twas that he promis'd, there, ſhe cries, he went;
He keeps a garden where the ſpices breathe,
Its bowering borders kiſs the vale beneath;
'Tis there he gathers lilies, there he dwells,
And binds his flowerets to unite their ſmells.
O, 'tis my height of love that I am his!
O, he is mine, and that's my height of bliſs!
Deſcend, my virgins; well I know the place,
He feeds in lilies, that's a ſpotleſs race.
At dawning day the bridegroom leaves a bower,
And here he waters, there he props a flower,
When the kind damſel, ſpring of heavenly flame,
With Salem's daughters to the garden came.
Then thus his love the bridegroom's words repeat
(The ſmelling borders lent them both a ſeat):
O, great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place,
O, fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of peace;
Whoſe aſpect, awful to the wondering eye,
Appears like armies when the banners fly;
O turn, my ſiſter, O my beauteous bride,
Thy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aſide;
How bright thy locks, how well their number paints
The great aſſemblies of my lovely ſaints!

So bright the kids, ſo numerouſly fed,
Graze the green wealth of lofty Gilead's head.
How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
Each anſwering each, while all the publick aid;
As when the ſeaſon bids the ſhepherd lave
His ſheep new ſhorn within the ſilver wave:
Waſh'd, they return in ſuch unſully'd white,
So march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How ſweet thy temples! not pomegranates know,
With equal modeſt look, to pleaſe and glow.
If Solomon his life of pleaſure leads,
With wives in numbers, and unnumber'd maids,
In other paths, my life of pleaſure ſhown,
Admits my love, my undefil'd alone.
Thy mother, Iſrael, ſhe the dame who bore
Her choice, my dove, my ſpotleſs, owns no more;
The Gentile queens, at thy appearance, cry,
Hail, queen of nations! hail, the maids reply;
And thus they ſing thy praiſe: what heavenly dame
Springs like the morning, with a purple flame?
What riſes like the morn with ſilver light?
What, like the ſun, affiſts the world with ſight?
Yet awful ſtill, though thus ſerenely kind,
Like hoſts with enſigns rattling in the wind?
I grant I left thy ſight, I ſeem'd to go,
But was I abſent when you fancy'd ſo?
Down to my garden, all my planted vale,
Where nuts their ground in underwood conceal;
Where blown pomegranates, there I went to ſee
What knitting bloſſoms white the bearing tree:

View the green buds, recall the wandering ſhoots,
Smell my gay flowerets, taſte my flavour'd fruits;
Raiſe the curl'd vine, refreſh the ſpicy beds,
And joy for every grace my garden ſheds.

The Saviour here, and here the church ariſe,
And am I thus reſpected, thus ſhe cries!
I mount for heaven, tranſported on the winds,
My flying chariot's drawn by willing minds.

As, rapt with comfort, thus the maid withdrew,
The waiting daughters wonder'd where ſhe flew;
And O! return, they cry, for thee we burn,
O maid of Salem; Salem's ſelf return.
And what's in Salem's maid we covet ſo?
Hear, all ye nations—'tis your bliſs below;
That glorious viſion, by the patriarch ſeen,
When ſky-born beauties march'd the ſcented green;
There the met ſaints and meeting angels came,
Two lamps of God, Mahanaim was the name.

Again the maid reviews her ſacred ground;
Solemn ſhe ſits, the damſels ſing around.
O, prince's daughter! how, with ſhining ſhow,
Thy golden ſhoes prepare thy feet below!
How firm thy joints! what temple-work can be,
With all its gems and art, preferr'd to thee?
In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,
Still flow the riches of abounding grace;
Pure, large, refreſhing, as the waters fall
From the carv'd navels of the ciſtern-wall.
In thee the lover finds his race divine,
You teem with numbers, they with virtues ſhine;

So wheat with lilies, if their heaps unite,
The wheat 's unnumber'd, and the lilies white;
Like tender roes, thy breasts appear above,
Two types of innocence, and twins of love.
Like ivory-turrets seems thy neck to rear,
O, sacred emblem, upright, firm, and fair!
As Heshbon-pools, which, with a silver-state,
Diffuse their waters at their city-gate,
For ever so thy virgin eyes remain,
So clear within, and so without serene.
As through sweet fir the royal turret shows,
Whence Lebanon surveys a realm of foes;
So through thy lovely curls appear thy face,
To watch thy foes, and guard thy faithful race.
The richest colours flowery Carmel wears,
Red fillets, cross'd with purple, braid thy hairs;
Yet, not more strictly these thy locks restrain,
Than thou thy king, with strong affection's chain;
When from his palace he enjoys thy sight,
O love, O beauty, form'd for all delight!
Strait is thy goodly stature, firm, and high,
As palms aspiring in the brighter sky;
Thy breasts the cluster (if those breasts we view,
As late for beauty, now for profit too)
Woo'd to thine arms, those arms that oft extend,
In the kind posture of a waiting friend;
Each maid of Salem cries, I'll mount the tree,
Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee.
O, more than grapes, thy fruit delights the maids,
Thy pleasing breath excels the citron shades:

Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go
From thoſe ſweet lips with more refreſhment flow;
Their powerful graces ſlumbering ſouls awake,
And cauſe the dead, that hear thy voice, to ſpeak.

This anthem ſung, the glorious ſpouſe aroſe,
Yet thus inſtructs the daughters ere ſhe goes.
If aught, my damſels, in the ſpouſe ye find
Deſerving praiſes, think the lover kind:
To my belov'd theſe marriage-robes I owe,
I'm his deſire, and he would have it ſo.

Scarce ſpake the ſpouſe, but ſee the lover near!
Her humble temper brought the Preſence here;
Then, rais'd by grace, and ſtrongly warm'd by love,
No ſecond languor lets her Lord remove;
She flies to meet him, zeal ſupplies the wings,
And thus her haſte to work his will ſhe ſings:
Come, my beloved, to the fields repair,
Come, where another ſpot demands our care;
There in the village we 'll to reſt recline,
Mean as it is, I try to make it thine.
When the firſt rays their chearing crimſon ſhed,
We 'll riſe betimes to ſee the vineyard ſpread;
See vines luxuriant-verdur'd leaves diſplay,
Supporting tendrils curling all the way.
See young unpurpled grapes in cluſters grow,
And ſmell pomegranate-bloſſoms as they blow;
There will I give my loves, employ my care,
And, as my labours thrive, approve me there:
Scarce have we paſs'd my gate, the ſcent we meet,
My covering jaſmines now diffuſe their ſweet;

My ſpicy flowerets, mingled as they fly,
With doubling odours croud a balmy ſky.
Now all the fruits, which crown the ſeaſon, view,
Theſe nearer fruits are old, and thoſe are new;
And theſe, and all of every loaded tree,
My love, I gather, and reſerve for thee.
If then thy ſpouſe's labour pleaſe thee well,
Oh! like my brethren, with thy Siſter dwell;
No blameleſs maid, whoſe fond careſſes meet
An infant-brother in the public ſtreet,
Clings to its lips with leſs reſerve than I
Would hang on thine, where'er I found thee nigh:
No ſhame would make me from thy ſide remove,
No danger make me not confeſs thy love.
Strait to my mother's houſe, thine Iſrael ſhe
(And thou my monarch wouldſt arrive with me);
'Tis there I'd lead thee, where I mean to ſtay,
Till thou, by her, inſtruct my ſoul to pray;
There ſhalt thou prove my virtues, drink my wine,
And feel my joy, to find me wholly thine.
Oh! while my ſoul were ſick, through fond deſire,
Thine hands ſhould hold me leſt my life expire;
As round a child the parents' arms are plac'd,
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waiſt.

So caſt thy cares on me, the lover cry'd,
Lean to my boſom, lean, my lovely bride;
And now, ye daughters of the realm of bliſs,
Let nothing diſcompoſe a love like this;
But guard her reſt from each approach of ill;
I caus'd her languor, guard her while ſhe will.

Here pauſe the lines, but ſoon the lines renew,
Once more the pair celeſtial come to view;
Ah! ſeek them once, my raviſh'd fancy, more,
And then thy ſongs of Solomon are o'er:
By yon green bank purſue their orb of light,
The ſun ſhines out, but ſhines not half ſo bright.
See Salem's maids, in white, attend the King,
They greet the ſpouſes—hark, to what they ſing.
Who, from the deſert, where the wandering clouds
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
'Tis ſhe, the ſpouſe! Oh! favour'd o'er the reſt!
Who walks reclin'd by ſuch a lover's breaſt.
The ſpouſe, rejoicing, heard the kind ſalute,
And thus addreſs'd him—all the reſt were mute.
Beneath the Law, our goodly parent tree,
I went, my much-belov'd, in ſearch of thee;
For thee, like one in pangs of travail, ſtrove;
Hence, none may wonder if I gain thy love.
As ſeals their pictures to the wax impart,
So let my picture ſtamp thy gentle heart;
As fix'd the ſignets on our hands remain,
So fix me thine, and ne'er to part again:
For Love is ſtrong as Death; whene'er they ſtrike,
Alike imperious, vainly check'd alike;
Both dread to loſe. Love, mix'd with jealous dread!
As ſoon the marble tomb reſigns the dead.
Its fatal arrows fiery-pointed fall,
The fire intenſe, and thine the moſt of all;
To ſlack the points no chilling floods are found,
Nay, ſhould afflictions roll like floods around,

Were wealth of nations offer'd, all would prove
Too ſmall a danger, or a price for love.
If then with love this world of worth agree,
With ſoft regard our little ſiſter ſee;
How far unapt, as yet, like maids that own
No breaſts at all, or breaſts but hardly grown;
Her part of Proſelyte is ſcarce a part,
Too much a Gentile at her erring heart;
Her day draws nearer; what have we to do,
Leſt ſhe be aſk'd, and prove unworthy too?
Deſpair not, ſpouſe, he cries; we'll find the means,
Her good beginnings aſk the greater pains.
Let her but ſtand, ſhe thrives; a wall too low
Is not rejected for the ſtanding ſo;
What falls is only loſt, we'll build her high,
Till the rich palace glitters in the ſky.
The door that's weak (what need we ſpare the coſt?)
If 'tis a door, we need not think it loſt;
The leaves ſhe brings us, if thoſe leaves be good,
We'll cloſe in cedar's uncorrupting wood.

Wrapt with the news, the ſpouſe converts her eyes,
And, oh! companions to the maids, ſhe cries,
What joys are ours, to hail the nuptial day,
Which calls our ſiſter!—Hark, I hear her ſay,
Yes, I'm a wall; lo! ſhe that boaſted none,
Now boaſts of breaſts unmeaſurably grown;
Large towery buildings, where ſecurely reſts
A thouſand thouſand of my lover's gueſts;
The vaſt increaſe affords his heart delight,
And I find favour in his heavenly ſight.

The lover here, to make her rapture laſt,
Thus adds aſſurance to the promiſe paſt.
A ſpacious vineyard, in Baal-Hamon vale,
The vintage ſet, by Solomon, to ſale,
His keepers took; and every keeper paid
A thouſand purſes for the gains he made.
And I've a vintage too; his vintage bleeds
A large increaſe, but my return exceeds.
Let Solomon receive his keeper's pay,
He gains his thouſand, their two hundred they;
Mine is mine own, 'tis in my preſence ſtill,
And ſhall increaſe the more, the more ſhe will.
My love, my vineyard, oh the future ſhoots
Which fill my garden-rows with ſacred fruits!
I ſaw the liſtening maids attend thy voice,
And in their liſtening ſaw their eyes rejoice;
A due ſucceſs thy words of comfort met,
Now turn to me—'tis I would hear thee yet.
Say, dove, and ſpotleſs, for I muſt away,
Say, ſpouſe, and ſiſter, all you wiſh to ſay.
He ſpake; the place was bright with lambent fire,
(But what is brightneſs, if the Chriſt retire?)
Gold-bordering purple mark'd his road in air,
And kneeling all, the ſpouſe addreſs'd the prayer:
Deſire of nations! if thou muſt be gone,
Accept our wiſhes, all compriz'd in one;
We wait thine advent! Oh, we long to ſee
I, and my ſiſter, both as one, in thee.
Then leave thy heaven, and come and dwell below;
Why ſaid I leave?—'tis heaven where-e'er you go.

Haſte, my belov'd, thy promiſe haſte to crown,
The form thou'lt honour waits thy coming down;
Nor let ſuch ſwiftneſs in the roes be ſhown
To ſave themſelves, as thine to ſave thine own.
Haſte, like the nimbleſt harts, that lightly bound
Before the ſtretches of the ſwifteſt hound;
With reaching feet devour a level way,
Acroſs their backs their branching antlers lay,
In the cool dews their bending body ply,
And bruſh the ſpicy mountains as they fly.

JONAH.

THUS ſung the king—Some angel reach a bough
From Eden's tree to crown the wiſeſt brow.
And now, thou faireſt garden ever made,
Broad banks of ſpices, bloſſom'd walks of ſhade,
O Lebanon! where much I love to dwell,
Since I muſt leave thee, Lebanon, farewell!
Swift from my ſoul the fair idea flies,
A wilder ſight the changing ſcene ſupplies;
Wide ſeas come rolling to my future page,
And ſtorms ſtand ready, when I call, to rage.
Then go where Joppa crowns the winding ſhore,
The prophet Jonah juſt arrives before;
He ſees a ſhip unmooring, ſoft the gales,
He pays, and enters, and the veſſel ſails.
Ah, wouldſt thou fly thy God? raſh man, forbear.
What land ſo diſtant but thy God is there?

Weak reaſon, ceaſe thy voice.—They run the deep,
And the tir'd Prophet lays his limbs to ſleep.
Here God ſpeaks louder, ſends a ſtorm to ſea,
The clouds remove to give the vengeance way;
Strong blaſts come whiſtling, by degrees they roar,
And ſhove big ſurges tumbling on to ſhore;
The veſſel bounds, then rolls, and every blaſt
Works hard to tear her by the groaning maſt;
The ſailors, doubling all their ſhouts and cares,
Furl the white canvas, and caſt forth the wares;
Each ſeek the God their native regions own,
In vain they ſeek them, for thoſe Gods were none.
Yet Jonah ſlept the while, who ſolely knew,
In all that number, where to find the true.
To whom the pilot: Sleeper, riſe and pray,
Our Gods are deaf; may thine do more than they!

But thus the reſt: Perhaps we waft a foe
To heaven itſelf, and that's our cauſe of woe;
Let's ſeek by lots, if heaven be pleas'd to tell;
And what they ſought by lots, on Jonah fell:
Then, whence he came, and who, and what, and why
Thus rag'd the tempeſt, all confus'dly cry;
Each preſs'd in haſte to get his queſtion heard,
When Jonah ſtops them with a grave regard.

An Hebrew man, you ſee, who God revere,
He made this world, and makes this world his care;
His the whirl'd ſky, theſe waves that lift their head,
And his yon land, on which you long to tread.
He charg'd me late, to Nineveh repair,
And to their face denounce his ſentence there:

Go, said the vision, Prophet, preach to all,
Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall.
But well I knew him gracious to forgive,
And much my zeal abhorr'd the bad should live;
And if they turn, they live; then what were I
But some false Prophet, when they fail to die?
Or what, I fancied, had the Gentiles too
With Hebrew prophets, and their God, to do?
Drawn by the wilful thoughts, my soil I run,
I fled his presence, and the work's undone.

The storm increases as the Prophet speaks,
O'er the tost ship a foaming billow breaks;
She rises pendant on the lifted waves,
And thence descries a thousand watery graves;
Then, downward rushing, watery mountains hide
Her hulk beneath, in deaths on every side.
O, cry the sailors all, thy fact was ill,
Yet, if a Prophet, speak thy master's will;
What part is ours with thee? can aught remain
To bring the blessings of a calm again?

Then Jonah: Mine's the death will best atone
(And God is pleas'd that I pronounce my own);
Arise, and cast me forth, the wind will cease,
The sea subsiding wear the looks of peace,
And you securely steer. For well I see
Myself the criminal, the storm for me.

Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,
And awe resulting from a Prophet's name;
Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die;
Fear pleads against him, lest they power defy:

If then to aid the flight abets the sin,
They think to land him where they took him in.
Perhaps, to quit the cause, might end the woe,
And, God appeasing, let the vessel go.
For this they fix their oars, and strike the main;
But God withstands them, and they strike in vain.
The storm increases more with want of light,
Low blackening clouds involve the ship in night;
Thick battering rains fly through the driving skies,
Loud thunder bellows, darted lightning flies;
A dreadful picture night-born horror drew,
And his, or their's, or both their fates, they view.
Then thus to God they cry: Almighty power,
Whom we ne'er knew till this despairing hour,
From this devoted blood thy servants free,
To us he's innocent, if so to thee;
In all the past we see thy wond'rous hand,
And that he perish, think it thy command.
This prayer perform'd, they cast the Prophet o'er;
A surge receives him, and he mounts no more;
Then still's the thunder, cease the flames of blue,
The rains abated, and the winds withdrew;
The clouds ride off, and, as they march away,
Through every breaking shoots a chearful day;
The sea, which rag'd so loud, accepts the prize,
A while it rolls, then all the tempest dies;
By gradual sinking, flat the surface grows,
And safe the vessel with the sailors goes.
The Lion thus, that bounds the fences o'er,
And makes the mountain-echoes learn to roar,

If on the lawn a branching deer he rend,
Then falls his hunger, all his roarings end;
Murmuring a while, to reſt his limbs he lays,
And the freed lawn enjoys its herd at eaſe.

Bleſs'd with the ſudden calm, the ſailors own
That wretched Jonah worſhip'd right alone;
Then make their vows, the victim ſheep prepare,
Bemoan the Prophet, and the God revere.

Now, though you fear to loſe the power to breathe,
Now, though you tremble, Fancy, dive beneath;
What worlds of wonders in the deep are ſeen!
But this the greateſt—Jonah lives within!
The man who fondly fled the Maker's view,
Strange as the crime, has found a dungeon too.
God ſent a monſter of the frothing ſea,
Fit, by the bulk, to gorge the living prey,
And lodge him ſtill alive; this hulk receives
The falling Prophet, as he daſh'd the waves.
There, newly wak'd from fancied death, he lies,
And oft again in apprehenſion dies:
While three long days and nights, depriv'd of ſleep,
He turn'd and toſs'd him up and down the deep,
He thinks the judgment of the ſtrangeſt kind,
And much he wonders what the Lord deſign'd;
Yet, ſince he lives, the gift of life he weighs,
That 's time for prayer, and thus a ground for praiſe;
From the dark entrails of the whale to thee,
(This new contrivance of a hell to me)
To thee, my God, I cry'd; my full diſtreſs
Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my ſoul redreſs.

Caſt to the deep I fell, by thy command,
Caſt in the midſt, beyond the reach of land;
Then to the midſt brought down, the ſeas abide
Beneath my feet, the ſeas on every ſide;
In ſtorms the billow, and in calms the wave,
Are moving coverings to my wandering grave.
Forc'd by deſpair, I cry'd, How to my coſt
I fled thy preſence, Oh, for ever loſt!
But hope revives my ſoul, and makes me ſay,
Yet tow'rds thy temple ſhall I turn and pray;
Or, if I know not here where Salem lies,
Thy temple's heaven, and faith has inward eyes.
Alas! the waters, which my whale ſurround,
Have through my ſorrowing ſoul a paſſage found;
And now the dungeon moves, new depths I try,
New thoughts of danger all his paths ſupply.
The laſt of deeps affords the laſt of dread,
And wraps its funeral weeds around my head:
Now o'er the ſand his rollings ſeem to go,
Where the big mountains root their baſe below;
And now to rocks and clefts their courſe they take,
Earth's endleſs bars, too ſtrong for me to break;
Yet, from th' abyſs, my God! thy grace divine
Hath call'd him upward, and my life is mine.
Still, as I toſs'd, I ſcarce retain'd my breath,
My ſoul was ſick within, and faint to death.
'Twas then I thought of thee, for pity pray'd,
And to thy temple flew the prayers I made.
The men, whom lying vanity enſnares,
Forſake thy mercy, that which might be theirs.

But I will pay—my God! my King! receive
The ſolemn vows my full affection gave,
When in thy temple, for a pſalm, I ſing
Salvation only from my God, my king.

Thus ends the Prophet; firſt from Canaan ſent,
To let the Gentiles know they muſt repent:
God hears, and ſpeaks; the Whale, at God's command,
Heaves to the light, and caſts him forth to land.

With long fatigue, with unexpected eaſe,
Oppreſs'd a while, he lies aſide the ſeas;
His eyes, though glad, in ſtrange aſtoniſh'd way
Stare at the golden front of chearful day;
Then, ſlowly rais'd, he ſees the wonder plain,
And what he pray'd, he wrote, to ſing again.

The ſong recorded brings his vow to mind;
He muſt be thankful, for the Lord was kind;
Strait to the work he ſhunn'd he flies in haſte
(That ſeems his vow, or ſeems a part at leaſt);
Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd to all,
Yet forty days, and Nineveh ſhall fall.
Fear ſeiz'd the Gentiles, Nineveh believes;
All faſt with penitence, and God forgives.

Nor yet of uſe the Prophet's ſuffering fails,
Hell's deep black boſom more than ſhews the Whale's,
But ſome reſemblance brings a type to view,
The place was dark, the time proportion'd too.
A race, the Saviour cries, a ſinful race,
Tempts for a ſign the powers of heavenly grace,
And let them take the ſign: as Jonah lay,
Three days and nights within the fiſh of prey;

So ſhall the Son of Man deſcend below,
Earth's opening entrails ſhall retain him ſo.

My ſoul, now ſeek the ſong, and find me there
What Heaven has ſhewn thee to repel deſpair;
See, where from Hell ſhe breaks the crumbling ground,
Her hairs ſtand upright, and they ſtare around;
Her horrid front deep-trenching wrinkles trace,
Lean ſharpening looks deform her livid face;
Bent lie the brows, and at the bend below,
With fire and blood two wandering eye-balls glow;
Fill'd are her arms with numerous aids to kill,
And God ſhe fancies but the judge of ill.
Oh, fair-ey'd Hope! thou ſee'ſt the paſſion nigh,
Daughter of Promiſe, Oh forbear to fly!
Aſſurance holds thee, Fear would have thee go,
Cloſe thy blue wings, and ſtand thy deadly foe;
The Judge of Ill is ſtill the Lord of Grace,
As ſuch behold him in the Prophet's caſe,
Caſt to be drown'd, devour'd within the ſea,
Sunk to the deep, and yet reſtor'd to day.

Oh, love the Lord, my ſoul, whoſe parent care
So rules the world he puniſhes to ſpare.
If heavy grief my downcaſt heart oppreſs,
My body danger, or my ſtate diſtreſs,
With low ſubmiſſion in thy temper bow,
Like Jonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow;
With hopes of comfort kiſs the chaſtening rod,
And, ſhunning mad deſpair, repoſe in God;
Then, whatſoe'er the Prophet's vow deſign,
Repentance, Thanks, and Charity, be mine.

HEZEKIAH.

FROM the bleak beach, and broad expanſe of ſea,
To lofty Salem, Thought, direct thy way;
Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,
And end thy flight when Hezekiah reigns.

How ſwiftly Thought has paſs'd from land to land,
And quite out-run Time's meaſuring-glaſs of ſand!
Great Salem's walls appear, and I reſort
To view the ſtate of Hezekiah's court.

Well may that king a pious verſe inſpire,
Who cleans'd the temple, who reviv'd the choir,
Pleas'd with the ſervice David fix'd before,
That heavenly muſic might on earth adore.
Deep-rob'd in white, he made the Levites ſtand
With cymbals, harps, and pſalteries in their hand;
He gave the prieſts their trumpets, prompt to raiſe
The tuneful ſoul, by force of ſound, to praiſe.
A ſkilful maſter for the ſong he choſe,
The ſongs were David's theſe, and Aſaph's thoſe;
Then burns their offering, all around rejoice,
Each tunes his inſtrument to join the voice;
The trumpets ſounded, and the fingers ſung,
The people worſhipp'd, and the temple rung.
Each, while the victim burns, preſents his heart,
Then the prieſt bleſſes, and the people part.

Hail! ſacred Muſic! ſince you know to draw
The ſoul to heaven, the ſpirit to the law,

I come to prove thy force, thy warbling ſtring
May tune my ſoul to write what others ſing.

But is this Salem? this the promis'd bliſs,
Theſe ſighs and groans? what means the realm by this?
What ſolemn ſorrow dwells in every ſtreet?
What fear confounds the downcaſt looks I meet?
Alas! the king! whole nations ſink with woe,
When righteous kings are ſummon'd hence to go;
The king lies ſick; and thus, to ſpeak his doom,
The Prophet, grave Iſaiah, ſtalks the room:
Oh, Prince, thy ſervant, ſent from God, believe;
Set all in order, for thou canſt not live.
Solemn he ſaid, and ſighing left the place;
Deep prints of horror furrow'd every face;
Within their minds appear eternal glooms,
Black gaping marbles of their monarchs' tombs;
A king belov'd deceas'd, his offspring none,
And wars deſtructive, ere they fix the throne.
Strait to the wall he turn'd, with dark deſpair,
('Twas tow'rds the temple, or for private prayer,)
And thus to God the pious monarch ſpoke,
Who burn'd the groves, the brazen ſerpent broke:
Remember, Lord, with what a heart for right,
What care for truth, I walk'd within thy ſight.

'Twas thus with terror, prayers, and tears, he toſs'd,
When the mid-court the grave Iſaiah croſs'd,
Whom, in the cedar columns of the ſquare,
Meets a ſweet Angel, hung in glittering air.
Seiz'd with a trance, he ſtopp'd, before his eye
Clears a rais'd arch of viſionary ſky,

Where, as a minute paſs'd, the greater light
Purpling appear'd, and ſouth'd and ſet in night;
A moon ſucceeding leads the ſtarry train,
She glides, and ſinks her ſilver horns again:
A ſecond fancied morning drives the ſhades,
Clos'd by the dark, the ſecond evening fades;
The third bright dawn awakes, and ſtrait he ſees
The temple riſe, the monarch on his knees.
Pleas'd with the ſcene, his inward thoughts rejoice,
When thus the Guardian Angel form'd a voice:
Now tow'rds the captain of my people go,
And, Seer, relate him what thy viſions ſhow;
The Lord has heard his words, and ſeen his tears,
And through fifteen extends his future years.

Here, to the room prepar'd with diſmal black,
The Prophet turning, brought the comfort back.
Oh, monarch, hail, he cry'd; thy words are heard,
Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard;
God gives thee fifteen years, when thrice a day
Shews the round ſun, within the temple pray.

When thrice the day! ſurpriz'd, the monarch cries,
When thrice the ſun! what power have I to riſe!
But, if thy comfort 's human or divine,
'T is ſhort to prove it—give thy prince a ſign.

Behold, the Prophet cry'd (and ſtretch'd his hands),
Againſt yon lattice, where the dial ſtands;
Now ſhall the ſun a backward journey go
Through ten drawn lines, or leap to ten below.
'T is eaſier poſting Nature's airy track,
Replies the monarch: let the ſun go back.

Attentive here he gaz'd, the Prophet pray'd,
Back went the ſun, and back purſued the ſhade.
Chear'd by the ſign, and by the Prophet heal'd,
What ſacred thanks his gratitude reveal'd!
As ſickly ſwallows, when a ſummer ends,
Who miſs'd the paſſage with their flying friends,
Take to a wall, there lean the languid head,
While all who find them think the ſleepers dead;
If yet their warmth new days of ſummer bring,
They wake, and joyful flutter up to ſing:
So far'd the monarch, ſick to death he lay,
His court deſpair'd, and watch'd the laſt decay;
At length new favour ſhines, new life he gains,
And rais'd he ſings; 'tis thus the ſong remains:
I ſaid, my God, when in the loath'd diſeaſe
Thy Prophet's words cut off my future days,
Now to the grave, with mournful haſte, I go,
Now death unbars his ſable gates below.
How might my years by courſe of nature laſt!
But thou pronounc'd it, and the proſpect paſs'd.
I ſaid, My God, thy ſervant now no more
Shall in thy temple's ſacred courts adore;
No more on earth with living man converſe,
Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable hearſe.
My life, like tents which wandering ſhepherds raiſe,
Proves a ſhort dwelling, and removes at eaſe.
My ſins purſue me; ſee the deadly band!
My God, who ſees them, cuts me from the land;
As when a weaver finds his labour ſped,
Swift from the beam he parts the faſtening thread.

With pining ſickneſs all from night to day,
From day to night, he makes my ſtrength decay:
Reckoning the time, I roll with reſtleſs groans,
Till, with a lion's force, he cruſh my bones;
New morning dawns, but, like the morning paſt,
'Tis day, 'tis night, and ſtill my ſorrows laſt.
Now, ſcreaming like the crane, my words I ſpoke,
Now, like the ſwallow, chattering quick, and broke;
Now, like the doleful dove, when on the plains
Her mourning tone affects the liſtening ſwains.
To heaven, for aid, my wearying eyes I throw,
At length they're weary'd quite, and ſink with woe.
From Death's arreſt, for ſome delays, I ſue;
Thou, Lord, who judg'd me, thou reprieve me, too.

Rapture of joy! what can thy ſervant ſay?
He ſent his Prophet to prolong my day;
Through my glad limbs I feel the wonder run,
Thus ſaid the Lord, and this Himſelf has done.
Soft ſhall I walk, and, well ſecur'd from fears,
Poſſeſs the comforts of my future years.
Keep ſoft, my heart, keep humble, while they roll,
Nor e'er forget my bitterneſs of ſoul.
'Tis by the means thy ſacred words ſupply,
That mankind live, but in peculiar I;
A ſecond grant thy mercy pleas'd to give,
And my rais'd ſpirits doubly ſeem to live.
Behold the time! when peace adorn'd my reign,
'Twas then I felt my ſtroke of humbling pain;
Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to ſink,
God lov'd my ſoul, and ſnatch'd me from the brink.

He turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,
As men who paſs accounts, and caſt them by.
What mouth has death, which can thy praiſe proclaim?
What tongue the grave, to ſpeak thy glorious name?
Or will the ſenſeleſs dead exult with mirth,
Mov'd to their hope by promiſes on earth?
The living, Lord, the living only praiſe,
The living only fit to ſing thy lays:
Theſe feel thy favours, theſe thy temple ſee;
Theſe raiſe the ſong, as I this day to thee.
Nor will thy truth the preſent only reach,
This the good fathers ſhall their offspring teach;
Report the bleſſings which adorn my page,
And hand their own, with mine, from age to age.
So, when the Maker heard his creature crave,
So kindly roſe his ready Will to ſave,
Then march we ſolemn tow'rds the temple-door,
While all our joyful muſic ſounds before;
There, on this day, through all my life appear,
When this comes round in each returning year;
There ſtrike the ſtrings, our voices jointly raiſe,
And let his dwellings hear my ſongs of praiſe.
Thus wrote the monarch, and I 'll think the lay
Deſign'd for public, when he went to pray;
I 'll think the perfect compoſition runs,
Perform'd by Heman's or Jeduthun's ſons.
Then, ſince the time arrives the Seer foretold,
And the third morning rolls an orb of gold,
With thankful zeal, recover'd Prince, prepare
To lead thy nation to the dome of prayer.

My fancy takes her chariot once again,
Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train;
She ſees the ſingers reach Moriah's hill,
The minſtrels follow, then the porches fill;
She wakes the numerous inſtruments of art,
That each perform its own adapted part;
Seeks airs expreſſive of thy grateful ſtrains,
And, liſtening, hears the vary'd tune ſhe feigns.

From a grave pitch, to ſpeak the monarch's woe,
The notes flow down, and deeply ſound below;
All long-continuing, while depriv'd of eaſe
He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.
Here intermix'd with diſcord, when the crane
Screams in the notes, through ſharper ſenſe of pain;
There, run with deſcant on, and taught to ſhake,
When pangs repeated force the voice to break:
Now like the dove they murmur, till in ſighs
They fall, and languiſh with the failing eyes:
Then ſlowly ſlackening, to ſurprize the more,
From a dead pauſe his exclamations ſoar,
To meet briſk health the notes aſcending fly,
Live with the living, and exult on high:
Yet ſtill diſtinct in parts the muſic plays,
Till prince and people both are call'd to praiſe;
Then all, uniting, ſtrongly ſtrike the ſtring,
Put forth their utmoſt breath, and loudly ſing;
The wide-ſpread chorus fills the ſacred ground,
And holy tranſport ſcales the clouds with ſound.

Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice
Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.

This ſtory known, the learn'd Chaldeans came,
Drawn by the ſign obſerv'd, or mov'd by fame;
Theſe aſk the fact for Hezekiah done,
And much they wonder at their God the ſun,
That thrice he drove, through one extent of day,
His gold-ſhod horſes in etherial way:
Then vainly ground their gueſs on nature's laws;
The ſoundeſt knowledge owns a greater cauſe.

Faith knows the fact tranſcends, and bids me find
What help for practice here incites the mind:
Strait to the ſong, the thankful ſong, I move;
May ſuch the voice of every creature prove!
If every creature meets its ſhare of woe,
And for kind reſcues every creature owe,
In public ſo thy Maker's praiſe proclaim,
Nor what you begg'd with tears, conceal with ſhame.

'T is there the miniſtry thy name repeat,
And tell what mercies were vouchſaf'd of late;
Then joins the church, and begs, through all our days,
Not only with our lips, but lives, to praiſe.

'T is there our Sovereigns, for a ſignal day
The feaſt proclaim'd, their ſignal thanks repay.
O'er the long ſtreets we ſee the chariots wheel,
And, following, think of Hezekiah ſtill.
In the bleſs'd dome we meet the white-rob'd choir,
In whoſe ſweet notes our raviſh'd ſouls aſpire;
Side anſwering ſide, we hear, and bear a part,
All warm'd with language from the grateful heart;
Or raiſe the ſong, where meeting keys rejoice,
And teach the baſe to wed the treble voice;

Art's ſoftening echoes in the muſic ſound,
And, anſwering nature's, from the roof rebound.
Here cloſe my verſe, the ſervice aſks no more,
Bleſs thy good God, and give the tranſport o'er.

HABAKKUK.

NOW leave the porch, to viſion now retreat,
Where the next rapture glows with varying heat;
Now change the time, and change the temple-ſcene,
The following Seer forewarns a future reign.
To ſome retirement, where the Prophets' ſons
Indulge their holy flight, my fancy runs;
Some ſacred college, built for praiſe and prayer,
And heavenly dream, ſhe ſeeks Habakkuk there.
Perhaps 't is there he moans the nation's ſin,
Hears the word come, or feels the fit within;
Or ſees the viſion, fram'd with angels' hands,
And dreads the judgments of revolted lands;
Or holds a converſe, if the Lord appear,
And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear.
This deep receſs portends an act of weight,
A meſſage labouring with the work of fate.
Methinks the ſkies have loſt their lovely blue,
A ſtorm rides fiery, thick the clouds enſue.
Fall'n to the ground, with proſtrate face I lie:
Oh! 't were the ſame in this to gaze and die!
But hark the Prophet's voice; My prayers complain
Of labour ſpent, of preaching urg'd in vain.

And muſt, my God, thy ſorrowing ſervant ſtill
Quit my lone joys, to walk this world of ill?
Where ſpoiling rages, ſtrife and wrong command,
And the ſlack'd laws no longer curb the land?
At this a ſtrange and more than human ſound
Thus breaks the cloud, and daunts the trembling ground.
Behold, ye Gentiles; wondering all behold,
What ſcarce ye credit, though the work be told;
For, lo, the proud Chaldean troops I raiſe,
To march the breadth, and all the region ſeize;
Fierce as the prowling wolves, at cloſe of day,
And ſwift as eagles in purſuit of prey.
As eaſtern winds to blaſt the ſeaſon blow,
For blood and rapine flies the dreadful foe;
Leads the ſad captives, countleſs as the ſand,
Derides the princes, and deſtroys the land.
Yet theſe, triumphant grown, offend me more,
And only thank the gods they choſe before.
Art thou not holieſt, here the prophet cries;
Supreme, Eternal, of the pureſt eyes?
And ſhall thoſe eyes the wicked realms regard,
Their crimes be great, yet victory their reward?
Shall theſe ſtill ravage more and more to reign,
Draw the full net, and caſt to fill again?
As watch-men ſilent ſit, I wait to ſee
How ſolves my doubt, what ſpeaks the Lord to me.
Then go, the Lord replies, ſuſpend thy fears,
And write the viſion for a term of years:
Thy foes will feel their turn when thoſe are paſt,
Wait, though it tarry; ſure it comes at laſt.

'T is for their rapine, luſts, and thirſt of blood,
And all their unprotecting gods of wood,
The Lord is preſent on his ſacred hill,
Ceaſe thy weak doubts, and let the world be ſtill.
Here terror leaves me; with exalted head,
I breathe fine air, and find the viſion fled;
The Seer withdrawn, inſpir'd, and urg'd to write,
By the warm influence of the ſacred ſight.
His writing finiſh'd, Prophet-like array'd,
He brings the burden on the region laid;
His hands a tablet and a volume bear,
The tablet threatenings, and the volume prayer;
Both for the temple, where, to ſhun decay,
Enroll'd the works of inſpiration lay.
And awful, oft he ſtops, or marches ſlow,
While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.
Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,
He fix'd his table on the ſacred wall.
'T was large inſcrib'd, that thoſe who run might read:
"Habakkuk's burden, by the Lord decreed;
"For Judah's ſins her empire is no more,
"The fierce Chaldeans bathe her realm in gore."
Next to the prieſt his volume he reſign'd,
'T was prayer, with praiſes mix'd, to raiſe the mind;
'T was facts recounted, which their fathers knew,
'T was power in wonders manifeſt to view;
'T was comfort, rais'd on love already paſt,
And hope, that former love returns at laſt.
The prieſts within the prophecy convey'd,
The ſingers' tunes to join his anthem made.

Hear, and attend the words: and, holy Thou
That help'd the Prophet, help the Poet now.
O, Lord, who rul'ſt the world, with mortal ear
I've heard thy judgments, and I ſhake for fear.
O, Lord, by whom their number'd years we find,
Ev'n in the midſt receive the drooping mind;
Ev'n in the midſt thou canſt—then make it known,
Thy love, thy will, thy power, to ſave thine own.
Remember mercy, though thine anger burn,
And ſoon to Salem bid thy flock return.
O, Lord, who gav'ſt it with an outſtretch'd hand,
We well remember how thou gav'ſt the land.
God came from Teman, ſouthward ſprung the flame,
From Paron-mount the one that's Holy came;
A glittering glory made the deſert blaze,
High heaven was cover'd, earth was fill'd with praiſe.
Dazzling the brightneſs, not the ſun ſo bright,
'T was here the pure ſubſtantial Fount of Light;
Shot from his hand and ſide in golden ſtreams,
Came forward effluent horny-pointed beams:
Thus ſhone his coming, as ſublimely fair
As bounded nature has been fram'd to bear;
But all his further marks of grandeur hid,
Nor what he could was known, but what he did.
Dire plagues before him ran at his command,
To waſte the nations in the promis'd land.
A ſcorching flame went forth where'er he trod,
And burning fevers were the coals of God.
Fix'd on the mount he ſtood, his meaſuring reed
Marks the rich realms for Jacob's ſeed decreed:

He looks with anger, and the nations fly
From the fierce ſparklings of his dreadful eye;
He turns, the mountain ſhakes its awful brow;
Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.
How glory there, how terror here, diſplays
His great unknown, yet everlaſting ways!

I ſee the ſable tents along the ſtrand
Where Cuſhan wander'd, deſolately ſtand;
And Midian's high pavilions ſhake with dread,
While the tam'd ſeas thy reſcued nation tread.
What burſt the path? what made the Lord engage?
Could waters anger, ſeas incite thy rage,
That thus thine horſes force the foaming tide,
And all the chariots of ſalvation ride?
Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy ſwore;
Thoſe oaths, that promiſe, Iſrael had before.

The rock that felt thee cleav'd, the rivers flow,
The wondering deſert lends them beds below.
Thy might the mountain's heaving ſhocks confeſs'd,
High ſhatter'd Horeb trembled o'er the reſt.
Great Jordan paſs'd its nether waters by,
Its upper waters rais'd the voice on high:
Safe in the deep we went, the liquid wall
Curling aroſe, and had no leave to fall.
The ſun effulgent, and the moon ſerene,
Stopt by thy will, their heavenly courſe refrain:
The voice was man's, yet both the voice obey,
Till wars completed cloſe the lengthen'd day.
Thy glittering ſpears, thy rattling darts prevail,
Thy ſpears of lightning, and thy darts of hail.

'T was thou that march'd againſt their heathen band,
Rage in thy viſage, and thy flail in hand;
'T was thou that went before to wound their head,
The captain follow'd where the Saviour led:
Torn from their earth, they feel the deſperate wound,
And power unfounded fails for want of ground.
With village-war thy tribes, where'er they go,
Diſtreſs the remnant of the ſcatter'd foe;
Yet mad they ruſh'd, as whirling wind deſcends,
And deem'd for friendleſs thoſe the Lord befriends.
Thy trampling horſe from ſea to ſea ſubdue,
The bounding ocean left no more to do.

O, when I heard what thou vouchſaf'ſt to win,
With works of wonder muſt be loſt for ſin;
I quak'd through fear, the voice forſook my tongue,
Or, at my lips, with quivering accent hung;
Dry leanneſs entering to my marrow came,
And every looſening nerve unſtrung my frame.
How ſhall I reſt, in what protecting ſhade,
When the day comes, and hoſtile troops invade?

Though neither bloſſoms on the fig appear,
Nor vines with cluſters deck the purpling year;
Though all our labours olive-trees belie,
Though fields the ſubſtance of the bread deny;
Though flocks are ſever'd from the ſilent fold,
And the rais'd ſtalls no lowing cattle hold;
Yet ſhall my ſoul be glad, in God rejoice,
Yet to my Saviour will I lift my voice;
Yet to my Saviour ſtill my temper ſings,
What David ſet to inſtruments of ſtrings:

The Lord 's my ſtrength, like hinds he makes my feet,
Yon mount 's my refuge, I as ſafely fleet;
Or (if the ſong 's apply'd) he makes me ſtill
Expect returning to Moriah's hill.

In all this hymn what daring grandeur ſhines,
What darting glory rays among the lines:
What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and ſmokes are ſeen,
What ambient fires conceal the Lord within;
What working wonders give the promis'd place,
And load the conduct of a ſtubborn race!
In all the work a lively fancy flows,
O'er all the work ſincere affection glows:
While truth's firm rein the courſe of fancy guides,
And o'er affection zeal divine preſides.

Borne on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly
Amongſt eternal Attributes on high:
And here I touch at Love ſupremely fair,
And now at Power, anon at Mercy there;
So, like a warbling bird, my tunes I raiſe,
On thoſe green boughs the Tree of Life diſplays;
Whoſe twelve fair fruits, each month by turns receives,
And, for the nations' healing, ope their leaves.
Then be the nations heal'd, for this I ſing,
Deſcending ſoftly from the prophet's wing.

Thou, world, attend the caſe of Iſrael; ſee
'T will thus at large refer to God and thee,
If Love be ſhewn thee, turn thine eyes above,
And pay the duties relative to Love;
If Power be ſhewn, and wonderfully ſo,
Wonder and thank, adore, and bow below.

If Power that led thee, now no longer lead,
But brow-bent Juſtice draws the flaming blade;
When Love is ſcorn'd, when ſin the ſword provokes,
Let tears and prayers avert, or heal the ſtrokes;
If Juſtice leaves to wound, and thou to groan,
Beneath new lords, in countries not thine own,
Know this for Mercy's act, and let your lays,
Grateful in all, recount the cauſe of praiſe:
Then Love returns, and while no ſins divide
The firm alliance, power will ſhield thy ſide.
See the grand round of Providence's care,
See realms aſſiſted here, and puniſh'd there;
O'er the juſt circle caſt thy wondering eyes,
Thank while you gaze, and ſtudy to be wiſe.

HYMN FOR MORNING.

See the ſtar that leads the day,
Riſing, ſhoots a golden ray,
To make the ſhades of darkneſs go
From heaven above and earth below;
And warn us early with the ſight,
To leave the beds of ſilent night;
From an heart ſincere and ſound,
From its very deepeſt ground;
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the ſky.

See the time for ſleep has run,
Riſe before, or with the ſun:
Lift thy hands, and humbly pray,
The fountain of eternal day;
That, as the light ſerenely fair,
Illuſtrates all the tracts of air;
The Sacred Spirit ſo may reſt,
With quickening beams, upon thy breaſt;
And kindly clean it all within,
From darker blemiſhes of ſin;
And ſhine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care:
From the lap of night it ſprings,
With heaps of buſineſs on its wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows ſubmiſſively reſign'd;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a ſmall repaſt,
We break the ſober morning faſt;
Or in our thoughts and houſes lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our buſineſs, with induſtrious feet:
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory ſtill be kept in view.
O, giver of eternal bliſs,
Heavenly Father, grant me this;

Grant it all, as well as me,
All whoſe hearts are fix'd on thee;
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

HYMN FOR NOON.

THE ſun is ſwiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the ſouthern ſky;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
Father, alſo with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead deſire,
And make the ſacred love of thee,
Within my ſoul, a ſun to me.
Let it ſhine ſo fairly bright,
That nothing elſe be took for light;
That worldly charms be ſeen to fade,
And in its luſtre find a ſhade.
Let it ſtrongly ſhine within,
To ſcatter all the clouds of ſin,
That drive when guſts of paſſion riſe,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the ſun that lights the ſky:
Let it ſwiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there;
And ſoar, with more aſpiring flight,
To realms of everlaſting Light.

Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wiſh to live with thee;
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my ſoul I ſend my prayer,
Great Creator, bow thine ear;
Thou, for whoſe propitious ſway
The world was taught to ſee the day;
Who ſpake the word, and earth begun,
And ſhew'd its beauties in the ſun;
With pleaſure I thy creatures view,
And would, with good affection too;
Good affection ſweetly free,
Looſe from them, and move to thee;
O, teach me, due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live;
And then my days ſhall ſhine the more,
Or paſs more bleſſed than before.

HYMN FOR EVENING.

THE beam-repelling miſts ariſe,
And evening ſpreads obſcurer ſkies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itſelf be ſoon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the Lord of glory now,
To fill thy breaſt, or deadly ſin
May cauſe a blinder night within.

And whether pleaſing vapours riſe,
Which gently dim the cloſing eyes;
Which make the weary members bleſs'd,
With ſweet refreſhment in their reſt;
Or whether ſpirits in the brain
Diſpel their ſoft embrace again;
And on my watchful bed I ſtay,
Forſook by ſleep, and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forſake me too;
But ſtill as day concludes in night,
To break again with new-born light;
His wondrous bounty let me find,
With ſtill a more enlighten'd mind;
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me;
Grace that will from heaven inſpire,
Love that ſeals it in deſire;
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with encreaſing flames.
Thou that haſt thy palace far
Above the moon and every ſtar,
Thou that ſitteſt on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice and make me bleſs'd,
By kindly granting its requeſt.
If thoughts on thee my ſoul employ,
My darkneſs will afford me joy,
Till thou ſhalt call, and I ſhall ſoar,
And part with darkneſs evermore.

THE SOUL IN SORROW.

WITH kind compaſſion hear me cry,
O, Jeſu, Lord of Life, on high!
As when the ſummer's ſeaſons beat,
With ſcorching flame and parching heat:
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirſty gaps in earth are made:
My thoughts of comfort languiſh ſo,
And ſo my ſoul is broke by woe.
Then on thy ſervant's drooping head
Thy dews of bleſſing ſweetly ſhed;
Let thoſe a quick refreſhment give,
And raiſe my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger, while I breathe,
My dread of endleſs hell beneath:
My ſenſe of ſorrow for my ſin,
To ſpringing comfort, change within;
Change all my ſad complaints for eaſe,
To chearful notes of endleſs praiſe;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But ſuch as owe their birth to joy:
Joy tranſporting, ſweet, and ſtrong,
Fit to fill and raiſe my ſong;
Joy that ſhall reſounded be,
While days and nights ſucceed for me:
Be not as a Judge ſevere,
For ſo thy preſence who may bear?

On all my words and actions look,
(I know they 're written in thy book;)
But then regard my mournful cry,
And look with Mercy's gracious eye;
What needs my blood, since thine will do,
To pay the debt to Justice due?
O, tender Mercy's art divine!
Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine!
Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful smart,
Allay the bleedings of my heart:
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
Restores my soul to life again.
Guide me then, for here I burn,
To make my Saviour some return.
I 'll rise (if that will please him, still,
And sure I 've heard him own it will);
I 'll trace his steps, and bear my cross,
Despising every grief and loss;
Since he, despising pain and shame,
First took up his, and did the same.

THE HAPPY MAN.

How bless'd the man, how fully so,
As far as man is bless'd below,
Who, taking up his cross, essays
To follow Jesus all his days;
With resolution to obey,
And steps enlarging in his way.

The Father of the ſaints above
Adopts him with a father's love,
And makes his boſom throughly ſhine
With wondrous ſtores of grace divine;
Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
That will his ſoul above employ;
Full joy, that, when his time is done,
Becomes his portion as a ſon.
Ah me! the ſweet infus'd deſires,
The fervid wiſhes, holy fires,
Which thus a melted heart refine,
Such are his, and ſuch be mine.
From hence deſpiſing all beſides
That earth reveals, or ocean hides;
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he ſets his eyes.
From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his ſafety ſprings,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the ſtreams of comfort flow.

He calls his Saviour King above,
Lord of mercy, Lord of love;
And finds a kingly care defend,
And mercy ſmile, and love deſcend,
To chear, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze:
And though the wicked earth diſplay
Its terrors in their fierce array;
Or gape ſo wide that horror ſhows
Its hell replete with endleſs woes;

Such ſuccour keeps him clear of ill,
Still firm to good, and dauntleſs ſtill.
So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
A rock amidſt an ocean ſtands;
So bears, without a trembling dread,
The tempeſt beating round its head;
And with its ſide repels the wave,
Whoſe hollow ſeems a coming grave:
The ſkies, the deeps, are heard to roar;
The rock ſtands ſettled as before.

I, all with whom he has to do,
Admire the life which bleſſes you,
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
Without a bye deſigning end;
Its knowing real intereſt lies
On the bright ſide of yonder ſkies,
Where, having made a title fair,
It mounts, and leaves the world to care.
While he that ſeeks for pleaſing days,
In earthly joys and evil ways,
Is but the fool of toil or fame,
(Though happy be the ſpacious name)
And made by wealth, which makes him great,
A more conſpicuous wretch of ſtate.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

How long, ye miſerable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the paſſions make their flight
At empty ſhadows of delight.
No more in paths of error ſtray,
The Lord thy Jeſus is the way,
The ſpring of happineſs, and where
Should men ſeek happineſs but there!
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldneſs, run with ſpeed,
For he forſook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aſide his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirſt and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itſelf below;
And he, that ſuffer'd theſe alone
For all the world, deſpiſes none.
To bid the ſoul, that's ſick, be clean,
To bring the loſt to life again;
To comfort thoſe that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodneſs ſtill.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only ſon,
So kind a love his mercies ſhow,
So kind and more extremely ſo.

Thrice happy men! (or find a phraſe
That ſpeaks your bliſs with greater praiſe)
Who moſt obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleaſures, leaving all,
With heart, with ſoul, with ſtrength incline,
O ſweeteſt Jeſu! to be thine.
Who know thy will, obſerve thy ways,
And in thy ſervice ſpend their days:
Ev'n death, that ſeems to ſet them free,
But brings them cloſer ſtill to thee.

THE CONVERT's LOVE.

BLESSED light of ſaints on high,
Who fill the manſions of the ſky;
Sure defence, whoſe mercy ſtill
Preſerves thy ſubjects here from ill;
Oh, my Jeſus! make me know
How to pay the thanks I owe.

As the fond ſheep that idly ſtrays,
With wanton play, through winding ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till, wearied out with idle fear,
And paſſing there, and turning here,
He will, for reſt, to covert run,
And meet the wolf he wiſh'd to ſhun.
Thus wretched I, through wanton will,
Run blind and headlong on in ill:
'T was thus from ſin to ſin I flew,
And thus I might have periſh'd too;

But mercy dropt the likeneſs here,
And ſhew'd, and ſav'd me from my fear.
While o'er the darkneſs of my mind
The ſacred ſpirit purely ſhin'd,
And mark'd and brighten'd all the way
Which leads to everlaſting day;
And broke the thickening clouds of ſin,
And fix'd the light of love within.

From hence my raviſh'd ſoul aſpires,
And dates the riſe of its deſires.
From hence to thee, my God! I turn,
And fervent wiſhes ſay I burn;
I burn, thy glorious face to ſee,
And live in endleſs joy with thee.

There 's no ſuch ardent kind of flame
Between the lover and the dame;
Nor ſuch affection parents bear
To their young and only heir,
Though, join'd together, both conſpire,
And boaſt a doubled force of fire,
My tender heart, within its ſeat,
Diſſolves before the ſcorching heat;
As ſoftening wax is taught to run
Before the warmneſs of the ſun.

Oh, my flame, my pleaſing pain,
Burn and purify my ſtain,
Warm me, burn me, day by day,
Till you purge my earth away;
Till at the laſt I throughly ſhine,
And turn a torch of love divine.

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

PROPITIOUS Son of God, to thee,
With all my ſoul, I bend my knee;
My wiſh I ſend, my want impart,
And dedicate my mind and heart:
For, as an abſent parent's ſon,
Whoſe ſecond year is only run,
When no protecting friend is near,
Void of wit, and void of fear,
With things that hurt him fondly plays,
Or here he falls, or there he ſtrays;
So ſhould my ſoul's eternal guide,
The ſacred ſpirit be deny'd,
Thy ſervant ſoon the loſs would know,
And ſink in ſin, or run to woe.

O, ſpirit bountifully kind,
Warm, poſſeſs, and fill my mind;
Diſperſe my ſins with light divine,
And raiſe the flames of love with thine;
Before thy pleaſures rightly priz'd,
Let wealth and honour be deſpis'd;
And let the Father's glory be
More dear than life itſelf to me.

Sing of Jeſus! Virgins, ſing
Him, your everlaſting King!
Sing of Jeſus! chearful youth,
Him, the God of love and truth!

Write, and raiſe a ſong divine,
Or come and hear, and borrow mine.
Son eternal, word ſupreme,
Who made the univerſal frame,
Heaven, and all its ſhining ſhow,
Earth, and all it holds below:
Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
While we ſing thy praiſes here;
Son Eternal, ever-bleſs'd,
Reſting on the Father's breaſt,
Whoſe tender love for all provides,
Whoſe power over all preſides;
Bow with pity, bow thine ear;
While we ſing thy praiſes, hear!

Thou, by pity's ſoft extreme,
Mov'd, and won, and ſet on flame,
Aſſum'd the form of man, and fell
In pains, to reſcue man from hell;
How bright thine humble glories riſe,
And match the luſtre of the ſkies,
From death and hell's dejected ſtate
Ariſing, thou reſum'd thy ſeat,
And golden thrones of bliſs prepar'd
Above, to be thy ſaints' reward.

How bright thy glorious honours riſe,
And with new luſtre grace the ſkies!
For thee, the ſweet ſeraphic choir
Raiſe the voice, and tune the lyre,
And praiſes with harmonious ſound
Through all the higheſt heaven rebound.

O make our notes with theirs agree,
And bleſs the ſouls that ſing of thee!
To thee the churches here rejoice,
The ſolemn organs aid the voice:
To ſacred roofs the ſound we raiſe,
The ſacred roofs reſound thy praiſe:
And while our notes in one agree,
O! bleſs the church that ſings to thee!

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

THE morning opens, very freſhly gay,
And life itſelf is in the month of May.
With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er,
And flowerets with a thouſand colours more;
Then falls to weaving that, and ſpreading theſe,
And ſoftly ſhakes them with an eaſy breeze.
With golden fruit adorns the bending ſhade,
Or trails a ſilver water o'er its bed.
Glide, gentle water, ſtill more gently by,
While in this ſummer-bower of bliſs I lye,
And ſweetly ſing of ſenſe-delighting flames,
And nymphs and ſhepherds, ſoft invented names;
Or view the branches which around me twine,
And praiſe their fruit, diffuſing ſprightly wine;
Or find new pleaſures in the world to praiſe,
And ſtill with this return adorn my lays;
"Range round your gardens of eternal ſpring,
"Go, range my ſenſes, while I ſweetly ſing:"

In vain, in vain, alas! ſeduc'd by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will!
I tell my ſoul, it will be conſtant May,
And charm a ſeaſon never made to ſtay;
My beauteous arbour will not ſtand a ſtorm,
The world but promiſes, and can't perform:
Then fade, ye leaves; and wither, all ye flowers;
I'll doat no longer in enchanted bowers;
But ſadly mourn, in melancholy ſong,
The vain conceits that held my ſoul ſo long.
The luſts that tempt us with deluſive ſhow,
And ſin brought forth for everlaſting woe.
Thus ſhall the notes to Sorrow's object riſe,
While frequent reſts procure a place for ſighs;
And, as I moan upon the naked plain,
Be this the burthen cloſing every ſtrain:
Return, my ſenſes; range no more abroad;
He'll only find his bliſs who ſeeks for God.

EXTACY.

THE fleeting joys, which all affords below,
Work the fond heart with unperforming ſhow;
The wiſh that makes our happier life compleat,
Nor graſps the wealth nor honours of the great;
Nor looſely ſails on Pleaſure's eaſy ſtream,
Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of fame;
Weak man, whoſe charms to theſe alone confine,
Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.

From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
Make day that's endleſs, infinitely bright;
Thence, heavenly Father! thence with mercy dart
One beam of brightneſs to my longing heart.
Dawn through the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
And ſtill the rage in Paſſion's troubled ſea;
That the poor baniſh'd ſoul, ſerene and free,
May riſe from earth, to viſit heaven and thee:

Come, Peace divine! ſhed gently from above,
Inſpire my willing boſom, wondrous Love;
Thy purpled pinions to my ſhoulders tye,
And point the paſſage where I want to fly.

But whither, whither now! what powerful fire
With this bleſs'd influence equals my deſire?
I riſe (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns,
And acts in fancy ſuch enchanted ſcenes);
Earth leſſening flies, the parting ſkies retreat,
The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
And now the ſun and now the ſtars are gone,
Yet ſtill methinks the ſpirit bears me on,
Where tracts of æther purer blue diſplay,
And edge the golden realm of native day.

Oh, ſtrange enjoyment of a bliſs unſeen!
Oh, raviſhment! Oh, ſacred rage within!
Tumultuous pleaſure, rais'd on peace of mind,
Sincere, exceſſive, from the world refin'd!
I ſee the light that veils the throne on high,
A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
I hear the words, that iſſuing thence proclaim,
"Let God's attendants praiſe his awful name!"

Then heads unnumber'd bend before the ſhrine,
Myſterious ſeat of Majeſty divine!
And hands unnumber'd ſtrike the ſilver ſtring,
And tongues unnumber'd Hallelujah ſing.
See, where the ſhining Seraphims appear,
And ſink their decent eyes with holy fear.
See flights of angels all their feathers raiſe,
And range the orbs, and, as they range, they praiſe;
Behold the great Apoſtles! ſweetly met,
And high on pearls of azure æther ſet.
Behold the Prophets, full of heavenly fire,
With wandering finger wake the trembling lyre;
And hear the Martyrs' tune, and all around
The church triumphant makes the region ſound.
With harps of gold, with boughs of ever-green,
With robes of white, the pious throngs are ſeen;
Exalted anthems all their hours employ,
And all is muſic, and exceſs of joy.

Charm'd with the ſight, I long to bear a part;
The pleaſure flutters at my raviſh'd heart.
Sweet ſaints and angels of the heavenly choir,
If love has warm'd you with celeſtial fire,
Aſſiſt my words, and, as they move along,
With Hallelujahs crown the burthen'd ſong.

Father of all above, and all below,
O great, and far beyond expreſſion ſo;
No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power confine,
For power and knowledge in their ſource are thine;
Around thee glory ſpreads her golden wing:
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah ſing.

Son of the Father, firſt-begotten Son,
Ere the ſhort meaſuring line of time begun,
The world has ſeen thy works, and joy'd to ſee
The bright effulgence manifeſt in thee.
The world muſt own thee Love's unfathom'd ſpring;
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah ſing.
Proceeding Spirit, equally divine,
In whom the Godhead's full perfections ſhine,
With various graces, comforts unexpreſs'd,
With holy tranſports you refine the breaſt;
And earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring,
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah ſing.

But where's my rapture, where my wondrous heat,
What interruption makes my bliſs retreat?
This world's got in, the thoughts of t' other's croſt,
And the gay picture's in my fancy loſt.
With what an eager zeal the conſcious ſoul
Would claim its ſeat, and, ſoaring, paſs the pole!
But our attempts theſe chains of earth reſtrain,
Deride our toil, and drag us down again.
So from the ground aſpiring meteors go,
And, rank'd with planets, light the world below;
But their own bodies ſink them in the ſky,
When the warmth's gone that taught them how to fly.

ON DIVINE LOVE;

BY MEDITATING ON

THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

HOLY Jesus! God of Love!
Look with pity from above;
Shed the precious purple tide
From thine hands, thy feet, thy side;
Let thy streams of comfort roll,
Let them please and fill my soul.
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladness, full of thee.
This, for which my wishes pine,
Is the cup of love divine;
Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet, above the joys of sense;
Blessed philtre! how we find
Its sacred worships! how the mind,
Of all the world forgetful grown,
Can despise an earthly throne;
Raise its thoughts to realms above,
Think of God, and sing of love.

Love celestial, wondrous heat,
O, beyond expression great!
What resistless charms were thine,
In thy good, thy best design!

When God was hated, Sin obey'd,
And man undone without thy aid,
From the ſeats of endleſs peace
They brought the Son, the Lord of Grace;
They taught him to receive a birth,
To cloath in fleſh, to live on earth;
And after, lifted him on high,
And taught him on the croſs to die.

Love celeſtial, ardent fire,
O, extreme of ſweet deſire!
Spread thy brightly raging flame
Through and over all my frame;
Let it warm me, let it burn,
Let my corpſe to aſhes turn;
And, might thy flame thus act with me
To ſet the ſoul from body free,
I next would uſe thy wings, and fly
To meet my Jeſus in the ſky.

ON
QUEEN ANNE's PEACE.

(WRITTEN IN DECEMBER 1712.)

MOTHER of Plenty, daughter of the ſkies,
Sweet Peace, the troubled world's deſire, ariſe;
Around thy Poet weave thy ſummer ſhades,
Within my fancy ſpread thy flowery meads;

Amongſt thy train ſoft Eaſe and Pleaſure bring,
And thus indulgent ſooth me whilſt I ſing.

Great Anna claims the ſong; no brighter name
Adorns the liſt of never-dying fame;
No fairer ſoul was ever form'd above;
None e'er was more the grateful nation's love,
Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with ſpeed
To ſing ſuch lines as Bolingbroke may read,
On war diſpers'd, on faction trampled down,
On all the peaceful glories of the crown.
And, if I fail in too confin'd a flight,
May the kind world upon my labours write,
"So fell the lines which ſtrove for endleſs fame,
"Yet fell, attempting on the nobleſt theme."

Now twelve revolving years has Britain ſtood,
With loſs of wealth, and vaſt expence of blood,
Europa's guardian; ſtill her gallant arms
Secur'd Europa from impending harms.
Fair honour, full ſucceſs, and juſt applauſe,
Purſued her marches, and adorn'd her cauſe;
Whilſt Gaul, aſpiring to erect a throne
O'er other empires, trembled for her own;
Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies ſlain,
And ſunk the thought of univerſal reign.

When thus reduc'd the world's invaders lie,
The fears which rack'd the nations juſtly die:
Power finds its balance; giddy motions ceaſe
In both the ſcales, and each inclines to peace.
This fair occaſion Providence prepares,
To anſwer pious Anna's hourly prayers,

Which ſtill on warm Devotion's wings aroſe,
And, reaching heaven, obtain'd the world's repoſe.
Within the vaſt expanſion of the ſky,
Where orbs of gold in fields of azure lie,
A glorious palace ſhines, whoſe ſilver ray,
Serenely flowing, lights the milky way;
The road of angels. Here, with ſpeedy care,
The ſummon'd guardians of the world repair.
When Britain's Angel, on the meſſage ſent,
Speaks Anna's prayers, and Heaven's ſupreme intent;
That war's deſtructive arm ſhould humble Gaul,
Spain's parted realms to different monarchs fall;
The grand alliance crown'd with glory ceaſe,
And joyful Europe find the ſweets of peace.
He ſpoke: the ſmiling hopes of man's repoſe,
The joy that ſprings from certain hopes aroſe,
Diffuſive o'er the place; complacent airs,
Sedately ſweet, were heard within the ſpheres;
And, bowing, all adore the ſovereign mind,
And fly to execute the work deſign'd.
This done, the Guardian on the wing repairs,
Where Anna ſate, revolving public cares
With deep concern of thought. Unſeen he ſtood,
Preſenting peaceful images of good;
On Fancy's airy ſtage, returning Trade,
A ſunk Exchequer fill'd, an Army paid:
The fields with men, the men with plenty bleſs'd,
The towns with riches, and the world with reſt.
Such pleaſing objects on her boſom play,
And give the dawn of glory's golden day;

When all her labours at their harveſt ſhown
Shall, in her ſubjects' joy, complete her own.
Then breaking ſilence; 'T is enough, ſhe cries,
That War has rag'd to make the nations wiſe.
Heaven proſpers armies whilſt they fight to ſave,
And thirſt of further fame deſtroys the brave;
The vanquiſh'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live,
And but eſcap'd the chains they meant to give.
Now let the powers be ſtill'd, and each poſſeſs'd
Of what ſecures the common ſafety beſt.

So ſpake the Queen; then, fill'd with warmth divine,
She call'd her Oxford to the grand deſign;
Her Oxford, prudent in affairs of ſtate,
Profoundly thoughtful, manifeſtly great
In every turn, whoſe ſteady temper ſteers
Above the reach of gold, or ſhock of fears;
Whom no blind chance, but merit underſtood,
By frequent trials, power of doing good,
And will to execute, advanc'd on high:

Oh, ſoul created to deſerve the ſky!
And make the nation, crown'd with glory, ſee
How much it rais'd itſelf by raiſing thee!
Now let the ſchemes which labour in thy breaſt,
The long Alliance, crown'd with laſting reſt,
Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,
And fix the ſeparate intereſts of the cauſe!

Theſe toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,
A genius faſhion'd for the greateſt ends;
Whoſe ſtrong perception takes the ſwifteſt flight,
And yet its ſwiftneſs ne'er obſcures its ſight:

When ſchemes are fix'd, and each aſſign'd a part,
None ſerves his country with a nobler heart;
Juſt thoughts of honour all his mind control,
And expedition wings his lively ſoul.
On ſuch a Patriot to confer the truſt,
The Monarch knows it ſafe, as well as juſt.
Then next proceeding in her Agents' choice,
And ever pleas'd that worth obtains the voice,
She, from the voice of high-diſtinguiſh'd fames,
With pious Briſtol, gallant Strafford names:
One form'd to ſtand a Church's firm ſupport,
The other fitted to adorn a Court:
Both vers'd in buſineſs, both of fine addreſs,
By which experience leads to great ſucceſs:
And both to diſtant lands the Monarch ſends,
And, to their conduct, Europe's peace commends.
Now ſhips unmoor'd, to waft her Agents o'er,
Spread all their ſail, and quit the flying ſhore;
The foreign Agents reach th' appointed place,
The Congreſs opens, and it will be peace.
Methinks the war, like ſtormy winter, flies,
When fairer months unveil the bluiſh ſkies;
A flowery world the ſweeteſt ſeaſon ſpreads,
And doves, with branches, flutter round their heads.
Half-peopled Gaul, whom numerous ills deſtroy,
With wiſhful heart, attends the promis'd joy.
For this prepares the Duke—ah, ſadly ſlain,
'T is grief to name him whom we mourn in vain:
No warmth of verſe repairs the vital flame,
For verſe can only grant a life in fame;

Yet could my praiſe, like ſpicy odours ſhed,
In everlaſting ſong embalm the dead;
To realms that weeping heard the loſs I'd tell,
What courage, ſenſe, and faith, with Brandon fell!
But Britain more than one for glory breeds,
And poliſh'd Talbot to the charge ſucceeds;
Whoſe far-projecting thoughts, maturely clear,
Like glaſſes, draw their diſtant objects near.
Good parts, by gentle breeding much refin'd,
And ſtores of learning, grace his ample mind;
A cautious virtue regulates his ways,
And honour gilds them with a thouſand rays.
To ſerve his nation, at his Queen's command,
He parts, commiſſion'd for the Gallick land:
With pleaſure Gaul beholds him on her ſhore,
And learns to love a name ſhe fear'd before.
Once more aloft, there meet for new debates,
The Guardian Angels of Europa's ſtates:
And mutual concord ſhines in every face,
And every boſom glows with hopes of peace;
While Britain's ſteps, in one conſent, they praiſe,
Then gravely mourn their other realms delays;
Their doubtful claims, through ſeas of blood purſued,
Their fears that Gallia fell but half ſubdued;
And all the reaſonings which attempt to ſhow
That war ſhould ravage in the world below.
" Ah, fall'n eſtate of man! can rage delight,
" Wounds pleaſe the touch, or ruin charm the ſight!
" Ambition make unlovely Miſchief fair!
" Or ever Pride be Providence's care!

" When ſtern Oppreſſors range the bloody field,
" 'Tis juſt to conquer, and unſafe to yield:
" There ſave the nations; but no more purſue,
" Nor in thy turn become Oppreſſor too."
Our rebel angels for Ambition fell,
And, war in Heaven produc'd a Fiend in Hell.
Thus, with a ſoft concern for man's repoſe,
The tender Guardians join to moan our woes;
Then awful riſe, combin'd with all their might,
To find what Fury, 'ſcap'd the den of night,
The pleaſing labours of their love withſtands,
And ſpreads a wild diſtraction o'er the lands.
Their glittering pinions ſound in yielding air,
And watchful Providence approves the care.
In Flandria's ſoil, where camps have mark'd the plain,
The Fiend, impetuous Diſcord, fix'd her reign;
A tent her royal ſeat. With full reſort
Stern ſhapes of Horror throng'd her buſy court;
Blind Miſchief, Ambuſh cloſe concealing Ire,
Loud Threatenings, Ruin arm'd with ſword and fire;
Aſſaulting Fierceneſs, Anger wanting breath,
High reddening Rage, and various forms of death;
Dire Imps of darkneſs, whom with gore ſhe feeds,
When war beyond its point of good proceeds.
In Gallick armour, call'd with alter'd name
Great love of Empire, to the field ſhe came;
Now, ſtill ſupporting Feud, ſhe ſtrives to hide
Beneath that name, and only change the ſide:
But, as ſhe whirl'd the rapid wheels around,
Where mangled limbs in heaps pollute the ground

(A ſullen joyleſs ſport); with ſearching eye,
The ſhining Chiefs regard her as they fly;
Then, hovering, dart their beams of heavenly light:
She ſtarts, the Fury ſtands confeſs'd to ſight;
And grieves to leave the ſoil, and yells aloud,
Her yells are anſwer'd by the ſable crowd;
And all on bat-like wings (if Fame be true)
From Chriſtian lands to Northern climates flew.

But riſing murmurs from Britannia's ſhore
With ſpeed recall her watchful Guardian o'er.
He ſpreads his pinions, and, approaching near,
Theſe hints, in ſcatter'd words, aſſault his ear:
The People's power—The Grand Alliance croſs'd,
The Peace is ſeparate—Our Religion's loſt.
Led by the blatant voice along the ſkies,
He comes, where Faction over cities flies;
A talking Fiend, whom ſnaky locks diſgrace,
And numerous mouths deform her duſky face;
Whence Lies are utter'd, Whiſper ſoftly ſounds,
Sly Doubts amaze, or Inuendo wounds.
Within her arms are heaps of Pamphlets ſeen,
And theſe blaſpheme the Saviour, thoſe the Queen;
Aſſociate Vices: thus with tongue and hand,
She ſhed her venom o'er the troubled land.
Now vex'd that Diſcord, and the baneful train
That tends on Diſcord, fled the neighbouring plain,
She rag'd to madneſs; when the Guardian came,
And downwards drove her with a ſword of flame.
A mountain, gaping to the nether Hell,
Receiv'd the Fury, railing as ſhe fell:

The mountain cloſing o'er the Fury lies,
And ſtops her paſſage, where ſhe means to riſe;
And when ſhe ſtrives, or ſhifts her ſide for eaſe,
All Britain rocks amidſt her circling ſeas.

Now Peace, returning after tedious woes,
Reſtores the comforts of a calm repoſe;
Then bid the warriors ſheathe their ſanguin'd arms,
Bid angry trumpets ceaſe to ſound alarms:
Guns leave to thunder in the tortur'd air,
Red ſtreaming colours furl around the ſpear;
And each contending realm no longer jar,
But, pleas'd with reſt, unharneſs all the war.

She comes, the Bleſſing comes; where'er ſhe moves
New-ſpringing Beauty all the land improves:
More heaps of fragrant flowers the field adorn,
More ſweet the birds ſalute the roſy morn;
More lively green refreſhes all the leaves,
And in the breeze the corn more thickly waves.
She comes, the Bleſſing comes in eaſy ſtate,
And forms of brightneſs all around her wait:
Here ſmiling Safety, with her boſom bare,
Securely walks, and chearful Plenty there;
Here wondrous Sciences with eagles' ſight:
There Liberal Arts, which make the world polite;
And open Traffick, joining hand in hand,
With honeſt Induſtry, approach the land.

O, welcome, long-deſir'd, and lately found!
Here fix thy ſeat upon the Britiſh ground;
Thy ſhining train around the nation ſend,
While by degrees the loading taxes end:

While Caution calm, yet ſtill prepar'd for arms,
And foreign Treaties, guard from foreign harms:
While equal Juſtice, hearing every cauſe,
Makes every ſubject join to love the laws.
Where Britain's Patriots in Council meet,
Let public ſafety reſt at Anna's feet:
Let Oxford's ſchemes the path to Plenty ſhow,
And through the realm increaſing Plenty go.
Let Arts and Sciences in glory riſe,
And pleas'd the world has leiſure to be wiſe;
Around their Oxford and their St. John ſtand,
Like plants that flouriſh by the Maſter's hand:
And ſafe in hope the ſons of Learning wait,
Where Learning's ſelf has fix'd her fair retreat.
Let Traffick, cheriſh'd by the Senate's care,
On all the ſeas employ the waſting air:
And Induſtry, with circulating wing,
Through all the land the goods of Traffick bring.
The bleſſings ſo diſpos'd will long abide,
Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts preſide,
Great Ormond's arms the ſword of caution wield,
And hold Britannia's broad-protecting ſhield;
Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat,
By fair diſpatch, with every foreign State;
And Harcourt's knowledge, equitably ſhown,
Makes Juſtice call his firm decrees her own.
Thus all that Poets fancied Heaven of old,
May for the Nation's preſent emblem hold:
That Jove imperial ſway'd; Minerva wiſe,
And Phœbus eloquent, adorn'd the ſkies;

On arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight,
Mars rein'd the war, and Themis judg'd the right:
All mortals, once beneficently great,
(As Fame reports) and rais'd in heavenly ſtate;
Yet, ſharing labours, ſtill they ſhunn'd repoſe,
To ſhed the bleſſings down by which they roſe.
Illuſtrious Queen, how Heaven hath heard thy prayers!
What ſtores of happineſs attend thy cares!
A Church in ſafety fix'd, a State in reſt,
A faithful Miniſtry, a People bleſs'd;
And Kings, ſubmiſſive at thy foot-ſtool thrown,
That others Rights reſtore, or beg their own.
Now rais'd with thankful mind; and rolling ſlow,
In grand proceſſion to the temple go,
By ſnow-white horſes drawn; while ſounding Fame
Proclaims thy coming, Praiſe exalts thy name;
Fair Honour, dreſs'd in robes, adorns thy ſtate,
And on thy train the crowded nations wait;
Who, preſſing, view with what a temper'd grace
The looks of Majeſty compoſe thy face;
And mingling ſweetneſs ſhines, or how thy dreſs,
And how thy pomp, an inward joy confeſs;
Then, fill'd with pleaſures to thy glory due,
With ſhouts, the chariot moving on, purſue.
As when the Phœnix from Arabia flown
(If any Phœnix were by Anna known)
His ſpice at Phœbus' ſhrine prepar'd to lay,
Where'er their Monarch cut his airy way;
The gathering birds around the wonder flew,
And much admir'd his ſhape, and much his hue;

The tuft of gold that glow'd above his head,
His ſpacious train with golden feathers ſpread;
His gilded boſom, ſpeck'd with purple pride,
And both his wings in gloſſy purple dy'd:
He ſtill purſues his way; with wondering eyes
The birds attend, and follow where he flies.

Thrice happy Britons, if at laſt you know
'T is leſs to conquer, than to want a foe;
That triumphs ſtill are made for war's decreaſe,
When men, by conqueſt, riſe to views of peace;
That over toils for peace in view we run,
Which gain'd, the world is pleas'd, and war is done.
Fam'd Blenheim's field, Ramillies' noble ſeat,
Blaregni's deſperate act of gallant heat,
Or wondrous Winendale, are war purſued,
By wounds and deaths, through plains with blood em-
But good deſign, to make the world be ſtill, [brued;
With human grace adorns the needful ill.
This end obtain'd, we cloſe the ſcenes of rage,
And gentler glories deck the riſing age.
Such gentler glories, ſuch reviving days,
The Nation's wiſhes, and the Stateſman's praiſe:
Now pleas'd to ſhine, in golden order throng,
Demand our annals, and enrich our ſong.
Then go where Albion's cliffs approach the ſkies
(The Fame of Albion ſo deſerves to riſe);
And, deep engrav'd for time, till time ſhall ceaſe,
Upon the ſtones their fair inſcription place.
Iberia rent, the power of Gallia broke,
Batavia reſcued from the threaten'd yoke;

The royal Auſtrian rais'd, his realms reſtor'd,
Great Britain arm'd, triumphant and ador'd;
Its ſtate enlarg'd, its peace reſtor'd again,
Are bleſſings all adorning Anna's Reign.

TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1713.

URG'D by the warmth of Friendſhip's ſacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame;
By all thoſe offſprings of thy learned mind,
In judgment ſolid, as in wit refin'd,
Reſolv'd I ſing. Though labouring up the way
To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.
Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Through Contemplation's airy fields I rove;
Where powerful Fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter ſky;
Freſh paints the meadows, bids green ſhades aſcend,
Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend;
Then fills its landſcape through the varied parts
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts:
Superior Forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more ſerenely fair.
Of theſe two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conſpire to raiſe thee to the point of fame.
Ye Future Times, I heard the ſilver ſound!
I ſaw the Graces form a circle round!

Each, where she fix'd, attentive seem'd to root,
And all, but Eloquence herself, was mute.
High o'er the rest I see the Goddess rise,
Loose to the breeze her upper garment flies:
By turns, within her eyes the Passions burn,
And softer Passions languish in their turn:
Upon her tongue Persuasion or Command,
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.
From out her breast ('t was there the treasure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the listening audience to admire,
How strong thy flight, how large thy grasp of thought,
How just thy schemes, how regularly wrought;
How sure you wound when Ironies deride,
Which must be seen, and feign to turn aside.
'T was thus exploring she rejoic'd to see
Her brightest features drawn so near by thee:
"Then here," she cries, "let future ages dwell,
"And learn to copy, where they can't excel."
She spake. Applause attended on the close:
Then Poësy, her sister-art, arose;
Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,
Not made so much for business, more to please.
Upon her cheek sits Beauty, ever young;
The soul of Music warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleasing Ardour glows,
And from her heart the sweetest Temper flows:
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air:

She ſhakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And, from the Spheres, ſhe takes a pitch to ſing.
Thrice happy Genius his, whoſe Works have hit
The lucky point of Buſineſs and of Wit.
They ſeem like ſhowers, which April months prepare
To call their flowery glories up to air:
The drops, deſcending, take the painted bow,
And dreſs with ſunſhine, while for good they flow.
To me retiring oft, he finds relief
In ſlowly-waſting care and biting grief:
From me retreating oft, he gives to view
What eaſes care and grief in others too.
Ye fondly grave, be wiſe enough to know,
"Life, n'er unbent, were but a life of woe."
Some, full in ſtretch for greatneſs, ſome for gain,
On his own rack each puts himſelf to pain.
I'll gently ſteal you from your toils away,
Where balmy winds with ſcents ambroſial play;
Where, on the banks as cryſtal rivers flow,
They teach immortal amaranths to grow:
Then, from the mild indulgence of the ſcene,
Reſtore your tempers ſtrong for toils again.
She ceas'd. Soft muſic trembled in the wind,
And ſweet delight diffus'd through every mind:
The little Smiles, which ſtill the Goddeſs grace,
Sportive aroſe, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bleſs)
A gentle band their eager joys expreſs:
Here, Friendſhip aſks, and Love of Merit longs
To hear the Goddeſſes renew their ſongs;

Here great Benevolence to Man is pleas'd;
Theſe own their Swift, and grateful hear him prais'd.
You gentle band, you well may bear your part,
You reign Superior Graces in his heart.

O Swift! if Fame be life (as well we know
That Bards and Heroes have eſteem'd it ſo);
Thou canſt not wholly die. Thy works will ſhine
To future times, and Life in Fame be thine.

ON
BISHOP BURNET's BEING SET ON FIRE IN HIS CLOSET.

From that dire æra, bane to Sarum's pride,
Which broke his ſchemes, and laid his friends aſide,
He talks and writes that Popery will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.
What touch'd himſelf was almoſt fairly prov'd:
(Oh, far from Britain be the reſt remov'd!)
For, as of late he meant to bleſs the age,
With flagrant Prefaces of party-rage,
O'er-wrought with paſſion, and the ſubject's weight,
Lolling, he nodded in his elbow-ſeat;
Down fell the candle; Greaſe and Zeal conſpire,
Heat meets with heat, and Pamphlets burn their Sire.
Here crawls a Preface on its half-burn'd maggots,
And there an Introduction brings its faggots:
Then roars the Prophet of the Northern Nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming ſpeech on Moderation.

Unwarn'd by this, go on, the realm to fright,
Thou Briton vaunting in thy ſecond-ſight!
In ſuch a Miniſtry you ſafely tell,
How much you'd ſuffer, if Religion fell.

ELYSIUM.

IN airy fields, the fields of bliſs below,
Where woods of myrtle, ſet by Maro, grow;
Where graſs beneath, and ſhade diffus'd above,
Refreſh the fevers of diſtracted love:
There, at a ſolemn tide, the beauties, ſlain
By tender paſſion, act their fates again,
Through gloomy light, that juſt betrays the grove,
In orgies, all diſconſolately rove:
They range the reeds, and o'er the poppies ſweep,
That nodding bend beneath their load of ſleep,
By lakes ſubſiding with a gentle face,
And rivers gliding with a ſilent pace;
Where Kings and Swains, by ancient authors ſung,
Now chang'd to flowerets o'er the margin hung;
The ſelf-admirer, white Narciſſus, ſo
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below:
In bells of azure, Hyacinth aroſe;
In crimſon painted, young Adonis glows;
The fragrant Crocus ſhone with golden flame,
And leaves inſcrib'd with Ajax' haughty name.
A ſad remembrance brings their lives to view,
And, with their paſſion, makes their tears renew;

Unwinds the years, and lays the former ſcene,
Where, after death, they live for deaths again.
Loſt by the glories of her lover's ſtate,
Deluded Semele bewails her fate;
And runs, and ſeems to burn, the flames ariſe,
And fan with idle fury as ſhe flies.
The lovely Cænis, whoſe transforming ſhape
Secur'd her honour from a ſecond rape,
Now moans the firſt, with ruffled dreſs appears,
Feels her whole ſex return, and bathes with tears.
The jealous Procris wipes a ſeeming wound,
Whoſe trickling crimſon dyes the buſhy ground;
Knows the ſad ſhaft, and calls before ſhe go,
To kiſs the favourite hand that gave the blow.
Where Ocean feigns a rage, the Seſtian Fair
Holds a dim taper from a tower of air;
A noiſeleſs wind aſſaults the wavering light,
The beauty tumbling mingles with the night.
Where curling ſhades for rough Leucate roſe,
With love diſtracted tuneful Sappho goes;
Sings to mock clifts a melancholy lay,
And with a lover's leap affrights the ſea.
The ſad Eryphile retreats to moan,
What wrought her huſband's death, and caus'd her own;
Surveys the glittering veil, the bribe of fate,
And tears the ſhadow, but ſhe tears too late.
In thin deſign, and airy picture, fleet
The tales that ſtain the royal houſe of Crete;
To court a lovely Bull, Paſiphaë flies,
The ſnowy phantom feeds before her eyes.

Loſt Ariadne raves, the thread ſhe bore
Trails on unwinding, as ſhe walks the ſhore;
And Phædra, deſperate, ſeeks the lonely groves,
To read her guilty letter while ſhe roves;
Red ſhame confounds the firſt, the ſecond wears
A ſtarry crown, the third a halter bears.
Fair Leodamia mourns her nuptial night
Of love defrauded by the thirſt of fight;
Yet, for another as deluſive cries,
And, dauntleſs, ſees her hero's ghoſt ariſe.

Here Thiſbe, Canace, and Dido, ſtand,
All arm'd with ſwords, a fair, but angry band:
This ſword a lover own'd; a father gave
The next; a ſtranger chanc'd the laſt to leave.

And there ev'n ſhe, the Goddeſs of the Grove,
Join'd with the phantom-fairs, affects to rove,
As once, for Latmos, ſhe forſook the plain,
To ſteal the kiſſes of a ſlumbering ſwain:
Around her head a ſtarry fillet twines,
And at the front a ſilver creſcent ſhines.

Theſe, and a thouſand, and a thouſand more,
With ſacred rage recall the pangs they bore,
Strike the deep dart afreſh, and aſk relief,
Or ſooth the wound with ſoftening words of grief.
At ſuch a tide, unheedful love invades
The dark receſſes of the madding ſhades;
Through long deſcent he fans the fogs around;
His purple feathers, as he flies, reſound.
The nimble beauties, crouding all to gaze,
Perceive the common troubler of their eaſe;

Though dulling mists and dubious day destroy
The fine appearance of the fluttering boy,
Though all the pomp that glitters at his side,
The golden belt, the clasp and quiver hide;
And though the torch appear a gleam of white,
That faintly spots, and moves in hazy night,
Yet still they know the god, the general foe,
And threatening lift their airy hands below.

From hence they lead him where a myrtle stood,
The saddest myrtle in the mournful wood;
Devote to vex the gods, 'twas here before
Hell's awful Empress soft Adonis bore,
When the young hunter scorn'd her graver air,
And only Venus warm'd his shadow there.

Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,
They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;
He mourns, but vainly mourns his angry fate,
For Beauty, still relentless, acts in hate.
Though no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
Love must be guilty by the common cry;
For all are pleas'd, by partial Passion led,
To shift their follies on another's head.

Now sharp reproaches ring their shrill alarms,
And all the heroines brandish all their arms;
And every heroine makes it her decree,
That Cupid suffer just the same as she.
To fix the desperate halter one essay'd,
One seeks to wound him with an empty blade.
Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,
They fall in fancy, and he feels despair.

Some toſs the hollow ſeas around his head
(The ſeas that want a wave afford a dread).
Or ſhake the torch, the ſparkling fury flies,
And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.

The mournful Myrrha burſts her rended womb,
And drowns his viſage in a moiſt perfume.
While others, ſeeming mild, adviſe to wound
With humorous pains by fly deriſion found.
That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the roſes firſt begin to glow;
Or in their flames, to ſinge the boy prepare,
That all ſhould chuſe by wanton Fancy where.

The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breaſt,
She too ſecurely through the circle preſt,
Forgot the parent, urg'd his haſty fate,
And ſpurr'd the female rage beyond debate;
O'er all her ſcenes of frailty ſwiftly runs,
Abſolves herſelf, and makes the crime her ſon's,
That claſp'd in chains with Mars ſhe chanc'd to lie,
A noted fable of the laughing ſky;
That, from her love's intemperate heat, began
Sicanian Eryx, born a ſavage man;
The looſe Priapus, and the monſter-wight,
In whom the ſexes ſhamefully unite.

Nor words ſuffice the Goddeſs of the Fair,
She ſnaps the roſy wreath that binds her hair;
Then on the God, who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands, unpitying, dealt the frequent blow:
From all his tender ſkin a purple dew
The dreadful ſcourges of the chaplet drew,

From whence the rose, by Cupid ting'd before,
Now, doubly tinging, flames with lustre more.
Here ends their wrath, the parent seems severe,
The stroke 's unfit for little Love to bear;
To save their foe the melting Beauties fly,
And, cruel Mother, spare thy child, they cry.
To Love's account they plac'd their death of late,
And now transfer the sad account to Fate:
The Mother, pleas'd, beheld the storm asswage,
Thank'd the calm mourners, and dismiss'd her rage.
Thus Fancy, once in dusky shade express'd,
With empty terrors work'd the time of rest.
Where wretched Love endur'd a world of woe,
For all a Winter's length of night below.
Then soar'd, as sleep dissolv'd, unchain'd away,
And through the Port of Ivory reach'd the day.
As, mindless of their rage, he slowly sails
On pinions cumber'd in the misty vales;
(Ah, fool to light!) the Nymphs no more obey,
Nor was this region ever his to sway:
Cast in a deepen'd ring they close the plain,
And seize the god, reluctant all in vain.

THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS.

WHERE waving pines the brows of Ida shade,
The swain, young Paris, half supinely laid,
Saw the loose flocks through shrubs unnumber'd rove,
And, piping, call'd them to the gladded grove.

'T was there he met the meſſage of the ſkies,
That he, the Judge of Beauty, deal the prize.
The meſſage known; one Love with anxious mind,
To make his mother guard the time aſſign'd,
Drew forth her proud white ſwans, and trac'd the pair
That wheel her chariot in the purple air:
A golden bow behind his ſhoulder bends,
A golden quiver at his ſide depends;
Pointing to theſe he nods, with fearleſs ſtate,
And bids her ſafely meet the grand debate.
Another Love proceeds, with anxious care,
To make his ivory ſleek the ſhining hair;
Moves the looſe curls, and bids the forehead ſhow,
In full expanſion, all its native ſnow.
A third enclaſps the many-colour'd ceſt,
And, rul'd by Fancy, ſets the ſilver veſt;
When, to her ſons, with intermingled ſighs,
The Goddeſs of the roſy lips applies:

'T is now, my darling boys, a time to ſhow
The love you feel, the filial aids you owe:
Yet, would we think that any dar'd to ſtrive
For charms, when Venus and her Love's alive?
Or ſhould the prize of Beauty be deny'd,
Has Beauty's Empreſs aught to boaſt beſide?
And, ting'd with poiſon, pleaſing while it harms,
My darts I truſted to your infant arms;
If, when your hands have arch'd the golden bow,
The World's great Ruler, bending, owns the blow,
Let no contending form invade my due,
Tall Juno's mien, nor Pallas' eyes of blue.

But, grac'd with triumph, to the Paphian ſhore
Your Venus bears the palms of conqueſt o'er;
And joyful ſee my hundred altars there,
With coſtly gums perfume the wanton air.

While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian Dame,
The groves reſounded where a Goddeſs came.
The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty ſtride,
Her ſhield forgot, her helmet laid aſide.
Her hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,
And Peace, or ſomething like, her viſage ſhew'd;
So, with her eyes ſerene, and hopeful haſte,
The long-ſtretch'd alleys of the wood ſhe trac'd;
But, where the woods a ſecond entrance found,
With ſcepter'd pomp and golden glory crown'd,
The ſtately Juno ſtalk'd, to reach the ſeat,
And hear the ſentence in the laſt debate;
And long, ſeverely long, reſent the grove;
In this, what boots it ſhe's the wife of Jove?

Arm'd with a grace at length, ſecure to win,
The lovely Venus, ſmiling, enters in;
All ſweet and ſhining, near the youth ſhe drew,
Her roſy neck ambroſial odours threw;
The ſacred ſcents diffus'd among the leaves,
Ran down the woods, and fill'd their hoary caves;
The charms, ſo amorous all, and each ſo great,
The conquer'd Judge no longer keeps his ſeat;
Oppreſs'd with light, he drops his weary'd eyes,
And fears he ſhould be thought to doubt the prize.

ON

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR

LEAVING LONDON.

FROM town fair Arabella flies:
The beaux unpowder'd grieve;
The rivers play before her eyes;
The breezes, ſoftly breathing, riſe;
The Spring begins to live.

Her lovers ſwore, they muſt expire:
Yet quickly find their eaſe;
For, as ſhe goes, their flames retire,
Love thrives before a nearer fire,
Eſteem by diſtant rays.

Yet ſoon the fair-one will return,
When Summer quits the plain:
Ye rivers, pour the weeping urn;
Ye breezes, ſadly ſighing, mourn;
Ye lovers, burn again.

'Tis conſtancy enough in love
That Nature's fairly ſhewn:
To ſearch for more, will fruitleſs prove;
Romances, and the turtle dove,
The virtue boaſt alone.

A RIDDLE.

UPON a bed of humble clay,
In all her garments loose,
A prostitute my mother lay,
To every comer's use.

Till one gallant, in heat of love,
His own peculiar made her;
And to a region far above,
And softer beds, convey'd her.

But, in his absence, to his place
His rougher rival came;
And, with a cold constrain'd embrace,
Begat me on the dame.

I then appear'd to public view
A creature wondrous bright;
But shortly perishable too,
Inconstant, nice, and light.

On feathers not together fast
I wildly flew about,
And from my father's country pass'd
To find my mother out.

Where her gallant, of her beguil'd,
With me enamour'd grew,
And I, that was my mother's child,
Brought forth my mother too.

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. VINER.

IS Viner dead? and ſhall each Muſe become
Silent as Death, and as his muſic dumb?
Shall he depart without a Poet's praiſe,
Who oft to harmony has tun'd their lays?
Shall he, who knew the elegance of ſound,
Find no one voice to ſing him to the ground?
Muſic and Poetry are ſiſter-arts,
Shew a like genius, and conſenting hearts:
My ſoul with his is ſecretly ally'd,
And I am forc'd to ſpeak, ſince Viner dy'd.
Oh, that my Muſe, as once his notes, could ſwell!
That I might all his praiſes fully tell;
That I might ſay with how much ſkill he play'd,
How nimbly four extended ſtrings ſurvey'd;
How bow and fingers, with a noble ſtrife,
Did raiſe the vocal fiddle into life;
How various ſounds, in various order rang'd,
By unobſerv'd degrees minutely chang'd,
Through a vaſt ſpace could in diviſions run,
Be all diſtinct, yet all agree in one:
And how the fleeter notes could ſwiftly paſs,
And ſkip alternately from place to place;
The ſtrings could with a ſudden impulſe bound,
Speak every touch, and tremble into ſound.
The liquid harmony, a tuneful tide,
Now ſeem'd to rage, anon would gently glide;

By turns would ebb and flow, would rife and fall,
Be loudly daring, or be foftly fmall:
While all was blended in one common name,
Wave puſh'd on wave, and all compos'd a ſtream.
The different tones melodiouſly combin'd,
Temper'd with art, in ſweet confuſion join'd;
The ſoft, the ſtrong, the clear, the ſhrill, the deep,
Would ſometimes ſoar aloft, and ſometimes creep;
While every ſoul upon his motions hung,
As though it were in tuneful concert ſtrung.
His touch did ſtrike the fibres of the heart,
And a like trembling ſecretly impart;
Where various paſſions did by turns ſucceed,
He made it chearful, and he made it bleed;
Could wind it up into a glowing fire,
Then ſhift the ſcene, and teach it to expire.
Oft have I ſeen him, on a public ſtage,
Alone the gaping multitude engage;
The eyes and ears of each ſpectator draw,
Command their thoughts, and give their paſſions law;
While other muſic, in oblivion drown'd,
Seem'd a dead pulſe, or a neglected ſound.
Alas! he's gone, our great Apollo's dead,
And all that's ſweet and tuneful with him fled;
Hibernia, with one univerſal cry,
Laments the loſs, and ſpeaks his elegy.
Farewell, thou author of refin'd delight,
Too little known, too ſoon remov'd from ſight;
Thoſe fingers, which ſuch pleaſure did convey,
Muſt now become to ſtupid worms a prey:

Thy grateful fiddle will for ever ſtand
A ſilent mourner for its maſter's hand:
Thy art is only to be match'd above,
Where Muſic reigns, and in that Muſic Love:
Where thou wilt in the happy chorus join,
And quickly thy melodious ſoul refine
To the exalted pitch of Harmony Divine.

EPIGRAM.

" Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
" Res anguſta domi —"

THE greateſt gifts that Nature does beſtow,
Can't unaſſiſted to perfection grow:
A ſcanty fortune clips the wings of Fame,
And checks the progreſs of a riſing name:
Each daſtard virtue drags a captive's chain,
And moves but ſlowly, for it moves with pain:
Domeſtic cares ſit hard upon the mind,
And cramp thoſe thoughts which ſhould be unconfin'd:
The cries of Poverty alarm the ſoul,
Abate its vigour, its deſigns control:
The ſtings of Want inflict the wounds of Death,
And motion always ceaſes with the breath.
The love of friends is found a languid fire,
That glares but faintly, and will ſoon expire;
Weak is its force, nor can its warmth be great,
A feeble light begets a feeble heat.
Wealth is the fuel that muſt feed the flame,
It dies in rags, and ſcarce deſerves a name.

ON

THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN. 1715.

THIS houſe and inhabitants both well agree,
And reſemble each other as near as can be;
One half is decay'd, and in want of a prop,
The other new-built, but not finiſh'd at top.

LOVE IN DISGUISE.

TO ſtifle paſſion, is no eaſy thing;
A heart in love is always on the wing;
The bold betrayer flutters ſtill,
And fans the breath prepar'd to tell:
It melts the tongue, and tunes the throat,
And moves the lips to form the note;
And when the ſpeech is loſt,
It then ſends out its ghoſt,
A little ſigh,
To ſay we die.
'Tis ſtrange the air that cools, a flame ſhould prove;
But wonder not, it is the air of love.

Yet, Chloris, I can make my love look well,
And cover bleeding wounds I can't conceal;
My words ſuch artful accents break,
You think I rather act than ſpeak:

My ſighs, enliven'd through a ſmile,
Your unſuſpecting thoughts beguile;
My eyes are vary'd ſo,
You can't their wiſhes know:
And I 'm ſo gay,
You think I play.
Happy contrivance! ſuch as can't be priz'd,
To live in love, and yet to live diſguis'd!

CHLORIS APPEARING IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

Oft have I ſeen a piece of art,
Of light and ſhade the mixture fine,
Speak all the paſſions of the heart,
And ſhew true life in every line.

But what is this before my eyes,
With every feature, every grace,
That ſtrikes with love and with ſurprize,
And gives me all the vital face?

It is not Chloris: for, behold,
The ſhifting phantom comes and goes;
And when 't is here, 't is pale and cold,
Nor any female ſoftneſs knows.

But 't is her image, for I feel
The very pains that Chloris gives;
Her charms are there, I know them well,
I ſee what in my boſom lives.

Oh, could I but the picture ſave!
'T is drawn by her own matchleſs ſkill;
Nature the lively colours gave,
And ſhe need only look to kill.

Ah! fair-one, will it not ſuffice,
That I ſhould once your victim lie;
Unleſs you multiply your eyes,
And ſtrive to make me doubly die?

ON
A LADY WITH FOUL BREATH.

ART thou alive? It cannot be,
There's ſo much rottenneſs in thee,
Corruption only is in death;
And what's more putrid than thy breath?
Think not you live becauſe you ſpeak,
For graves ſuch hollow ſounds can make;
And reſpiration can't ſuffice,
For vapours do from caverns riſe:
From thee ſuch noiſome ſtenches come,
Thy mouth betrays thy breaſt a tomb.
Thy body is a corpſe that goes,
By magic rais'd from its repoſe:
A peſtilence, that walks by day,
But falls at night to worms and clay.
But I will to my Chloris run,
Who will not let me be undone:

The ſweets her virgin-breath contains
Are fitted to remove my pains;
There will I healing nectar ſip,
And, to be ſav'd, approach her lip,
Though, if I touch the matchleſs dame,
I'm ſure to burn with inward flame.
Thus, when I would one danger ſhun,
I'm ſtraight upon another thrown:
I ſeek a cure, one ſore to eaſe,
Yet in that cure 's a new diſeaſe:
But Love, though fatal, ſtill can bleſs,
And greater dangers hide the leſs;
I'll go where paſſion bids me fly,
And chooſe my death, ſince I muſt die;
As Doves, purſued by birds of prey,
Venture with milder man to ſtay.

ON

THE NUMBER THREE.

BEAUTY reſts not in one fix'd place,
But ſeems to reign in every face;
'T is nothing ſure but fancy then,
In various forms, bewitching men;
Or is its ſhape and colour fram'd,
Proportion juſt, and Woman nam'd?
If Fancy only rul'd in Love,
Why ſhould it then ſo ſtrongly move?

Or why ſhould all that look agree,
To own its mighty power in Three?
In Three it ſhews a different face,
Each ſhining with peculiar grace.
Kindred a native likeneſs gives,
Which pleaſes, as in all it lives;
And, where the features diſagree,
We praiſe the dear variety.
Then Beauty ſurely ne'er was yet,
So much unlike itſelf, and ſo complete.

ESSAY
ON
THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF POETRY*.

TO HENRY LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

"—Vatibus addere calcar,
"Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem."
HOR. Ep. II. 1.

I HATE the vulgar with untuneful mind;
Hearts uninſpir'd, and ſenſes unrefin'd.
Hence, ye prophane: I raiſe the ſounding ſtring,
And Bolingbroke deſcends to hear me ſing.

* Allegory is in itſelf ſo retired a way of Writing, that it was thought proper to ſay ſomething beforehand concerning this Piece, which is entirely framed upon it. The deſign, therefore, is to ſhew the ſeveral Styles which have been made uſe of by thoſe

When Greece could truth in Myſtic Fable ſhroud,
And with delight inſtruct the liſtening crowd,

thoſe who have endeavoured to write in verſe. The ſcheme, by which it is carried on, ſuppoſes an old Grecian Poet couching his obſervations or inſtructions within an Allegory; which Allegory is wrought out upon the ſingle word Flight, as in the figurative way it ſignifies a thought above the common level: here Wit is made to be Pegaſus, and the Poet his Rider, who flies by ſeveral countries where he muſt not touch, by which are meant ſo many vicious Styles, and arrives at laſt at the Sublime. This way of Writing is not only very engaging to the fancy whenever it is well performed; but it has been thought alſo one of the firſt that the Poets made uſe of. Hence aroſe many of thoſe ſtories concerning the Heathen Gods, which at firſt were invented to inſinuate Truth and Morality more pleaſingly, and which afterwards made Poetry itſelf more ſolemn, when they happened to be received into the Heathen Divinity. And indeed there ſeems to be no likelier way by which a Poetical Genius may yet appear as an Original, than that he ſhould proceed with a full compaſs of thought and knowledge, either to deſign his plan, or to beautify the parts of it, in an allegorical manner. We are much beholden to Antiquity for thoſe excellent compoſitions by which Writers at preſent form their minds; but it is not ſo much required of us to adhere merely to their fables, as to obſerve their manner. For, if we preclude our own invention, Poetry will conſiſt only in expreſſion, or ſimile, or the application of old ſtories; and the utmoſt character to which a Genius can arrive will depend on imitation, or a borrowing from others, which we muſt agree together not to call ſtealing, becauſe we take only from the Ancients. There have been Poets amongſt ourſelves, ſuch as Spenſer and Milton, who have ſucceſsfully ventured further. Theſe inſtances may let us ſee that Invention is not bounded by what has been done before: they may open our imaginations, and be one method of preſerving us from Writing without ſchemes. As for what relates

any

An ancient Poet (Time has loſt his name)
Deliver'd ſtrains on Verſe to future fame.
Still, as he ſung, he touch'd the trembling lyre,
And felt the notes a riſing warmth inſpire.
Ye ſweetening Graces, in the Muſic throng,
Aſſiſt my genius, and retrieve the ſong
From dark oblivion. See, my genius goes
To call it forth. 'Twas thus the Poem roſe.

"WIT is the Muſes' horſe, and bears on high
The daring rider to the Muſes' ſky:
Who, while his ſtrength to mount aloft he tries,
By regions varying in their nature flies.

At firſt, he riſeth o'er a land of toil,
A barren, hard, and undeſerving ſoil,
Where only weeds from heavy labour grow,
Which yet the nation prune, and keep for ſhow;
Where couplets jingling on their accent run,
Whoſe Point of Epigram is ſunk to Pun;
Where * wings by fancy never feather'd fly,
Where lines by meaſure form'd in Hatchets lie;

any further particularly to this Poem, the Reader will obſerve, that its aim is Inſtruction. Perhaps a repreſentation of ſeveral miſtakes and difficulties, which happen to many who write Poetry, may deter ſome from attempting what they have not been made for: and perhaps the deſcription of ſeveral beauties belonging to it may afford hints towards forming a Genius for delighting and improving mankind. If either of theſe happen, the Poem is uſeful; and upon that account its faults may be more eaſily excuſed. PARNELL.

* Theſe and the like conceits of putting Poems into ſeveral ſhapes by the different lengths of lines, are frequent in old Poets of moſt languages. PARNELL.

Where Altars ſtand, erected Porches gape,
And ſenſe is cramp'd while words are par'd to ſhape;
Where mean Acroſtics, labour'd in a frame
On ſcatter'd letters, raiſe a painful ſcheme;
And, by confinement in their work, control
The great enlargings of the boundleſs ſoul;
Where if a warrior's elevated fire
Would all the brighteſt ſtrokes of verſe require,
Then ſtraight in Anagram a wretched crew
Will pay their undeſerving praiſes too;
While on the rack his poor disjointed name
Muſt tell its maſter's character to Fame.
And (if my fire and fears aright preſage)
The labouring writers of a future age
Shall clear new ground, and grots and caves repair,
To civilize the babbling echoes there.
Then, while a lover treads a lonely walk,
His voice ſhall with its own reflection talk,
The cloſing ſounds of all the vain device
Select by trouble frivolouſly nice,
Reſound through verſe, and with a falſe pretence
Support the dialogue, and paſs for ſenſe.
Can things like theſe to laſting praiſe pretend?
Can any Muſe the worthleſs toil befriend?
Ye ſacred Virgins, in my thoughts ador'd,
Ah, be for ever in my lines deplor'd,
If tricks on words acquire an endleſs name,
And trifles merit in the court of Fame!"

At this the Poet ſtood concern'd a while,
And view'd his objects with a ſcornful ſmile:

Then other images of different kind,
With different workings, enter'd on his mind;
At whoſe approach, he felt the former gone,
And ſhiver'd in conceit, and thus went on:

" By a cold region next the Rider goes,
Where all lies cover'd in eternal ſnows;
Where no bright Genius drives the chariot high,
To glitter on the ground, and gild the ſky.
Bleak level Realm, where Frigid Styles abound,
Where never yet a daring thought was found,
But counted feet is Poetry defin'd;
And ſtarv'd conceits, that chill the reader's mind,
A little ſenſe in many words imply,
And drag in loitering numbers ſlowly by.
Here dry ſententious ſpeeches, half aſleep,
Prolong'd in lines, o'er many pages creep;
Nor ever ſhew the paſſions well expreſs'd,
Nor raiſe like paſſions in another's breaſt.
Here flat narrations fair exploits debaſe,
In meaſures void of every ſhining grace;
Which never arm their hero for the field,
Nor with prophetic ſtory paint the ſhield,
Nor fix the creſt, nor make the feathers wave,
Nor with their characters reward the brave;
Undeck'd they ſtand, and unadorn'd with praiſe,
And fail to profit while they fail to pleaſe.
Here forc'd Deſcription is ſo ſtrangely wrought,
It never ſtamps its image on the thought;
The lifeleſs trees may ſtand for ever bare,
And rivers ſtop, for aught the readers care;

They ſee no branches trembling in the woods,
Nor hear the murmurs of increaſing floods,
Which near the roots with ruffled waters flow,
And ſhake the ſhadows of the boughs below.
Ah, ſacred Verſe, replete with heavenly flame,
Such cold endeavours would invade thy name!
The writer fondly would in theſe ſurvive,
Which, wanting ſpirit, never ſeem'd alive:
But, if Applauſe or Fame attend his pen,
Let breathleſs ſtatues paſs for breathing men."

Here ſeem'd the Singer touch'd at what he ſung,
And grief a while delay'd his hand and tongue:
But ſoon he check'd his fingers, choſe a ſtrain,
And flouriſh'd ſhrill, and thus aroſe again:

" Paſs the next region which appears to ſhow:
'T is very open, unimprov'd, and low;
No noble flights of elevated thought,
No nervous ſtrength of ſenſe maturely wrought,
Poſſeſs this Realm; but common turns are there,
Which idly ſportive move with childiſh air.
On callow wings, and like a plague of flies,
The little fancies in a Poem riſe,
The jaded Reader every where to ſtrike,
And move his paſſions every where alike.
There all the graceful nymphs are forc'd to play
Where any water bubbles in the way:
There ſhaggy Satyrs are oblig'd to rove
In all the fields, and over all the grove:
There every ſtar is ſummon'd from its ſphere,
To dreſs one face, and make Clorinda fair:

There Cupids fling their darts in every ſong,
While Nature ſtands neglected all along:
Till the teaz'd hearer, vex'd at laſt to find
One conſtant object ſtill aſſault the mind,
Admires no more at what's no longer new,
And haſtes to ſhun the perſecuting view.
There bright ſurprizes of Poetic rage
(Whoſe ſtrength and beauty, more confirm'd in age
For having laſted, laſt the longer ſtill)
By weak attempts are imitated ill,
Or carried on beyond their proper light,
Or with refinement flouriſh'd out of ſight.
There Metaphors on Metaphors abound,
And ſenſe by differing images confound:
Strange injudicious management of thought,
Not born to rage, nor into method brought.
Ah, ſacred Muſe! from ſuch a Realm retreat,
Nor idly waſte the influence of thy heat
On ſhallow ſoils, where quick productions riſe,
And wither as the warmth that rais'd them dies."

Here o'er his breaſt a ſort of pity roll'd,
Which ſomething labouring in the mind control'd,
And made him touch the loud reſounding ſtrings,
While thus with Muſic's ſtronger tones he ſings:

" Mount higher ſtill, ſtill keep thy faithful ſeat,
Mind the firm reins, and curb thy courſer's heat;
Nor let him touch the Realms that next appear,
Whoſe hanging turrets ſeem a fall to fear;
And ſtrangely ſtand along the tracts of air,
Where thunder rolls, and bearded comets glare.

The thoughts that moſt extravagantly ſoar,
The words that ſound as if they meant to roar;
For rant and noiſe are offer'd here to choice,
And ſtand elected by the public voice.
All ſchemes are ſlighted which attempt to ſhine
At once with ſtrange and probable deſign;
'Tis here a mean conceit, a vulgar view,
That bears the leaſt reſpect to ſeeming true;
While every trifling turn of things is ſeen
To move by Gods deſcending in machine.
Here ſwelling lines with ſtalking ſtrut proceed,
And in the clouds terrific rumblings breed;
Here ſingle heroes deal grim deaths around,
And armies periſh in tremendous ſound;
Here fearful monſters are preſerv'd to die,
In ſuch a tumult as affrights the ſky;
For which the golden ſun ſhall hide with dread,
And Neptune lift his ſedgy-matted head,
Admire the roar, and dive with dire diſmay,
And ſeek his deepeſt chambers in the ſea.
To raiſe their ſubject thus the lines deviſe,
And falſe extravagance would fain ſurprize;
Yet ſtill, ye Gods, ye live untouch'd by fear,
And undiſturb'd at bellowing monſters here:
But with compaſſion guard the brain of men,
If thus they bellow through the Poet's pen:
So will the Reader's eyes diſcern aright
The raſheſt ſally from the nobleſt flight,
And find that only boaſt and ſound agree
To ſeem the life and voice of majeſty,

When Writers rampant on Apollo call,
And bid him enter and poſſeſs them all,
And make his flames afford a wild pretence
To keep them unreſtrain'd by common ſenſe.
Ah, ſacred Verſe! leſt Reaſon quit thy ſeat,
Give none to ſuch, or give a gentler heat."

'Twas here the Singer felt his temper wrought
By fairer proſpects, which aroſe to thought;
And in himſelf a while collected ſat,
And much admir'd at this, and much at that;
Till all the beauteous forms in order ran,
And then he took their track, and thus began:

" Above the beauties, far above the ſhow
In which weak Nature dreſſes here below,
Stands the great palace of the Bright and Fine,
Where fair ideas in full glory ſhine;
Eternal models of exalted parts,
The pride of minds, and conquerors of hearts.

Upon the firſt arrival here, are ſeen
Rang'd walks of bay, the Muſes' ever-green,
Each ſweetly ſpringing from ſome ſacred bough,
Whoſe circling ſhade adorn'd a Poet's brow,
While through the leaves, in unmoleſted ſkies,
The gentle breathing of applauſes flies,
And flattering ſounds are heard within the breeze,
And pleaſing murmur runs among the trees,
And falls of water join the flattering ſounds,
And murmur ſoftening from the ſhore rebounds.
The warbled melody, the lovely ſights,
The calms of ſolitude inſpire delights,

The dazzled eyes, the raviſh'd ears, are caught,
The panting heart unites to purer thought,
And grateful ſhiverings wander o'er the ſkin,
And wondrous ecſtacies ariſe within,
Whence admiration overflows the mind,
And leaves the pleaſure felt, but undefin'd.
Stay, daring Rider, now no longer rove;
Now paſs to find the palace through the grove:
Whate'er you ſee, whate'er you feel, diſplay
The Realm you ſought for; daring Rider, ſtay.

Here various Fancy ſpreads a varied ſcene,
And Judgement likes the ſight, and looks ſerene,
And can be pleas'd itſelf, and helps to pleaſe,
And joins the work, and regulates the lays.
Thus, on a plan deſign'd by double care,
The building riſes in the glittering air,
With juſt agreement fram'd in every part,
And ſmoothly poliſh'd with the niceſt art.

Here laurel-boughs, which ancient heroes wore,
Now not ſo fading as they prov'd before,
Wreath round the pillars which the Poets rear,
And ſlope their points to make a foliage there.
Here chaplets, pull'd in gently-breathing wind,
And wrought by lovers innocently kind,
Hung o'er the porch, their fragrant odours give,
And freſh in laſting ſong for ever live.
The ſhades, for whom with ſuch indulgent care
Fame wreaths the boughs, or hangs the chaplets there,
To deathleſs honours thus preſerv'd above,
For ages conquer, or for ages love.

Here bold Deſcription paints the walls within,
Her pencil touches, and the world is ſeen:
The fields look beauteous in their flowery pride,
The mountains rear aloft, the vales ſubſide;
The cities riſe, the rivers ſeem to play,
And hanging rocks repel the foaming ſea;
The foaming ſeas their angry billows ſhow,
Curl'd white above, and darkly roll'd below,
Or ceaſe their rage, and, as they calmly lie,
Return the pleaſing pictures of the ſky;
The ſkies, extended in an open view,
Appear a lofty diſtant arch of blue,
In which Deſcription ſtains the painted bow,
Or thickens clouds, and feathers-out the ſnow,
Or mingles bluſhes in the morning ray,
Or gilds the noon, or turns an evening gray.

Here, on the pedeſtals of War and Peace,
In different rows, and with a different grace,
Fine Statues proudly ride, or nobly ſtand,
To which Narration with a pointing hand
Directs the ſight, and makes examples pleaſe
By boldly venturing to dilate in praiſe;
While choſen beauties lengthen out the ſong,
Yet make her hearers never think it long.
Or if, with cloſer art, with ſprightly mien,
Scarce like herſelf, and more like Action ſeen,
She bids their facts in images ariſe,
And ſeem to paſs before the Reader's eyes,
The words like charms inchanted motion give,
And all the Statues of the Palace live.

Then hoſts embattled ſtretch their lines afar,
Their leaders' ſpeeches animate the war,
The trumpets ſound, the feather'd arrows fly,
The ſword is drawn, the lance is toſs'd on high,
The brave preſs-on, the fainter forces yield,
And death in different ſhapes deforms the field.
Or, ſhould the ſhepherds be diſpos'd to play,
Amintor's jolly pipe beguiles the day,
And jocund Echos dally with the ſound,
And Nymphs in meaſures trip along the ground,
And, ere the dews have wet the graſs below,
Turn homewards ſinging all the way they go.

Here, as on circumſtance Narrations dwell,
And tell what moves, and hardly ſeem to tell,
The toil of Heroes on the duſty plains,
Or on the green the merriment of Swains,
Reflection ſpeaks: then all the Forms that roſe
In life's inchanted ſcene themſelves compoſe;
Whilſt the grave voice, controlling all the ſpells,
With ſolemn utterance, thus the Moral tells:
"So Public Worth its enemies deſtroys,
Or Private Innocence itſelf enjoys."

Here all the Paſſions, for their greater ſway,
In all the power of words themſelves array;
And hence the ſoft Pathetic gently charms,
And hence the bolder fills the breaſt with arms.
Sweet Love in numbers finds a world of darts,
And with Deſirings wounds the tender hearts.
Fair Hope diſplays its pinions to the wind,
And flutters in the lines, and lifts the mind.

Briſk Joy with tranſport fills the riſing ſtrain,
Breaks in the notes, and bounds in every vein.
Stern Courage, glittering in the ſparks of Ire,
Inflames thoſe lays that ſet the breaſt on fire.
Averſion learns to fly with ſwifter will,
In numbers taught to repreſent an ill.
By frightful accents Fear produces fears;
By ſad expreſſion Sorrow melts to tears:
And dire Amazement and Deſpair are brought
By words of Horror through the wilds of thought.
'Tis thus tumultuous Paſſions learn to roll;
Thus, arm'd with Poetry, they win the ſoul.

Paſs further through the Dome, another view
Would now the pleaſures of thy mind renew,
Where oft Deſcription for the colours goes,
Which raiſe and animate its native ſhows;
Where oft Narration ſeeks a florid grace
To keep from ſinking ere 'tis time to ceaſe;
Where eaſy turns Reflection looks to find,
When Morals aim at dreſs to pleaſe the mind;
Where lively Figures are for uſe array'd,
And theſe an Action, thoſe a Paſſion, aid.

There modeſt Metaphors in order ſit,
With unaffected, undiſguiſing Wit,
That leave their own, and ſeek another's place,
Not forc'd, but changing with an eaſy pace,
To deck a notion faintly ſeen before,
And Truth preſerves her ſhape, and ſhines the more.

By theſe the beauteous Similes reſide,
In look more open, in deſign ally'd,

Who, fond of likeneſs, from another's face
Bring every feature's correſponding grace,
With near approaches in expreſſion flow,
And take the turn their pattern loves to ſhow;
As in a glaſs the ſhadows meet the fair,
And dreſs and practiſe with reſembling air.
Thus Truth by pleaſure doth her aim purſue,
Looks bright, and fixes on the doubled view.

There Repetitions one another meet,
Expreſsly ſtrong, or languiſhingly ſweet,
And raiſe the ſort of ſentiment they pleaſe,
And urge the ſort of ſentiment they raiſe.

There cloſe in order are the Queſtions plac'd,
Which march with art conceal'd in ſhows of haſte,
And work the Reader till his mind be brought
To make its anſwers in the Writer's thought.
For thus the moving Paſſions ſeem to throng,
And with their quickneſs force the ſoul along;
And thus the ſoul grows fond they ſhould prevail,
When every Queſtion ſeems a fair appeal;
And if by juſt degrees of ſtrength they ſoar,
In ſteps as equal each affects the more.

There ſtrange Commotion, naturally ſhown,
Speaks on regardleſs that ſhe ſpeaks alone,
Nor minds if they to whom ſhe talks be near,
Nor cares if that to which ſhe talks can hear.
The warmth of Anger dares an abſent Foe;
The words of Pity ſpeak to tears of Woe;
The Love that hopes, on errands ſends the breeze;
And Love deſpairing moans to naked trees.

There ſtand the new Creations of the Muſe,
Poetic Perſons, whom the Writers uſe
Whene'er a cauſe magnificently great
Would fix attention with peculiar weight.
'Tis hence that humble Provinces are ſeen
Transform'd to Matrons with neglected mien,
Who call their Warriors in a mournful ſound,
And ſhew their Crowns of Turrets on the ground,
While over Urns reclining Rivers moan
They ſhould enrich a nation not their own.
'Tis hence the Virtues are no more confin'd
To be but rules of reaſon in the mind;
The heavenly Forms ſtart forth, appear to breathe,
And in bright ſhapes converſe with men beneath;
And, as a God in combat Valour leads,
In council Prudence as a Goddeſs aids.

There Exclamations all the voice employ
In ſudden fluſhes of Concern or Joy:
Then ſeem the ſluices, which the Paſſions bound,
To burſt aſunder with a ſpeechleſs ſound;
And then with tumult and ſurprize they roll,
And ſhew the caſe important in the ſoul.

There riſing Sentences attempt to ſpeak,
Which Wonder, Sorrow, Shame, or Anger, break;
But ſo the Part directs to find the reſt,
That what remains behind is more than gueſs'd.
Thus fill'd with eaſe, yet left unfiniſh'd too,
The ſenſe looks large within the Reader's view:
He freely gathers all the Paſſion means,
And artful ſilence more than words explains.

Methinks a thousand Graces more I see,
And I could dwell—but when would thought be free?
Engaging Method ranges all the band,
And smooth Transition joins them hand in hand:
Around the musick of my lays they throng,
Ah, too deserving objects of my song!
Live, wondrous Palace, live secure of time,
To Senses Harmony, to Souls sublime,
And just Proportion all, and great Design,
And lively Colours, and an Air divine.
'Tis here that, guided by the Muses' fire,
And fill'd with sacred thought, her Friends retire,
Unbent to care, and unconcern'd with noise,
To taste repose and elevated joys,
Which in a deep untroubled leisure meet,
Serenely ravishing, politely sweet.
From hence the Charms that most engage they choose,
And, as they please, the glittering objects use;
While to their Genius, more than Art, they trust,
Yet Art acknowledges their labours just.
From hence they look, from this exalted show,
To choose their subject in the world below,
And where an Hero well deserves a name,
They consecrate his acts in song to Fame;
Or, if a Science unadorn'd they find,
They smooth its look to please and teach the mind;
And where a Friendship's generously strong,
They celebrate the knot of souls in song;
Or, if the Verses must inflame Desire,
The thoughts are melted, and the words on fire:

But, when the Temples deck'd with glory ſtand,
And hymns of Gratitude the Gods demand,
Their boſoms kindle with Celeſtial Love,
And then alone they caſt their eyes above.

Hail, ſacred Verſe! ye ſacred Muſes, hail!
Could I your pleaſures with your fire reveal,
The world might then be taught to know you right,
And court your rage, and envy my delight.
But, whilſt I follow where your pointed beams
My courſe directing ſhoot in golden ſtreams,
The bright appearance dazzles Fancy's eyes,
And weary'd-out the fix'd Attention lies;
Enough, my Verſes, have you work'd my breaſt,
I'll ſeek the ſacred Grove, and ſink to reſt."

No longer now the raviſh'd Poet ſung,
His voice in eaſy cadence left the tongue;
Nor o'er the muſick did his fingers fly,
The ſounds ran tingling, and they ſeem'd to die.

O, Bolingbroke! O Favourite of the ſkies,
O born to gifts by which the nobleſt riſe,
Improv'd in arts by which the brighteſt pleaſe,
Intent to buſineſs, and polite for eaſe;
Sublime in eloquence, where loud applauſe
Hath ſtil'd thee Patron of a nation's cauſe.
'T was there the world perceiv'd and own'd thee great,
Thence Anna call'd thee to the reins of State;
"Go, ſaid the greateſt Queen, with Oxford go,
And ſtill the tumults of the world below,
Exert thy powers, and proſper; he that knows
To move with Oxford, never ſhould repoſe."

She ſpake: the Patriot overſpread thy mind,
And all thy days to public good reſign'd.
Elſe might thy ſoul, ſo wonderfully wrought
For every depth and turn of curious thought,
To this the Poet's ſweet receſs retreat,
And thence report the pleaſures of the ſeat,
Deſcribe the raptures which a Writer knows,
When in his breaſt a vein of fancy glows,
Deſcribe his buſineſs while he works the mine,
Deſcribe his temper when he ſees it ſhine,
Or ſay, when Readers eaſy verſe inſnares,
How much the Writer's mind can act on theirs:
Whence images, in charming numbers ſet,
A ſort of likeneſs in the ſoul beget,
And what fair viſions oft we fancy nigh
By fond deluſions of the ſwimming eye,
Or further pierce through Nature's maze to find
How paſſions drawn give paſſions to the mind.

Oh, what a ſweet confuſion! what ſurprize!
How quick the ſhifting views of pleaſure riſe!
While, lightly ſkimming, with a tranſient wing,
I touch the beauties which I wiſh to ſing.
Is Verſe a ſovereign Regent of the ſoul,
And fitted all its motions to control?
Or are they ſiſters, tun'd at once above,
And ſhake like uniſons if either move?
For, when the numbers ſing an eager fight,
I've heard a ſoldier's voice expreſs delight;
I've ſeen his eyes with crowding ſpirits ſhine,
And round his hilt his hand unthinking twine.

When from the ſhore the fickle Trojan flies,
And in ſweet meaſures poor Eliza dies,
I've ſeen the book forſake the virgin's hand,
And in her eyes the tears but hardly ſtand.
I've known her bluſh at ſoft Corinna's name,
And in red characters confeſs a flame:
Or wiſh ſucceſs had more adorn'd his arms,
Who gave the world for Cleopatra's charms.

Ye Sons of Glory, be my firſt appeal,
If here the power of lines theſe lines reveal.
When ſome great youth has with impetuous thought
Read o'er atchievements which another wrought,
And ſeen his courage and his honour go
Through crowding nations in triumphant ſhow,
His ſoul, enchanted by the words he reads,
Shines all impregnated with ſparkling ſeeds,
And courage here, and honour there, appears
In brave deſign that ſoars beyond his years,
And this a ſpear, and that a chariot lends,
And war and triumph he by turns attends;
Thus gallant pleaſures are his waking dream,
Till ſome fair cauſe have call'd him forth to fame.
Then, form'd to life on what the Poet made,
And breathing ſlaughter, and in arms array'd,
He marches forward on the daring foe,
And emulation acts in every blow.
Great Hector's ſhade in fancy ſtalks along,
From rank to rank amongſt the martial throng;
While from his acts he learns a noble rage,
And ſhines like Hector in the preſent age.

Thus verſe will raiſe him to the victor's bays;
And verſe, that rais'd him, ſhall reſound his praiſe.

Ye tender Beauties, be my witneſs too,
If Song can charm, and if my Song be true.
With ſweet experience oft a Fair may find
Her paſſions mov'd by paſſions well deſign'd;
And then ſhe longs to meet a gentle ſwain,
And longs to love, and to be lov'd again.
And if by chance an amorous youth appears,
With pants and bluſhes ſhe the courtſhip hears;
And finds a tale that muſt with theirs agree,
And he's Septimius, and his Acme * ſhe:
Thus loſt in thought her melted heart ſhe gives,
And the rais'd Lover by the Poet lives.

* "With ſuch a huſband, ſuch a wife,
"With Acme and Septimius' life,"
is the concluſion of Cowley's beautiful imitation of Catullus. On theſe lines an excellent Prelate has obſerved, that, to the honour of Cowley's morals and good taſte, by a ſmall deviation from his original, he has converted a looſe love-poem into a ſober epithalamium; we have all the grace, and, what is more, all the warmth of Catullus, without his indecency. N.

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